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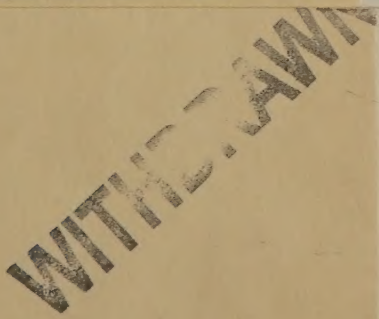

The Jewish Spectre

By

George H. Warner

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New York
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1905

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THE JEWISH SPECTRE

CHAPTER I

The Jewish Spectre

THE Jewish Spectre is now visible in both hemispheres; it hovers over New York as it long has done over Paris, Vienna, Berlin and London. But, accustomed as we are to the incoming of foreign peoples, it is not the apparition of an exotic race among us that gives my subject its greatest importance. The question would be very simple, and no more puzzling than the interference of other people in the affairs of our modern life, were it not for the hovering vision of Israel that is thrown upon the screen of our religious consciousness. This spectre carries on its front for us, in our childlike and experimental condition of mind, many of the mysteries of the whence and whither of life, and of the terrors of death; and stands for us in such a relation that it seems to many to be religion itself. It seems as though the whole fabric of our theology would fall to the ground without this "Israel"—though we sometimes fancy we could get along without Judah.

Most of us seem to think that Israel and Judah are exchangeable if not synonymous terms. They were once quite distinct; and they might be still, were it not for that tendency in our language to blend and weave, in the interest of the romantic and wonderful, unrelated words and images. We divide our modern races into specific nationalities, as we also do the profane races of antiquity; but it is only by the greatest sacrifices that we pull Israel and Judah apart. No one has ever yet written a history of the Jews without at least a preliminary chapter on the Israelites.

It is true that the spectre of our religious imaginations is a composite one, and that it might well be called the Hebrew-Israelite-Jewish Spectre, if our inquiry were limited to that; but it is partly secular. This composite fabric of visibilities is a web of history that few can unravel; and those who can, dare not, for it is one of the fondest possessions of popular belief. It is so sacred that few dare lift up even a corner of the curtain that conceals it, like the Hebron peasants when the Ark of the Covenant was returning to Beth Shemesh (I. Samuel vi.) lest they too should see that there is nothing within, and meet with a like fate. There is no task so perplexing as to make out the difference between the real and the spectral in this field.

The writer in the newspaper will ask why I say Jewish at all, instead of using the softer word Hebrew, as he does when he means the Jews; though there never was a Hebrew nation, and it is doubtful if the term ever meant anything more than a complimentary designation of the Israelites who once spoke the Hebrew dialect. This tongue went out of use as the vernacular of any people something over two millenniums ago, and is now among the dead languages, only now and then revived in periods of national hope or expectation, and of interest for the study of the Scriptures. It is a conscious archaism like classic Greek among the modern Greeks.

The publicist in the magazines will ask why I do not say Israelite, as he does when he writes of the Jews; though the term is much more polite than accurate, for the Israelite, in both his houses, had his day and ceased to be anything more than a reminiscence of history some twenty-five centuries ago. The term Judah would have the merit of being accurate, descriptive, and unmixed with the hereditary rights of any other of the heirs of Jacob. The use of the word Israel by Judah was a usurpation, or at best an acquisition from Joseph by non-user, as a lawyer might say.

And it is probable that both scholar and reader will ask why

I do not say the Semitic Spectre as all-inclusive. I must reply that I do not mean the Semitic Spectre; for the application of the word Semite is plainly a European device to avoid the word Jew, while at the same time it casts the lustre which belongs to the whole Semitic race and period upon a small and unfortunate branch of it.

The reader must not cavil if I yield to the prevailing custom, and call this Vision of the Imagination "He" or "They," just as I use the word "we" to express the opposite, the European-American side, my own side and preference in our civilisation.

With Professor Kent, a late historian of the Jews, the composite being, "Israel," is "That miracle of succeeding ages which we behold with our own eyes in the Jews of to-day." His meaning is not quite clear, but his admiration is far-reaching. Others say that the Jew is Immortal; which word may have metaphorical limitations, but there are writers who say boldly that he is changeless. These citations refer of course to the spectral, not to the actual Jew, who sometimes dies.

Try as hard as I may, I cannot find terms brief and at the same time comprehensive enough to put this spectre of the popular fancy before my readers. Happily, it has been done so eloquently by the hand of another that I will give it more than willingly in a full quotation. It is Mr. Hosmer, in the "Story of the Nations" series, to whom I am indebted. He says, with all the inclusive recklessness of the clergyman who is never contradicted in the pulpit:

"Give a comprehensive glance at the career of the Jews. It is the marvel of history that this little people, beset and despised by all the earth for ages, maintains its solidarity unimpaired. Unique among all the peoples of the earth, it has come undoubtedly to the present day from the most distant antiquity. Forty, perhaps fifty, centuries rest upon this venerable contemporary of Egypt, Chaldea and Troy. The

Hebrew defied the Pharaohs; with the sword of Gideon he smote the Midianite; in Jephthah, the children of Ammon. The purple chariot bands of Assyria went back from his gates humbled and diminished. Babylon, indeed, tore him from his ancient seats and led him captive by strange waters, but not long. He had fastened his love upon the heights of Zion, and like an elastic cord, that love broke not, but only drew with the more force as the distance became great. When the grasp of the captor weakened, that cord, uninjured from its long tension, drew back the Hebrew to his former home. He saw the Hellenic flower bud, bloom and wither upon the soil of Greece. He saw the wolf of Rome suckled on the banks of the Tiber, then prowl, ravenous for dominion, to the ends of the earth, until paralysis and death laid hold upon its savage sinews. At last Israel was scattered over the length and breadth of the earth. In every kingdom of the modern world there has been a Jewish element. There are Hebrew clans in China, on the steppes of Central Asia, in the desert heart of Africa. The most powerful races have not been able to assimilate them—the bitterest persecution, so far from exterminating them, has not eradicated a single characteristic. In mental and moral traits, in form and feature even, the Jew of to-day is the same as when Jerusalem was the peer of Tyre and Babylon. In the greedy energy of the Jewish trader smoulders something of the old fire of the Maccabees. Abraham and Mordecai stand out upon the sculptures of Nineveh marked by the same eye and beard, the same nose and jaw by which we just now recognised their descendants. Language, literature, customs, traditions, traits of character—these too have all survived. The Jew of New York, Chicago, St. Louis, is, in body and soul, the Jew of London, of St. Petersburg, of Constantinople, of the fenced cities of Judah in the days of David. There is no other case of a nation dispersed in all other parts of the world and yet remaining a nation."

This is all exceedingly familiar to us, and I would gladly

fill my pages with more of such condensed illusion, but one more excerpt is a summary of all. I do not myself make the same exegesis of the psalm. Exegesis, however, is not a science, but merely a prejudice, and our author has a perfect right to his own. He says:

"In the fiftieth psalm stands the passage: 'Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.' If we understand the word *Zion* in this sentence to mean, as it is often explained, the Hebrew nation, we find here an enthusiastic utterance by a Jewish poet of his sense of pride in his race; the Hebrew people is chosen out from among the nations of the earth to exhibit the perfection of beauty—is, in fact, an outshining of God Himself upon the world. What is to be said of such a declaration? If it were made concerning any other race than the Jewish, it would be scouted and ridiculed as arrogance pushed into impiety, a claim not to be tolerated even in the most impassioned poetry. Can the world bear the assertion any better when it is made concerning the Jews? Such claims, at any rate, the Jews have always made. Declarations of Israelitish greatness, scarcely less strong than that of the Psalmist, can be found in the writings of our contemporaries. Says a Rabbi of Cincinnati in a book published within a few years: 'Had the Hebrews not been disturbed in their progress a thousand and more years ago, they would have solved all the great problems of civilisation which are being solved now.' The Earl of Beaconsfield, glorying in his Jewish blood, was accustomed to maintain, without qualification, the indomitable superiority of the Hebrews over the most powerful modern races; and alleged that, in an intellectual sense, they had conquered modern Europe. In the immense extent of time which stretches from the singer of the Psalms to the Cincinnati Rabbi and the marvellous Jew who, a few years ago, superintended the management of the greatest empire of the earth, there is no age in which Israelites have not uttered just as confidently their conviction of Jewish supremacy."

We have here, in the foregoing citations, the composite spectre of Israel and the Jew in nearly every aspect. It combines the preternatural, the supernatural, the superhuman, and the embodied divine outshining upon the earth. I am sorry to drop down from these sublime heights and speak of vulgar things, but now for many pages I must come to a lower level of this dream country.

I must defer to a later chapter remarks on the spectre in Europe; and now merely say that Leroy-Beaulieu gives us, in the picture quoted below, an indication of the romantic view with which modern history teems. He says of the Jews of Europe: "They are like birds just liberated from their cages, so swift is their flight; they were seen to dart from twig to twig of the thickly branched tree of our modern civilisation, as though none of its parts were beyond the reach of their wings."

The real Jew in America does not fly like him of Europe. He is ensconced in marble palaces in Broadway, where the signs on the shop fronts look like the first book of Chronicles, though all is not Jew which glisters there in German. He is the bold speculator that makes Wall Street a wailing place—though seldom for Jews; he is that apparition that clothes the Sabbaths of Madison Avenue (in the newspapers) with a splendour in which even the most splendid stuffed figure of history was never arrayed.

More seriously, this is the threatening figure which Goldwin Smith describes in the *Nineteenth Century* magazine as "likely soon to add America to the list of its conquests," and that is "getting American journals into its hands," and has already "got into its hands a considerable share of the wealth of the North, and a still larger proportion of the West and the South."

This is the same personage who is said to be making the liberal professions tremble for their emoluments, and is crowding the scholarship of the Yankee in the colleges and universities, where he already "fills many of the chairs of learning."

This figure is the most available stock in trade of the comic

apers, and also of those who affect solemnity and omniscience
the newspapers; and it is most useful to fill space in dry
mes. Perhaps it is superfluous to put into words, for those
ho read the newspapers of the day, those phrases which cause
the mind of the reader apprehension of disaster to business
terests; for none can have failed to see how the paragraphing
es on which will inevitably make the newspaper fortune of
e race. He is always, in the papers, that "wonderful man,"
that remarkable race," "that unchanging type," "that most
rsistent man," and he is not often spoken of without an
lusion to the assertion "that his rate of increase exceeds that
all other peoples," that he is practically "immune from
sease" in an almost miraculous way, and that he dies, if at all,
ter in life than other men. It is an article of faith that "he
kes care of his own poor" and takes no "charity." It is
so an article of firm belief that he speaks "Hebrew." His
ysterious "culture" is a matter of course. His "intellectual
periority" is confessed by Waldstein, the author of the
Jewish Question," who himself has the "precious drop" of
ood in his veins.

Another of its own race, Jacobs, said, not long ago: "And
hen the history of the Jews has been told as it should be, it
ll be seen that they, above all others, have earned the title
the chosen people of God. The great question for con-
mporary Judaism is whether it will continue God's work or
ase to be. 'Prophecy is of all errors the most gratuitous,' we
e told, but I can see no meaning in history *if the richest*
oduct of humanity, which has shared in all the progressive
ovements in the history of man, shall not have within it the
rms of mighty thoughts and deeds."

But the most important contribution of Mr. Jacobs to
sitive Judaism is contained in the sentence which follows:
Judaism is not alone a religion, but a *Philosophy of History*."
They sum up all the observations in one comprehensive term,
Israel." This mysterious being, Israel, potent in the history

of the world and in the most common uses of our time, is equally supernatural, mysterious, learned, sagacious, skilful, powerful, and dangerous, whether he guides a push-cart in the slums, careens on a garden-truck wagon in the country districts, or, at the other end of the line of human activities, does that most enviable of human acts, runs a bank.

This term Israel—soldier of God—is the sign of the modern superstition about the Jewish race. It has nearly displaced Abraham, the Earlier Father, and it relieves the mind of a certain uneasiness about the Patriarchal age. It relieves us also of the but poorly legitimatised Jacob, the supplanter.

This Israel of the imagination bears slight relation to the historic Israel. Its reason for existence is that the human mind dwells in fictions more readily than in realities and likes to worship spectres. It is much more agreeable to the general taste to take history in the form of romantic fiction in which ghosts walk, than to take it in the form of a study of facts. I do not know what our final mental condition would become if the critic did not put in limbo some of the imaginary personages with which the world is crowded, and help to lay the metaphorical ghosts with which English rhetoric has overstocked the world.

CHAPTER II

In Literature and Art

We must use the word Jew occasionally to relieve the tedium of the word spectre; though I may mean, not the real Jew, but the imaginary one. And first, I will speak of the Jew of avarice. Though Shakespeare created him for English readers, it is not likely that Shakespeare ever saw a Jew, any more than had Marlowe before him when he drew the portrait of the Jew of Malta. In Shakespeare's generation the Jews were rigidly excluded from England, and the character of Shylock was drawn from some very charming Italian romances called "Il Pecorone." The Jew now known to the stage is the product of the actors, so far as costume and appearance go, if not character. It is not by the vice of avarice alone that we know the Jewish Spectre of the dramatist; he is now one of the vulgar properties regularly carried in the stock of the theatre, to represent almost any ignoble or contemptible passion.

In romance, we are principally indebted to Walter Scott for the Rich Jew, Isaac the money-lender. We are certain that Rebecca is all that Scott says she was; for did not he paint her from the face of an American Jewess, Miss Rebecca Graetz of Philadelphia, visiting London in his day? We will be faithful to Rebecca even as Thackeray was in his "Roundabout Papers":

"Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, I have loved thee faithfully for forty years! Thou wast twenty years old (say) and I but twelve, when I knew thee. At sixty odd, love, most of the ladies of thy Orient race have lost the bloom of youth, and bulged beyond the line of beauty; but to me thou art ever

young and fair, and I will do battle with any Templar who assails thy fair name." ("On a Peal of Bells.") But Isaac of York is historically doubtful; for none of the Isaacs of York lived there in the year 1194, there having been in 1189-90 a little difficulty between the natives and the rich money-lenders which sent them away from York, and in the next hundred years out of England altogether. However, it is certain that the rich Jew (if it is not an anachronism to suppose that there is a poor Jew) always lives in a house very plain on the exterior, but full of the signs of luxury inside; his daughters are always fair and clothed with gems and chastity; and as for the wifely virtues, they are simply embodied in the matron. Has the true woman not been, once for all, described in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs?

The Jew of Fiction is used more uncritically than any other. Balzac, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, would have many blank pages without him. And the lesser story-writers would lack mystery, pathos and music without Du Maurier's "precious drop" of blood to mingle with the flood of impure, mixed, heterogeneous, common blood of our late-born races. How wise, gifted, beautiful, rich, poor, mean, avaricious, frightful, the Jew is, we should never have seen but for the masters of words.

The poet more seldom uses this figure of the Jew. It is the essayist who most often attempts his portrait; like Monsieur Renan, in the famous pages wherein he glorified this figure with his inimitable two-edged phrases. He says, "That eternal Jeremiah, 'that man of sorrows,' is always complaining, presenting his back to blows with a patience which annoys us. This creature, foreign to all our instincts of religion and honour, boldness, glory, and refinement in art; this person so little a soldier, so little chivalrous, who loves neither Greece nor Rome nor Germany, and to whom nevertheless we owe our religion, so much so that the Jew has a right to say to the Christian, 'Thou art a Jew with a little alloy'—this being has

been set as an object of antipathy; a fertile antipathy which has been one of the conditions of the progress of humanity."

Recent essayists, to whom we owe so much fiction, tell us that to the Jew Europe owes her knowledge of Greek philosophy, which he brought into the thick darkness of the Middle Ages when he alone was "cultured," and also that knowledge of chemistry and medicine which served to bridge the time of ignorance in Europe. But the Arab was the real carrier of Greek philosophy from Alexandria into Spain, whence it spread to France, though it is a mistake to give him the sole credit for it in Europe. The highroad of ideas lay through Italy. But the Arab can afford to share the credit of his intellectual period with his kinsmen the Jews, who participated in it, with names of great honour, though not always undisputed nationality.

Nor must we fail to note the claim that the Jew invented banking—*was* the bank—in those days when men thought they had read in an ancient book that it was wrong to take usury, but failed to read the context "of thy brother," just as people sometimes, nowadays, fail to read the context of their proof texts. Nor must we forget that it is said that the art of "book-keeping" was brought into Europe by him; though whether invented by him, or borrowed in Babylon like many other things, I do not know. But his admirers must still leave the numerals we use to the intervention of the Arab, who got them from India; the science of reading the stars and a few other forms of learning to the Babylonians, architecture to the Egyptians, fine art to the Greeks and other peoples—for whom the world was not made.

I must refer to the tradition of him who would but could not die, but eternally bore the heavy burden of life, a burden as heavy as that of transmigration and continued existence to the Hindu. William Godwin tried to tell it in "St. Leon," Hawthorne in "A Virtuoso's Collection," and George Croly's famous "Salathiel" has been revived and rebaptized by an American publisher.

This legend of The Undying One, Cartaphilus, or Judas, or Joseph, or Ahasuerus, by which names the Wandering Jew has been called, first appeared in Europe about the year 1228. "He passes in the storm, presides at orgies, diffuses diseases, instigates revolutions, and burns cities." To the pious he appealed as that poor artisan who, sitting in his doorway working at his trade when Jesus passed by with the cross, refused to help bear it, and was told by Jesus in solemn accents that he should never die, but should "tarry till I come." This curse grows heavier with the centuries which pass, while Christ comes not.

Eugène Sue has given us the most abiding "Wandering Jew," which I may call the profane instead of the religious spectre of the Jew, in his magical book published in 1844-5. He is seen "walking at the base of that Titanic mass of rocks which forms the western shore of that sullen sea, where dim, tall icebergs float across a sea of dead green water which forms the Behring Strait, his footsteps tracing the figure of the cross, as the seven iron nails in his shoes press down upon the icy snow. On the Siberian cape, a man on his knees stretches his hand toward America with an expression of indescribable despair." Next we behold, "on the American promontory, a young and handsome woman" (Herodias, the Wandering Jewess), who "replies to the man's despairing gesture by pointing to heaven, whence came these two beings who met thus at the extremities of the Old World and the New?"

This is a powerful picture. East Cape on the Siberian shore was not over a thousand miles from a human habitation, and Cape Prince of Wales on the American shore not over twelve hundred as the crow flies. For a woman to make her way there in the winter and gaze across its sixty miles of space to see the Jew, strains the ordinary realism; but for the Jew it is quite admissible. Perhaps it is impious to doubt it. I always regarded this passage as audacious until I came to look more closely into other stories just as wonderful in the Old Testa-

ment, and read Wallace's book, "The Prince of India." But Wallace, with his enlarged, transformed, but finally retrograde and dissolving Wandering Jew, will not succeed in displacing the Jew of Sue.

One of the most striking pictures in all literature is Sue's Wandering Jew as the Jew of Pestilence. The following is the tale, and is a spectre with some terror to it.

'It is night. The moon shines and the stars glimmer in the midst of a serene but cheerless sky; the sharp whistlings of the north wind—that fatal dry and icy breeze—ever and anon burst forth in violent gusts. With its harsh and cutting breath it sweeps the heights of Montmartre. On the highest point of the hills a man is standing. His long shadow is cast upon the stony, moonlit ground. He gazes on the immense city which lies outspread beneath his feet—Paris, with the dark outline of its towers, cupolas, domes, and steeples standing out from the limpid blue of the horizon, while from the midst of the ocean of masonry rises a luminous vapour that reddens the starry azure of the sky. It is the distant reflection of the thousand fires which at night, the hour of pleasures, light up so joyously the noisy capital.

"No, said the wayfarer: it is not to be. The Lord will not exact it. Is not twice enough?

"Five centuries ago, the avenging hand of the Almighty drove me hither from the uttermost confines of Asia. A solitary traveller, I had left behind me more grief, despair, disaster, and death than the innumerable armies of a hundred devastating conquerors. I entered this town, and it too was decimated.

"Again, two centuries ago, the inexorable hand which leads me through the world brought me once more hither; and then, as the time before, the plague, which the Almighty attaches to my steps, again ravaged this city, and fell first on my brethren, already worn out with labour and misery.

"My brethren—mine!—the cobbler of Jerusalem, the artisan accursed by the Lord, who in my presence condemned

the whole race of workmen, ever suffering, ever disinherited, ever in slavery, toiling on like me, without rest or pause, without recompense or hope, till men, women, and children, young and old, all die beneath the same iron yoke—that murderous yoke, which others take in their turn, thus to be borne from age to age on the submissive and bruised shoulders of the masses.

"And now, for the third time in five centuries, I reach the summit of one of the hills that overlook the city. And perhaps I again bring with me fear, desolation, and death.

"Yet this city, intoxicated with the sounds of its joy and its nocturnal revelries, does not know—oh! does not know that I am at its gates.

"But no, no! my presence will not be a new calamity. The Lord, in his impenetrable views, has hitherto led me through France so as to avoid the humblest hamlet; and the sound of the funeral knell has not accompanied my passage.

"And, moreover, the spectre has left me—the green, livid spectre, with its hollow, bloodshot eyes. When I touched the soil of France, its damp and icy hand was no longer clasped in mine—and it disappeared.

"And yet I feel that the atmosphere of death is around me.

"The sharp whistlings of that fatal wind cease not, which, catching me in their whirl, seem to propagate blasting and mildew as they blow.

"But perhaps the wrath of the Lord is appeased, and my presence here is only a threat—to be communicated in some way to those whom it should intimidate.

"Yes; for otherwise he would smite with a fearful blow, by first scattering terror and death here in the heart of the country, in the bosom of this immense city!

"Oh, no, no! the Lord will be merciful. No, he will not condemn me to this new torture. Alas! in this city my brethren are more numerous and miserable than elsewhere. And should I be their messenger of death?"

What a messenger and what a venerable and sacred philosophy of disease! It is the Jewish philosophy in its concrete form. It is the Jewish philosophy of the workings of Providence straight out of the Old Testament, and is our most cherished possession as an explanation of human affairs—God help us!

Men still clothe the imaginary Jew with mystery and power as readily as did those peasants in Europe, in that cruel legend with which mothers frightened their children, that the black-visaged Jew with glistening teeth, and clad in a gabardine, stole children and maidens at Easter to furnish forth the paschal feast; or in that most elusive legend of the Christian youth, crucified each year in stealth through some inherent passion in the Jew for blood shed upon the cross.

The line between the images created by the literary guild and the artistic guild is wavering and indistinct; and it grows more and more uncertain as the artist's work becomes more that of the illustrator and the story-teller—that is, more literary—while the writer's art daily grows more picturesque, an effort for effects both in colour and form. The image of the Wandering Jew would hardly have been so firmly implanted in the mind had not Doré put his long-bearded form upon canvas in a colour rodomontade fully as powerful as Sue's. The images of the caricaturist, too, are stamped upon thousands of brains, as though the Jewish countenance were indeed eternal, till men forget the refined, intellectual face of Felix Mendelssohn; the scholar's face of Baruch Spinoza, with long locks flowing from a brow to be envied; the benevolent countenance of Moses Montefiore in his old age; or that head of beauty and of power possessed by the recent Jew who chose art, letters and society before even the noble banking business—Baron Ferdinand James de Rothschild.

Art has given the world many rich panels of the Jew with his ducats—and alas! some without; and of the modern Jew of the shop and the slum. It is in the imagination of the artist that

the world sees the Jew as High Priest in his temple, as Prophet in the fields and caves, as King on his housetop, as Pharisee and Sadducee. In truth, but for the galleries of Europe none would ever have known how Susannah *en Bade* looked, nor even Adam, *sans gabardine*. And all the world knows to whom it owes the undoubted portraits of Moses and the Prophets, the despair of busy modern men and almost but not quite of artists. Not quite of artists, who, when they wish to be sublime, put upon the walls of the modern building, not portraits of great men of the living present, but studio-model tracings of brother artists disguised in white sheets, black beards and shaggy hair, and label them Daniel, Haggai, Habakkuk, and Malachi. Just as, I may remark in passing, artists in words preach, not about the miracle-workers and heroes of their own time, but solemnly open to some old story about petty kings, Rehoboam and Jeroboam, and those inflated figures of Oriental story, David and Solomon.

Probably, however, the mental picture of the Jew is a spectre that rises spontaneously in the minds of the majority of the people, springing mainly from that conception that makes him the Adam from whom all the varying colours of humanity derive their origin; which makes him the holder of the title deeds of the earth, with only one step in the chain of title straight from God, lending the use of his lands only till he shall finish his expiation and resume his holding.

It springs, too, from that piteous quandary of the mind over Crucified and Crucifier being of the same stock, rendering the duty of gratitude for a Saviour and duty of hatred for the slayer a complicated though needless problem—for to solve it one need only pay heed to that deep racial and religious schism that always existed in the tribes of the Beni Israel.

What a curious shamefacedness it is that people have about the Jew, who is laughing in his sleeve at the modern world that has appropriated his Bible as its own and does not know whether it really wants to keep it or not, though it sees in it far

more than the Jew does! And what a frightful alternative it is when one can enter into the promise of the Covenant only through the womb or by the rite of Abraham, and neither in any metaphorical sense!

This shame, too, springs most surely from that cruel dilemma in which the modern Christian believer finds himself, when he takes the Book and leaves the Man; reviles the Man and worships the Book, and understanding neither, misrepresents both. Pitiable, too, is the quandary of those confiding people who bind up the literature of three distinct eras, covering some thousands of years of time, and of many diverse, unrelated, irreconcilable intellectual stages, and blindly expect harmony in thought and doctrine, and consistency in statement.

And now our real inquiry is: Can these dilemmas and difficulties be avoided by greater investigation, by a new point of view, or by a candour which, while it shocks, may relieve? Will the presumption of specialty, or singularity, stand the test of examination? Is this Jewish race exceptional? Or is it only that "He" has said it and the world has taken it for granted, taken it for Scripture? If so, there must come a day of weighing and perhaps of disappointment, such as Esdras must have felt when he said (II. Esdras vi.):

54. "And after these, Adam also, whom thou madest Lord of all thy creatures; of him come we all, and the people whom thou hast chosen.

55. "All this have I spoken before thee, O Lord, because thou madest the world *for our sakes*.

56. "As for the other people which also came of Adam, thou hast said they are nothing, but be like unto spittle; and hast likened them unto a drop that falleth from the vessel.

57. "And now, O Lord, behold, these heathen, which have ever been reputed as nothing, have begun to be lords over us, and to devour us.

58. "But we thy people, whom thou hast called thy first-

born, thy only begotten, and thy fervent lover, are given into their hands.

59. "If the world now be made for our sakes, why do we not possess an inheritance with the world? How long shall this endure?"

How long indeed! This is the very gist of our own inquiry. But another writer does not think as Esdras did. He says: "If statistics are right, the Jews constitute but one per cent. of the human race. It suggests a nebulous dim puff of star dust, lost in the blaze of the Milky Way. Properly, the Jew ought hardly to be heard of; but he is heard of, has always been heard of. He is prominent on the planet as any other people, and his commercial importance is extravagantly out of proportion to the smallness of his bulk. His contributions to the world's list of great names in literature, science, art, music, finance, medicine, and abstruse learning are also away out of proportion to the weakness of his numbers. He has made a marvellous fight in this world, in all ages; and has done it with his hands tied behind him. He could be vain of himself, and be excused for it. The Egyptian, the Babylonian, and the Persian rose filled the planet with sound and splendour, then faded to dream stuff and passed away; the Greek and the Roman followed, and made a vast noise, and they are gone; other peoples have sprung up and held their torch high for a time, but it burned out, and they sit in twilight now, or have vanished. The Jew saw them all, beat them all, and is now what he always was, exhibiting no decadence, no infirmities of age, no weakening of his parts, no slowing of his energies, no dullness of his alert and aggressive mind. All things are mortal but the Jew; all other forces pass, but he remains. What is the secret of his immortality?"

I cannot tell whether this is the work of Mark Twain or Marco Polo. I suspect the former—for though Polo had invention, he had no such gorgeous imagination.

I have not mentioned half the superstitions clustering about

the Jewish Spectre; but everyone can recall the ghosts, phantoms, goblins and apparitions of his own country and time, and supply the needed matter. The suggestions I have made do not by any means cover the Jewish case. But the subsequent chapters will develop many other points which may do it justice.

CHAPTER III

Poets' History

It may seem ungrateful, after all the fine things I have quoted, to say, rudely, that only in rhetoric does the Jew come down from a Most Distant Antiquity; only in poetry has he witnessed the Primal Dawn; and only in the imagination, uncurbed by easily accessible knowledge, is he the Venerable Contemporary of Egypt.

Modern research leaves the Jew—to call him either by his correct name or by his courtesy name of Hebrew, as we may—out of real antiquity altogether.

Men look in the morning newspaper now to see whether, during the last twenty-four hours, scholars have clapped another thousand years upon the column of millenniums of Sumeria or have taken one off the column of Egypt, without so much as a thought about Adam.

Since we have seen that Adam and Eve might have passed their bridal night in a silken bed in the city of Nippur, which antedates Eden, and read an account of their arrival in the Akkadian newspaper the next morning, we see that the Garden Scene was an epos of life and sin and death, which the Jewish historian unguardedly locked up within a closely-fixed date (accepted as 3761 B. C.), now for him very inconvenient.

But there is still a charm about the lines of the rude poem. The sweat of our brow still goes on, the problem of evil is still unsolved, and Eve is still—Eve! The Adam poem might have remained a harmless idyl had not the Christian theologian carelessly hung his theology upon it as though it were a fact. He is in a pitiable dilemma now that he knows the fact is gone:

he cannot quite trust to a fable, and so he calls it a Proto-evangelican poem, which he says is "a divine message wrapped in judgments," and that "it predicts the ultimate victory of the woman over the serpent, after a conflict in which both will be wounded." Sapient doctor of divinity! He is on the winning side. We can trace the course of the serpent as Latin Lucifer, Son of the Morning, before his fall; then, after Eden, as Hebrew Satan, attendant at the Court of Heaven in the prologue of the Book of Job; as Greek Diabolos; Arab Eblis, Zend Ahriman, and as Persian Angramainyu, when the Zoroastrians fastened dualism upon Judaism in Babylon; as the Evil One of later Jewish days; as the Devil of Europe, still Greek in name and physical form; and now, in the progress of refined speech and the softening of manners, as His Satanic Majesty. In the conflict he has had the steady alliance of man, but there are now indications that both principal and ally may be vanquished by the woman.

The Semitic poem of Eden is not so beautiful as the Greek legend of the Hesperides, nor so dear to us; for that has become our Hesperides, our West, in whose light we repeat the mental experience of our race before the evening star Hesper. But it is the same legend with almost identical personages, the same conception of happiness, only in Adam turned to the base uses of religious terror. The questions arise at once, which of the two white races was the inventor, the original reciter, of this Eden story, and whether it travelled eastward from the Pillars of Hercules through the supposititious Semite of the south shore of the Mediterranean, or along the lands on the north shore through the supposititious Celt; or whether the story originated in a later period of time than the migration of the Arab eastward, and was interchanged by commerce across the sea.

Those who are curious about the legend of Adam may find an endless number of speculations, in the Talmudic and Rabbinic lore, including the Zohar, on Adam as a real person or a

symbolic name. And those to whom the "correspondence" of the poem with spiritual ideas is attractive will find in Emanuel Swedenborg's seven volumes on the Book of Genesis how many mystic ideas can be evolved from it. Nothing in all the writings of recent centuries seems such a futility; not even those multitudes of old New England discourses, published by request, which adorn the walls of our city bookshops, and the garrets of ancient farmhouses in Connecticut and Massachusetts.

The science called the Higher Criticism, which I find not always inerrant, had satisfactorily removed the origin of the Adam poem from history and left me in the scarcely less difficult study of Cain and Abel (or Kâbil and Hâbil in Arabic), when I chanced upon a story from Arabia which gave me satisfaction. The Arab, who has the proprietary interest in Adam, says that when Adam and Eve fell from Paradise, Adam fell upon a mountain in the island of Ceylon; his footprint is still to be seen there, as well as the bridge of islands on which he once crossed thence from India. Eve fell upon Arabia. After a hundred cruel years of separation they were reunited; not in the sacred land of Palestine, I am constrained to say, but on Mount Arafat in the sacred land El Hedj, where Mecca and Medina are rival shrines. Allah built for them, at Mecca, a memento, the Kaaba; a memento, let us hope, of imperishable love. Eve's tomb is now to be seen at Jiddah, the port of Mecca, as evidence of the truth of the story—if we need any assurance; or if we need other, Mussulman tradition will show us the tomb of Adam on the mountain Abû Kubeys, and tell us where many of his numerous descendants were buried.

I know not how it is, but the expositors have never explained to my satisfaction the mystery of Cain and Abel. The tomb of Cain is shown at Aden, but I do not understand why there is none anywhere of Abel. I see no poetic reason for Abel's story, but the theological reason is apparent: the fruit offering of Cain was not acceptable, since in the theological scheme

nothing but blood could atone. Blood was then as now the only legitimate expiation; thus we have in this story the beginning of that fatal shudder of blood in the name of religion which has brutalised the Western World now these two thousand years.

It is strange, and yet not strange, how the Eastern World is linked together by the spread of the Arabic script by Mohammedans, in traditions and poems. The riches of the old Arab legends are as yet hardly touched; but one germane to our topic appears in Persian literature in the Arabic tongue. Tabari (923 A. D.) and Mas'udi (957 A. D.) assert that the first poem ever written was an elegy composed in Syriac by Adam on the death of Abel. Two stanzas of the poem, as rendered in Arabic and translated into English, follow here, and I wish there were more. These are given on page 14 in the "Literary History of Persia," by E. G. Browne:

"The lands are changed and those who dwell upon them;
The face of earth is marred and girt with gloom;
All that was fair and fragrant now hath faded,
Gone from that comely face the joyous bloom.
Alas for my dear son, alas for Abel,
A victim murdered, thrust within the tomb!
How can we rest? That Fiend accursed, unfailing,
Undying, ever at our side doth loom!"

To which Satan is said to have retorted thus:

"Renounce these lands and those who dwell upon them!
By me was cramped in Paradise thy room,
Wherein thy wife and thou were set and stablished,
Thy heart unheeding of the world's dark doom!
Yet didst thou not escape my snares and scheming,
Till that great gift on which thou didst presume
Was lost to thee, and blasts of wind from Eden,
But for God's grace, had swept thee like a broom!"

The literary world need not be surprised if some morning cable from London gives us the love letters of Adam found at Jiddah, and then the flood of replies from Eve, who has but just begun to write!

In any other inquiry into the facts of a racial story, it would not be necessary to say that the accounts of the first attempt at making a manageable race in Adam, and the second in Noah, are not in juxtaposition by some two thousand years. The interim is consistently filled by the patriarchs, about whose interminable lives grew up those massive virtues and monstrous vices for which the Creator found no reconciliation except in the Flood. It is strange that the oldest story of all, that of the Deluge, should have been placed by the Hebrew narrator near the end of that patriarchal period, where, in many cases, there is a possibility of finding historic situations either in personages or tribes or families. This can be readily explained, I suggest, by considering the purpose of the writings which compose the narration.

The men who wove the old stories into a continuous narrative had not a historic purpose, but a theological one. This narrative was made by its editors the evidence of the Hebrew doctrine of sin. I said the Hebrew doctrine of sin—I mean the Semitic theory of sin; the basic Semitic doctrine of man's relation to Deity, by whatever names he was known among the Semites from the earliest times down to the latest day—and to us, their religious successors and legatees.

When we come to the story of the Flood we find something which might well satisfy the demands of a Most Distant Antiquity. There appears to have been a floating story of some catastrophe to the earth among nearly all the various peoples of the world; but the dwellers in the lower Euphrates plain had the best written account of it extant, which the Semitic conquerors appropriated in their invasion of Akkad.

Mr. Sayce's tables say that the Egyptians had in their archives traces of human dynasties existing some 36,525 years. He also gives periods of ten rulers in Babylonia whose average "Sari" was about 3,600 years, making the not unreasonable sum of 36,000 years. I say not "unreasonable," for of course if the details are correct the aggregate must be!

The Hebrew narrative of Noah makes his life before the Flood 600 years, and after it 350 years; thus occupying nearly a millennium.

The era of the Babylonian Noah, named Hasis'adra (called by the Greeks Xisuthros), is placed some 64,800 years before the poem of Gilgamesh (or Izdubar) was printed on clay. This does not tally with the Hebrew account, I admit. Neither is the Hebrew tale as venerable as the Brahmanic story of Matsya, the first avatar of Vishnu, whose beneficent restoration of the world antedates that of Hasis'adra by as many millenniums as the civilisation of India antedates that of Babylonia. What exact portion of the present Brahmanic era of 432,000 years had passed before the Flood, it is difficult now to ascertain. Let us hope that, like the Hebrews, it was early in the era. There, in India, the world had been deluged by water for its wickedness, and its inhabitants had perished, except the king and seven sages, with their families. These, together with pairs of animals, entered into an ark prepared for them, of which the fish Matsya took care. The ark's cable was tied to the fish's horn; the fish towed the vessel about.

As to the genealogies of the Hebrew patriarchs, and their long terms of life so unlike anything since, one must not be too particular, after printing Mr. Sayce's figures. But think of the folly of the narrator in crowding them down into that era and that district, when the span of life was very like what it is now. And think, too, of the folly of the Hebrew historian in putting his Noah and his Flood and his Rainbow World away down near the third millennium, when the future reader would know that a flood then would have washed away Babylon and the Pyramids of Egypt and probably Troy! Worse still, he transferred it from plains it could cover to a mountainous region from which it would have been drained off instantly. Using the Flood story and the Babel legend of the Confounding of Speech for family purposes must have been on the part of the editors a conscious literary fraud; except for the probable fact that the

compiler did not expect it ever to go out of the immediate family, and that no one then knew what literary property was, or was to be, and that all is fair in theology.

There is a strong temptation to characterise the use of the other legends in the same way; but there is at least a presumption that they were valid Semitic possessions—fair though monstrous attempts at a racial genealogy—and that the Hebrews, as a branch of that family, had an equal but not an exclusive right to their use.

As to the story of the Confounding of Speech at Babel, there is the possible explanation that it arose not from the passage of time magnifying some vague legend, but from the presence of the literary humorist in Genesis, whom we have overlooked in the solemnity of the subject but who may have been indigenous.

Fr. Lenormant said, in connection with the Flood story, that "The Hebrew vigorously despoiled them [the legends] of every mythical suggestion, everything outside of the record of an exact human genealogy." That the men who finally shaped the Hebrew scriptures for theological purposes, perhaps sometimes for tribal or national ones, should have prefaced the later and more authentic narratives with stories and lineages out of the mists of antiquity, is only what all peoples have done. Familiar examples of this are the Theogony of Hesiod, the Sagas and Lieder of northern Europe, the Hindu and Japanese legends, the Roman fables of origins, and wherever poetry arises, whether written or spoken.

We now have available on clay tablets translated by Toy the long story of the Flood as told by the Akkadian poet. The hero Gilgamesh (or Izdubar), wandering in search of healing for his sickness, finds Hasis'adra, the Babylonian Noah, who tells him the story of the Flood. Hasis'adra spoke thus to Gilgamesh:

"To thee will I reveal the story of my deliverance. And the oracle of the gods I will make known to thee." And so on, on and on.

The two legends, that of Noah, and its sequel of the tower of Babel, were evidently of great antiquity, as they are not laid wholly by the Hebrew at the door of Jahveh like the Eden story. They have an ichthyosauric flavour about them, very refreshing after the theologic story of Eden. The story of Jonah put alongside make a Trilogy second in impossible situations to none of the adventure stories of our own times.

In speaking of the foregoing legends and traces of events as poetic, I do not forget the phase of investigation that a few years ago explained the personages of the early period of the world as myths. At first myths were deemed characteristic of the Aryan race alone; but as Goldziher so convincingly showed in 1877, the Semites also had Sun-gods, Fire-gods and Man-gods, and not merely sacred personages, as was once believed.

But to resolve all the ancient legends of Arabia into Nature myths is no longer necessary. We have in both Babylonia and Egypt inscriptions which carry the lines of veritable history far back of any Israelitish record or legend, unless it is of the Deluge; so that, for example, we may keep Samson as Samson, instead of as Hercules the Sun-god, and perhaps may retain some of those other heroes of early immorality who adorn that period of time before religion and morality were joined together by the Prophets.

But in ceasing to make use of the myth theory, we must carefully distinguish between the myth and mythology. Myths explain the work of the imagination as related to Nature; while mythology is that branch of learning which enables us to explain away the superstitions of other people to our own satisfaction, while ours remain intact and in full operation.

CHAPTER IV

The Semite

When the German scholar and critic Eichhorn invented the word Semite—as a generic term inclusive of the various languages and tribes of Arabia, the lower Euphrates and Palestine—he could not have foreseen its future uses. He could not see that within a century it would be appropriated to the designation of one branch of the sons of Shem, so that in Europe it would in the popular mind mean the Jews, and the Jews only; and that it would become the designation of two bitterly warring parties, the Semites and the anti-Semites.

We dearly love a phrase. Our histories as well as our newspapers would be dull without aphorisms; and philosophies of history would lose much of their vogue if we were compelled to be literal instead of metaphorical in our essays. The Arab seems much more intellectual to us when we call him a Semite, a Saracen, or even a Koreish. The Jew receives the benefit of a large and glowing passage of history when he is called the Semite; he becomes almost a romantic figure when the glamour of the Semitic Conquest descends upon him, though he in fact had no part in it. No one but the theologian, however, objects to dating the Jewish ancestry in common with that of a large and notable family, the headship of which he never had—though he may eventually be the residuary legatee.

It requires a determined effort to free oneself from the prevailing phrases of our day, when everything from a continent to a pin cushion is personified—is considered a self-existent entity, that thinks and feels and acts like a sentient being. This metaphorical habit is not confined to material things, but

hopelessly confuses the mind by making all its concepts personal, endowing them with independent volition. Religion has long been this self-existent person, and now Science has become a person that lives and moves and has a kingdom like Religion, and is at war with Religion, as Philosophy used to be. We used to think clearly about the art of painting, or of sculpture, or of architecture; but now we have Art, a very fastidious person, in their stead. I need hardly say that we have embodied the art of writing our thoughts until now we have Literature, who even writes our advertisements.

Perhaps the best illustration of our habit of personifying things is the way we regard the Press—the newspaper, in other words. It is a preternatural person. It thinks, and feels, and speaks. It is both oracle and devotee. Its morality is inherent, so that we cannot question its actions; and its wisdom is so oppressive that it is sometimes compelled to self-recognition. Its motives are so pure that nothing can influence it except the basic consideration of pecuniary profit. Being democratic, it does not reign, it governs. We let it make war and peace, and its opinions are our opinions, so that it is now a Dictator, now a Prophet.

When we come into the region of racial questions, we have committed ourselves to a habit of expression which is misleading. We have endowed the geographical divisions of the earth, called continents, with characters which even a cursory investigation will not wholly substantiate. America, being adolescent, is the Land of the Free; Europe is Civilisation; Africa is the most disreputable of Continents, it is Dark—and the habitat of Ham. This condition of Africa is mitigated to the student only by the presence of Egypt, which we generally forget, and of three thousand miles of rich coast on the Mediterranean, once populous and with a marvellous history, and by Ophir, where the gold came from in the days of Solyman the Mighty.

It is Asia which fills most fully the rôle of a conscious conti-

nent. Just how it attained its geographical content I cannot say. Arabia, Syria, and Asia Minor, together, might well constitute a continent in themselves, being a body of land with no separating feature, unless it be the river Euphrates. The line of demarcation between Europe and Asia might have been drawn as well from the Persian Gulf northward through the Caspian Sea, and northward again along the Ural Mountains, as it now is along the shore of the Mediterranean; this would have left a better frontier for the Semites and the Greeks in their developments, with no harm to Asia. Indeed, Asia and Europe are but a single continent. The division is entirely arbitrary, resulting from the ancient belief of the Greeks that the Caspian Sea entirely divided the land northward. The Orient and Arabia might have been called, by some prophetic inventor of names, Semitica, instead of by the awkward name of Asia Minor, with perhaps no objection on the part of the temporary Greek occupant of the northern portion.

But the person whom we know as Asia, as she stands pictured in the popular mind, is very old; she is luxurious, and of course sensuous. She is the Sensuous East, because the sun rises there. She is always mysterious and solemn. In the popular mind she gave birth to the human race, and of course to the best races, the Aryan and the Semitic. She pours out race after race, in hordes, to invade Europe, as we see in the apostolate of Attila.

But none of the foregoing things concern us so much as the assertion that Asia has given us our arts, so that it must have been the original seat of the human race; and that it has given us religion, so that it must have been the original seat of God.

To satisfy the demands of a constantly accelerating press, and the necessity for picturesqueness instead of accuracy or propriety in our speech, Asia has now become "the Orient" and everything Asiatic "Oriental." The beginning of the term Orient was when, in an early century of the Roman Empire in

the East, Syria and Palestine were geographically called Oriens or Orient—the place where the sun becomes full-orbed; and finally the term Orient denoted a prefecture lying in the East, of five Dioceses with numerous Provinces, not all of them in Asia. The present use of the words would be exceedingly inconvenient to the Persian and the Hindu, the Orient including Syria and Palestine; for to them, the sun *falls* in the Orient instead of the Occident.

With Chaucer and with Milton the word Orient became, poetically, the East. And now we use the terms Orient and Occident as though they originally meant the points of the compass east and west. The word Orient also covers a multitude of sensual sins, mostly Turkish, with a background of "Oriental" Religion.

Strange to say, in literary uses the specialist in Hebrew, Arabic, Pahlavi, Sanskrit and Chinese is an "Orientalist," though the first two languages are entirely unrelated to the second two, and the fifth to all of the others. Renan was an Orientalist because he was a student of the Semitic languages, and William Jones was one from knowing the Sanskrit, these languages having not even the remotest relationship. Darmesteter was an Orientalist in scholarship, and in fact as well, being a member of the Jewish race who read Pahlavi and Arabic, though the tongues were wholly unrelated.

There is no racial affinity between the Arab, the Persian and the Mongol, and yet they are now "Oriental" because of the accident of religious conquest. The scholarship which had its rise in the last century affirms the kinship in blood and speech of the chief European, the Iranic and the Hindu races, but not of all in Asia.

There is not even an "Asiatic" man or race. The lazy rhetoric that makes an ethnic unit of Asiatic races commits an absurdity, as there is no visible racial affinity between the Ural-Altaic, Mongol or Turanian, the Malay, the Indo-European and Iranian, and the Arab. This mistake is only equalled by

the absurdity of believing that there is a religious consistency, that there is any one habit of mind, intellectual tendency, or characteristic which is "Asiatic," unless we go back into that misty and difficult study of common myths which has not even unified the races best known and easiest studied.

The stupid legend of Noah having ceased to control European thought, we are free to see that continental divisions do not control speech, or theories of life, or religions. We see that to measure civilisation by geographical lines is only to measure ourselves by our own ignorance, which is still dense and brutal about the rest of the world.

When we come to understand that the words in question cover about as many blunders as can be crowded upon the most hard-ridden terms of our speech, and are only a subterfuge for knowledge, we shall be prepared to see that the Jewish and Mohammedan religions have no original relation, either in structure or idea, with the religions of the Far East. If there was once any such relation, it resided in that vexing mystery of a common origin of the two white races, the Aryan and the Semitic; a mystery which probably can never be solved any more than the date and cause of their differentiation can be learned. The white races of Persia and of India are exotic to eastern Asia, imposing themselves upon other stocks; and their original philosophic and religious views and feelings have probably been so changed by the appearance of those great seers, Zoroaster and Buddha, that not much can now be recovered of them. The Vedic hymns and the Vedas alone indicate what their intellectual conceptions once were, but show enough to make it certain that their ideas were not merely different from the Semitic philosophy, but radically opposite; and we can never discover which departed from the other if they had a common origin. The Moslem bond in Asia is superficial; the result, first of submission to arms and not to reason, and second, perhaps, the sympathy and habit of mind of one pastoral people with another in a fatalism common to star-gazers and shepherds.

For Mohammedanism had its lasting Asiatic converts among those sons of Tur we know so well, who once gave Europe the impression that Asia was all Turanian.

These Turanians were ubiquitous, a pastoral people, making war by migration, needing no commissariat; pitching their tents in China under Kublai Khan, and again and again, as often as Chinese civilisation became attractive, till the advent of those who now adorn Pekin with their royal presence, under the name of Manchus. Or, again, they are the Tatars, whom Jenghiz Khan threw broadcast from Central Asia; or whom Tamerlane (that lame soldier) led to the Mediterranean, and who, returning to India, conquered it, bringing thence the Hindu treasures to adorn Samarcand, the city of his heart. Or they were called by those pet names of ours, Huns, Mongols, Tartars, who stamped their superscription ineffaceably upon the countenance of the Muscovite; then were replaced by the Turks, good-natured, honest people who settled in the Orient and around the Euxine Sea—and are there yet.

These pastoral tribes are, however, not all of the Asiatics of the "Orientalist." We have to reckon with communistic China, the Chinese de-Mongolianised by Confucius, by Laotze, by Buddha, and by millenniums of agriculture; with the Japanese, not Mongolian, nationalised by patriotism and idealised by Buddhism; with individualistic India, with its Aryans and its Dravidians; with the still further dark-skinned Malaysian East—all these different bloods profoundly affected by what in the aggregate is probably the largest single achievement of the human mind, Buddhism.

We, who comprehend in the main only Semitic ideas, will never understand the people of Asia, though we may understand their art, until we learn that the Semitic idea, though geographically Asiatic, has nothing in common with the philosophy, whether spiritual or political, of the great majority of the inhabitants of Asia.

When we examine the question of the origin of the race

we call the Semitic, we must not disregard those speculations of recent years which place its origin in North Africa or Europe, and make its primitive movement eastward, so that it was only secondarily "Asiatic." After its probable long stay in Ethiopia, or Cush, it crossed the Red Sea at the Strait of Bab el Mandeb, let us guess, to its new home in Arabia; whence its tribes and nationalities, as they were developed by migrations, were to become illustrious. This supposition does not preclude the theory of the mingling of its blood with the Egyptian people, nor of a long and now prehistoric past before its advent in Arabia. Nor must we disregard the speculations of the student as to whether this white race was tinged with any darker hue, in the course of its progress among other races, than the equatorial sun gives naturally; or whether it was crossed with another race which, before it encountered the Sumerian and other races in the East, gave it its cephalic varieties. The historian can never tell, and it must be left to the anthropologist to apply the modern tests.

But we seem first clearly to discern this race warmed to life in that vast and still imperfectly explored peninsula, which the cartographer Ptolemy blunderingly called Arabia Felix—mistaking "right hand" for "lucky" in consequence of superstition having muddled language as it does logic. To understand the Semitic racial movement we must study the formation of Arabia itself. A peninsula, if not a continent, twelve or fifteen hundred miles in length (say as large as Hindustan), environed on three sides by seas of great magnitude—the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Arabian Ocean, and the Persian Gulf—with the Euphrates as an extension of the eastern border, it lies between Africa and Asia in a profound isolation. Enveloped in a belt of seacoast lying almost in the tropics, its fertile valleys and its oases lie in many cases among mountains so elevated that life in them is healthful and unvarying. In a vast aridity of a thousand miles in the centre of this land lies the sphinx of Eastern history, the desert of Arabia. This

esert (or these deserts and steppes), reaching far north, with an ccasional interruption, to above Damascus, on the west ordering all Syria and Canaan, forms a division between the vo branches of the Semitic race; the two developments that iet at the top of that vast cone of sand, and not always fra-ernally.

The emigrant Semites from the southern and eastern marge f Arabia, leaving the impassable desert on the left, skirting ie Persian Gulf on their right, appeared in the Euphrates 'alley 4000 B. C., and absorbed the civilisation they found eady to their eager hands; once thought Ural-Altaic, now elieved to be not such and possibly Aryan. Then vigorously preading through the Euphrates and the Tigris Valleys, they iade the history of the East, till the Iranians came to dis-ossess them. As Sayce says: "The Semitic conquest must ave been a gradual one. The evidence of language shows iat when the Semites first came into contact with the civilisa-ion of Akkad, they were desert nomads, dwelling in tents, and 'anting even the first elements of culture. These, however, iey soon acquired from their neighbours, and with the trading istinct of their race quickly made themselves indispensable o the agricultural Akkadians. Ur and the other towns on the 'estern bank of the Euphrates were the earliest plains in which iey settled, but they soon overflowed into the whole plain of umer."

But our present quest is that other stream rising and mul-iplying along the Red Sea littoral: that which, leaving the esert on the right hand, moved northward in successive aves of pastoral emigration in search of lands and waters, and ccupied Arabia Petræa, Edom, Canaan, Phœnicia, Syria, and ie Eastern "wilderness," at a date possibly as early as 3000 3. C., and at length developed that agricultural and com-iercial civilisation which has so powerfully affected the Western World.

But for the unchangeable and mute desert, the Semitic race

of this historic era might have developed homogeneously, and but for the impassable desert, the whole fate of the world must have been different. And but for the desert, Babylonia and Egypt might have coalesced and formed a power from whose dominion over the mind the world might not have freed itself in many more millenniums of years than it has needed to obtain the scant liberty it now enjoys.

It is far from our present duty to speak of that whole Eastern history which enlisted the lives of so many ardent scholars and explorers in the nineteenth century. We must come to the story of Abraham, who is in the legitimate field of our inquiry. Charming as the story is in its present form to the reader, and vital as it is supposed to be to the believer, to the critic and the historian it is full of difficulties, nay, impossibilities.

A portion of the story of Abraham which is embedded in the Book of Beginnings is a pastoral of rare charm; one of those stories that fill our ideal, for the thousandth time, of a friendliness with Nature and with God. It is told with such brevity, directness, and literary charm that we wonder how, in the later times, such banal and irreligious fictions as Esther, such disguised and fearsome political tracts as Daniel, and such puerile fables as Jonah, got bound with it in the same covers. There is something that men crave in the idea of a life intimate with the earth and sky. Those whom fate condemns to dwell in those congestions of humanity called cities imagine they could wander forever under the stars, and relish curds and whey and sodden kids. Men imagine that the primal curse is suspended among the nomads. The time of Abraham (2250 B. C., as some reckon it; for Hebrew eponyms, alone of their kindred, must be fitted with dates as historical beings) is oblivious of the Garden of Eden. In all the stories of that long wandering of Abraham, there is no word celestial or terrestrial of Adam's fall. The Serpent is forgot. Even the recent Flood is never spoken of. But God seems to have once more remembered

his world, to have entered into new anxieties and new engagements regarding it.

The story is so naïve that one thinks the Abrahamic family is the model for the Christian ages, so strict that it may be found an unimpeached dynasty of uncontaminated blood; and yet, in fact, it is so loose that it is a romance with a tribal vendetta of half-brothers attached to it.

The patriarch moves about in an idyllic land with the whole canopy of heaven for his tent; earns the wages of righteousness, payable in camels and retainers and gold and silver, and becomes so powerful that he takes temporary possession of Canaan in partnership with the children of Heth. A new day for God in His world; the beginning of a new nation that is worth having and that will endure!

But there is another side to the picture. A part of the tale is of the fabulous era which must be connected with the past, not made the prelude to the future—at least it is but a connecting link, coming down from the wholly fabulous to the traditional. The Abraham narrative comes with a sharp run down that steep declivity of monstrous personages, the 969 years of Methuselah, to the 464 of Eber, the 205 of Terah, the 175 of Abraham; a swift descent toward, but not to, the real facts of earth.

For the character of most of the narrative is essentially the same as that of the other patriarchs. The shorter span of life of Abraham momentarily deceives us. But, like Noah, he speaks face to face with the Lord. There is the same primitive blood relationship. Abraham marries his half-sister Sarah. Human sacrifices are familiar ceremonies. Isaac is miraculously born. Abraham has six sons by Keturah, some of whom arrive at honour in Moses's day as owning the shrine of Jehovah near Horeb. Ishmael was the son of a handmaid—Hagar, an Egyptian—consequently of impure blood; half Abrahamic, half Egyptian, an illegitimate line, according to the Hebrew story—but the natural heir, the first-born, according to Arab custom

and tradition. A nomad with no fixed habitation, Abraham moves over a large extent of pasture land with his retainers (who are handy with the sword), and with his cattle and tent equipage. It is in his day that Sodom and Gomorrah perish by fire and bitumen, and Lot, his nephew, escapes; and that most wayworn legend of the pillar of salt begins its curious progress.

But when we try to find that thousand years which lies between the Abraham of the idyllic pastoral time—in short, the Abraham of the story of Lot, of Sodom and Gomorrah, and of that fatal Chedorlaomer with whom he fought—and Abraham, the "Great Father" of the Jacobean tribes, we find an unlit gulf. We cannot fill that space with the tales of Isaac, Jacob, Esau, or even Joseph. When we have synthesised all that has been discovered about the early Israelite history, we find how meagre is our knowledge. And we have neglected the real source of information about the patriarchs—Arabia itself.

Recent discoveries have offered a valuable solution of the discrepancies in the narrative. The critic has put forward the hypothesis that the story of Abraham in the Old Testament contains the legends of two personages, woven together by the author of Genesis. One, Abram, belongs to the era of Chedorlaomer, about 2250 B. C., which in Canaan is the Amoritic era. The second, Abraham, is the legendary father of the Aramaic tribes of the desert of North Arabia, called in a broad way after Ishmael, Esau and Jacob; the latter name transformed into Israel by some compromise at Bethel, and the tribe of Jacob again subdivided into the sons of Leah, of Rachel and the Concubines. So far as our quest for "Israel" goes, we find him perhaps nowhere earlier than 1350 B. C., becoming historical at the invasion of Canaan by some of the tribes, about 1200 B. C., and arriving at the full control of Canaan about 1000 B. C. These Israelites spoke not "Hebrew" but Aramaic. The mystery of their possession, later, of the Hebrew dialect of the Semitic tongue is perhaps solved

by the suggestion that the conquerors adopted the language, the arts and the culture of the resident Canaanites. Involved in this is the supposition that there had been an invasion of Canaan, about 1500 B. C., by certain tribes who were said to be descendants of "Eber," which gave the name to the language called Hebrew. Or, again, it is said to lie in the invasion of Canaan by a tribe called the Khabiri, whose tongue became "Hebrew." The Hebrew at length adopted the Phœnician alphabet in writing.

I hesitate to enter upon a subject so obscure, which would, if established, deprive the Semite of the sole important invention ever distinctly to his credit. But the archæologist, who is without ruth, now thinks that he has discovered traces of an earlier alphabet in Spain, Portugal and Greece; and the inference is that the trading, seafaring Phœnician picked up the art in some of his voyages, brought it back to Tyre, and there adapted it to his use. But we must still give him credit for distributing it among the developing nations, and thus revolutionising the art of writing.

The reader can, if he chooses, enter upon the study of those characters which the critics use to signify the different authorship of the Old Testament books. J indicates Judaic history, called by some Jahvistic history; E, Ephraimitic history, sometimes called Elohistic; RJE is the Redactor or Editor of JE, who wove the two strands of J and E together; D indicates the Deuteronomic editor or writer of the sixth and seventh century; all combined into one narrative as before suggested. The letter P indicates Priestly narrative, always fatal to the integrity of history as well as of thought.

When the layman undertakes to thread the mazes of the Old Testament, and learn the significance of the symbols E, J, EJ, P, RJE, R, D, and the "polychrome" signs of authorship, he will soon find it better to accept the report of the experts, and spare himself for pursuits better worth while. Whole schools of indefatigable workmen have passed their lives, during the last

century, in trying to resolve the Old Testament into its original parts and authorships, to liberate the European people from the dark cave of Semitic ideas in which they are entombed; they have many a trophy to show for their devotion, but the amateur will do better to trust to the progress of general enlightenment.

On the whole, the theory of two Abrahams at different dates is the best solution of a hiatus in the Genesis history; and its elucidation throws a flood of light upon the situation in Canaan, and especially in Arabia. For when we come at the patriarchal stories found in the Hebrew language, from another side, we find that the northern Arabs have a common hereditary interest in them. They claim Abraham as a father, with great confidence. We forget sometimes that we have too long fixed our thoughts upon Esau—become the Edom of the Old Testament—and neglected Ishmael as a waif of the story. Esau is only a limited quantity, a relative thrice removed; morally better than Jacob, to be sure, but insignificant. Having Ishmael in their direct line of descent, the Arabs are fortunate in not having to struggle with the moral obliquity of Jacob. The Arab legend says that Abraham repaired the Kaaba, and reset the white stone which commemorates the presence of Adam and Eve at Mecca; but we do not find any hint of this in the Old Testament, complimentary notices of others not being thrown away in the narrative of the Israelite.

Could we take our stand actually as well as figuratively on the verge of the Arabian or Southern Ocean, on that shore which stretches eastward over a thousand miles—could we make ourselves native to Yemen or the Hadramaut, and look at the Arabian problems of land and race, from the south instead of from the north, as we have generally done—we should realise the vastness of this continent of mountains, deserts, oases, and rocks, and wish to follow the fortunes of the race we discover there. With our faces turned northward, we should soon see that the peninsula of Arabia does not stop at

the cartographers' conventional 30th parallel on the north. As a geographical unit it reaches Aleppo, where the Euphrates begins to be its eastern border down to the Persian Gulf; it hangs on the Mediterranean (in shape like a big leathern mail pouch); it is a natural unity, fifteen hundred miles in length, that embraces all Syria, Palestine, and the deserts west of the Euphrates. It was only an accident that deprived Arabia of its geographical symmetry on the atlas, and made a small Syria and a smaller Palestine.

Arabia threw out colony after colony in those migrations from a land of sterility and hardship toward one of fertility, ease and material progress. But all these peoples mingled their blood with that of other races, producing strange and unforeseen results, which mystify the essayist, who always has a theory about the human being which will not work, because the human being marries without asking his leave.

To understand ancient history, we shall have to consider as one people the Arab, the Hebrew, the Nabatæan, the Sabæan, the Midianite, the Minæan, the Syrian, the Phœnician or Canaanite, and then the Chaldean, Babylonian, and Assyrian, in their various transformations; with common root ideas and characteristics, but not always, or ever, with common and united interests or common political action. Primarily the race was pastoral, nomadic, and patriarchal, in social and then in religious ideas, the father being a sovereign acting arbitrarily and often despotically, as did Illah, their God.

To understand Arabia we must see how great a portion of it is desert, either of sand or of rock. Comparing Arabia with Hindustan, which has about an equal number of square miles, we have a population in Arabia of a few millions—never estimated at over fifteen, and as low as six millions—against a bewildering mass of men in India roundly called three hundred millions. We have in Arabia the scanty water supply, the small area of tillable or even of pasture land, as reasons for poverty and simplicity, for fixedness of ideas, and at last for emigration.

Strange as it may seem at first sight, Arabia itself has no history. The tale of the last six thousand years is about as inaccessible to the observer as the interior of Arabia itself to-day is to the explorer. Its history is not greatly illuminated by the mention of the Minæan, the Himyaritic, the Nabatæan kingdoms, or even the supposititious one over which the Queen of Sheba presided. Arabia has never been conquered, for obvious reasons. It is now only nominally Turkish; it is partly British, but mostly independent. It will be in vain for us to look for any real national organisation within the territory, after we have cut off from its history Syria and Israel and Babylonia.

The wonderful career of Islam sets us upon the quest of the Arab as the epitome of virtue and chivalry. We should undoubtedly have adopted the Arabian Muslim episode as one ideal of chivalry, had we not been preëngaged to a branch of the race not on horseback. That branch engaged our entire attention for some hundreds of years, and by its outshining upon the world obscured our view of other races; led us, indeed, into crusades and other wasteful and foolish adventures, and long kept us away from not only the real origins but the real merits of the races of Arabia.

But we now know that the Arab was the main stem, and all others were only derivatives. We now know how proud he was—yet how simple, abstemious, and free! He practised all the primary virtues, early rising, hard riding, early marriage, war and hospitality. He was temperate, for there was a scarcity of water; and frugal, even in rapine and murder. He was good to even that ugly object the camel, who shared his tent; and we cannot forget that he made friends with the horse, instead of abusing him. Without the horse he could not have conquered the world, though it was not so hard in old times as it is now when there is a power of resistance to invasions not existent till recent times.

CHAPTER V

The Great Journey

The sons of Jacob do not seem to have made any impression upon the mind of Egypt, though the "burden" of Egypt upon the historians and prophets of Israel is immense. Probably the nomad Semite was too familiar a spectacle, during the twenty centuries of his migration from Arabia to Syria and Canaan, to elicit any special comment in Egypt. At any rate we, who have broken open all the hermetic tombs of Egypt and rifled the cerements of all the dead and gone Egyptians, never have found a word, in all the plunder, about Israel in Egypt—and only one word about Israel in any place—and our thirst for corroborative evidence of the Hebrew story of the Exodus is still unslaked.

But finding that the Exodus, Sinai and the Great Journey are the core and substance of faith with the Old Testament writers, there must be some explanation. It will not do to say, with many hasty critics, "The Israelites were never in Egypt—there was no Exodus." Even Herodotus could not tell where Egypt ended on the east, nor anything else very definite about geography; and why may not the lands enclosed by the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah have been then considered by the Bedouin as a part of Egypt, as it is to-day, and especially as Egypt generally held sway there? We need not let our present geography control our ideas of what Egypt and Arabia Petræa were three thousand years ago.

The physical impossibilities of the Exodus story were long since exposed. Their historian only makes them credible by incredible miracles. The Egyptian scribes knew too well the

land of Arabia Petræa to treat seriously, if they ever heard it, the story of two or three millions of souls (beside much cattle) vanishing out of Egypt in a night and going on shepherding among the rocks of Arabia Petræa. The Egyptians had mined copper there, but they never could have made hay. The Egyptians' sense of proportion was under no such strain as ours; for the ancient cartographer did not make an insignificant and diminutive Arabia and a mighty Canaan to express his estimate of religious values, as the modern map-maker does. They estimated lands and tribes in their true proportions.

Had the Higher Critics numbered among them a Mark Twain—who invented the wittiest of cable messages which said that the report of his death was "very much exaggerated"—all might have been well. And scholars of the nineteenth century need not have agonised over the "Bitter Lakes," the "South Wind," the "Red Sea" and the commissary or quartermaster questions, if the Egyptians had written the going out as it really happened. The Exodus story, if ever known in Egypt, may have been laughed out of existence by those wise-looking folks who, according to the pictures, wore their clothes cut bias.

A valuable suggestion has been made to the effect that the "Rachel" or "Joseph" tribes were the ones nearest Egypt in the northern progress; that they were put to service in the Egyptian corvée, but escaped from bondage under a leader, Moses, who led them to join the Leah and the Concubine tribes which had not been involved in Egypt, or were residing still in the land of Midian below Arabia Petræa along the Red Sea.

The charming story of Joseph may have a good basis of fact in his early life in Egypt, whither he was sold by the Midianites; though I do not think Joseph had that gift of eternal youth which the story indicates.

One circumstance we must not pass over without notice: the statement that Joseph married an Egyptian wife, the mother

of the very important line of Ephraim and the displaced first-born Manasseh. This may account for many things in the subsequent history; among others making the stream of pure Jacobean blood turbid, or, as the saying now is, a little off-colour. The same distressing thing had happened in the tribe of Judah; but not in such open, flagrant, or notorious a way as by marriage.

The story of Joseph was in truth the chief family possession of Ephraim, the second son of Joseph, who became the head of the house of Joseph by an arbitrary choice, or, as in the case of Jacob, by stratagem. The story of the blessing of Ephraim may have been such an invention of the historian as is probable in the case of Jacob and Esau.

According to the account in Genesis, the twelve sons of Jacob were born of mothers as follows, in the order stated: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Zebulon, of Leah; Joseph, Benjamin, of Rachel; Gad, Asher, of Zilpah, Leah's handmaid; Dan, Naphtali, of Bilhah, Rachel's handmaid.

By this it is seen that Judah was the fourth, not the first son of Jacob, and that Joseph was perhaps not the stripling sold into Egypt in the fairy story, but only a little younger than those bearded men who appear so mature in the illustrations of the event. It is noticeable that these four "secondary" sons are mentioned, but nothing is said of the daughters probable in so large a family circle.

One of the most striking stories in all legend is that of Joseph's relation to the other eleven, and how the primacy of Joseph in Ephraim as a tribe, then in Ephraim as the house of Israel, continues to Saul; then how the separation from Judah, which began after Solomon, continues permanent, with a shrine and a rival temple at Shechem lasting as late as about 120 B. C., though the Jews say very little about it in their accounts.

The question is urgent whether the tribe of Joseph ever fully accepted the cult of Jahveh, or whether they remained Elohistic at heart, though observing the worship of Jahveh.

If so, it may explain the loss of that headship of the tribes intimated in the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis, where blessings were so profuse, and the choice so arbitrary. May not the final division of the tribes have had its origin in the religious difference? Jahveh was too strong in the end, the Leah tribes triumphing in Judah—who, let us surmise, held the pen last. The Christian theologian ought to tell us that Rachel triumphed at last in Galilee, that the sun, the moon and the stars bowed down as in Joseph's dream, and that the dream was fulfilled in Christ.

Another act of poetic justice occurred in Galilee. Manasseh, who lost his birthright in Egypt by the arbitrary act of his grandfather, regained it when Jesus was of his province, instead of Ephraim's! I am aware that the theologians aver that Jesus belonged to Judah through Joseph, the husband of Mary, whose genealogy Matthew traced back through a thousand years to David of Judah, and which is applicable only by letting our doctrinal beliefs in the virgin birth lie conveniently dormant. The assertions of the theologians are always a finger-mark to the truth by enabling us to look in two directions at once.

But to resume. The true reason why the period of Moses is the basis of Israelite traditions is not the Exodus, but the alleged Theophany of Jehovah. In this story we are able to lift up the curtain and see the very inception of the Israelite religion—the beginning of the cult of Jehovah, which in several more centuries was expanded into Judaism. Jahveh—Jehovah—the God of Midian, is now first clearly historic.

Moses, a convert to Jahveh at the shrine of his father-in-law, the priest of Midian, led his tribes to that historic and never-forgotten adoption.

Thus the children of Keturah, one of the wives of Abraham, who bore him six valiant sons, came to honour, for Midian was her descendant. The romance writer has overlooked an enormous field of tent maidens and proud mothers in the

Primal Dawn of Arabia. And we, who read, have wasted æons of time over the duplicities of Jacob and the rise of the Israelite, instead of using that primal time of the race in its nomadic infancy—far more charming *plein air* pictures than we have in the legitimate drama of Israel.

What we need most to search for is the history of the word Jahveh, the personal name of the God of Israel, who was adopted there as a Demiurge, a personal deity, an active Providence—who, contrary to all human experience but not of legend, is said to have appeared then: for this is the beginning of Israelitism; this gave the modern world at length its God, through Judaism. There are several surmises about the use of Jahveh as a name to worship. It is evident that no reliance can be placed on the use of the word Jahveh in the mixed legends of Abraham; and the introduction of the twelve tribes at Sinai to the name—the whole story of the Exodus, in fact—indicates that Jahveh was not the deity of the sons of Abraham, represented by the twelve tribes, until the era of Sinai.

If we knew the date when the story was written out as we now possess it, the problem would be simpler. The crude nature of the conception of Deity in the narrative indicates a primitive service. A Deity appearing in person, and operating in their affairs more completely than any other on record in other mythologies or religions; becoming a Providence who does as he pleases, with no reference to morality; a supreme master who is omnipotent yet impotent—this is a conception we cannot be content with in these later days.

The recent discovery of a clay tablet of the age of Khammurabi (2250 B. C.), which is translated to read "Jahveh is God," is to some scholars proof of the use of the name of Jahveh in Babylon at that date. But it proves little more than that, since it does not connect it with the desert tribes, and the other various deities were also gods.

The names of Deity are so numerous in the annals of the period that a mere mention of some of those belonging in the

Semitic provinces, taking no account of any in Egypt, is all that is possible. One is the Akkadian Marduk, the God of Light, whose victory over Tiamat constitutes the Babylonian epic of Creation; the same epic which the Hebrew editor used in the first chapter of Genesis, with the names of El and Elohim substituted, after stripping the story of its mythology, as was his way. Among the most famous gods in the narratives are Bel of Babylon; Ashtoreth and Chemosh, also seen as Ashtar-Chemosh upon the Mesha stone; Melkarth of Tyre; and Baal of Canaan—the latter the most troublesome one to Israel.

The theologians who translated the Scriptures into the English and German tongues cast the minds of all their readers into a now hopeless maze, by translating the Hebrew names of the Deity into the old German word God. The hopeless confusion of our minds would have been avoided had they left the proper names in their own nomenclature, as we do the names in all other religions; then the religious history and the various changing names of the Hebrew language would have been an illumination instead of an eclipse to the mind. Could we have read in our English Bible the great terms El, Elohim, Eloha, Eloha Sabbaoth, Shaddai, El Elyon, El-Hai, Jah, or the divine and forbidden name expressed by the Tetragrammaton, I H V H—we should then have had in this respect intellectual freedom in reading Hebrew history, in as full measure and in exactly the same way as we have now in reading Grecian, Roman and Egyptian, where Zeus, Jupiter and Ra are to us expressions of the ideas then in use in those lands.

No one knows with certainty the derivation of the word God, or what ideas it originally conveyed. Professor Kaufmann, in his work on "Deutsche Mythologie," says: "Our old German word 'God' is probably cognate with the old Indian adjective *ghoras*—terrible, awe-inspiring, venerable—which occurs as an attribute of the gods in the Veda. These words seem to throw light upon the relation of the Indo-Germanic worshipper to

his divinity. He is regarded as a being whose power he feared, whose aid he reverently solicited."

We do not know what ideas the words El or Elohim in Hebrew conveyed. We translate them God and Gods; but when we say God, we are only carrying back our modern English thought and putting it upon these words.

The new dictionary of the Bible edited by Cheyne says that "the name El is the most widely distributed of all names of deity, being used in Babylonian, Aramæan, Phœnician, Hebrew, and Arabic (particularly Southern Arabic). It thus belongs to the primitive Shemitic speech before it became modified into dialects." A Jewish writer says that El is "Mighty God" (a large compound meaning for one root syllable), while Elohim means "The Almighty." Elohim is not the plural of El, it is now asserted though perhaps not proved. Our scholars have laboured at the problem, without result, except to give us an idea by which we distinguish between El, God, and Jahveh, the Lord-God of our English Bible. Jahveh is the God of the Prophets also, but still tied to these miraculous legends!

We are compelled to adjust and adapt these things to each other, to see that the history of religion in Arabia and Palestine is very like that of other times and lands—a slow development, either upward or downward, toward either freedom or liberty; in the Prophets, happily, upward toward reason and unity. The conceptions of God found in the Prophets and Psalms alone give the Old Testament its religious substance and acceptance for our generation; but a candid reading of all that the Prophets wrote would disclose the fact that we have unconsciously, to a great extent, read our God of the Universe back into them—instead of deriving him from them, as we once believed we did.

The adoption of Jahveh as their Deity at Sinai is claimed to be the beginning of "Monotheism." But if we try to compel our minds to think of our own monotheistic ideal as Jahveh, not in the mystery of the Sacred Mountain, Sinai, but when he

is imagined in the Ark in the Tabernacle, or at length, after the vicissitudes of the Ark of the Covenant, in that more fit place, the Temple of Solomon, amid the symbols of bulls and serpents and trees—we shall be able to measure the mental condition of the early Israelite in reference to his Monotheism. The Jewish mind came no nearer to making a pure intellectual conception than did that of other people's; it was a tradition of ever-increasing greatness. The effort of the philosophic mind of to-day is to find the impersonal and the universal back of all traditions, behind all phenomena; not to get "a piece of information supernaturally or miraculously," as Professor Patton declares is the method of revelation.

The wonders of Sinai were the constant theme of the poets of later ages, of the prophets and the theologians; but their thought was totally unlike the effort of the modern philosopher who seeks for a God, the source of man's spirit—a Spirit, not a magnified physical being with attributes.

Monotheism is a poor modern term at best. It is not found in the Bible, for its authors spoke of concrete, not of abstract subjects. We cannot imagine its use by Plato or Spinoza. The Arab only imagines Allah as a sovereign of his material affairs. Even the writings of the Hebrew prophets show the same conception as the Arab's; for however great God was made by them, they never outgrew the imagery of a Sovereign, however universal he might be. Their views of God were complicated with their personalities and their nationalities—just as ours are still linked with, and limited by, their insignificant significance.

The Mosaic cult was not Monotheism even in its most restricted sense of one personal deity, until the gods of its kindred had passed away with the passage out of tribal or political existence of Edom, Moab, Ammon and Tyre, whose gods are such familiar names. To change gods in those days was only to move from one territory to another.

We see that what we in our indolence would fain call Monothe-

ism has to be tempered to the human mind by symbols: by divine Lords, Messengers, and Angels, as in Palestine; by Emanations, as in India; by Fire, as in Persia; by all the Personages of the Pantheon, as in Greece; by the Sensuous World, as in Egypt; and by Persons of the Trinity and by the Mother of God, as in Christian countries.

All over the world, each person thinks he utters a sublime and final monotheistic truth when he speaks the name used in his own language to express the idea of the Supreme Deity. Among the forty or fifty such names as the chief of their divinities, the Bramanic Hindu apparently says Brahm; the Parsee said Ahura Mazda; the Arab, Al-ilah, as his forbears probably said Ilah; the Israelite, Jahveh; the Syrian, Elah; the Scandinavian, Odin or Thor; the Irish Celt, Dia; the Vedic poets, Dyaus; the Greek, Theos; the Roman, Deus; and following these two are those variations of Italian, Deo; Spanish, Dios; French, Dieu. Some of these are charming appellations, and take away the shock of profanity we often experience in our own land. Some wit said, for example, that one could blaspheme the name of the Holy Ghost without offence, if he said "le Saint Esprit," as the French do. We Teutons, by birth or inheritance, have no doubt in our minds when we say God; and the multitude of other terms seem irreverent, and what we used to call heathenish.

The cold and infertile term Monotheism has become a convenience of speech for those who write speculatively of the history of religions, as though it explained everything. There is yet no general agreement as to whether Monotheism is a reformed Polytheism, or Polytheism a broken-down Monotheism. The latter is the most probable, for to the veriest tyro in the history of the intellectual development of the races there are evidences back of all the creations of his fancy, all the personages of his pantheons, that there lies in the heart of man the knowledge of a Supreme Power to which he reverts when his conventional intellectual edifices fall, and which explains the

phenomena of the sublime intellect, the warm heart, and the illimitable spiritual powers of our race.

The word Monotheism having had its day, a greater one has arisen, and we speak the word Pantheism with a certain hope that it may unify our thought of the cosmos.

The second most accepted impression given by the Jewish account of the Assumption of Sinai is that it was the birthplace of moral law—the beginning of morals. A literary criticism recently contained the remark that a certain book was full of "anachronisms"—the author had alluded to morality in Egypt "before morals had been given to the world." This fairly represents the popular thought, that the Decalogue was the beginning of morals.

The Decalogue was a good catechism, embodying in concrete form the primitive, obvious ideas of associated life in that part of the world. The code of procedure, the regulations of all kinds which appear in various statements in Exodus, Leviticus, and Deuteronomy, and not alone the Commandments, are the "law" (the Thora) on which the Jewish national pride has been founded. It is true that the Israelite system of laws as shown in the above books is admirable for its purpose, just as the laws of the Koran are adapted to the stage of semi-civilisation of the day of Mahomet; but neither are adequate to an extended and complicated civilisation.

The Hebrew Decalogue (and the laws following the needs of the tribes) came some thousands of years too late to be the original source of a single idea in human conduct or relations. There is not a single virtue, grace, morality, or religious idea which we cannot discover in other and earlier peoples of the world and among the contemporaries of the Israelite.

Three thousand years before Sinai, that best indulgence to humanity the Sabbath, had been in vogue in Akkad and Sumer; "a day of rest for the heart," it was called. At least two thousand years before Sinai, Egypt had published the Book of the Dead, with the "forty commandments," on each of which the

souls of all deceased Egyptians were tried in the underworld, necessitating the careful observance of all the morality of that highly civilised country in order to stand well at the judgment weighing.

One must consult the records of Nippur, thousands of years before Moses, to find the state of society which was the probable model of the social ideas of Moses's day.

But the most interesting, because the most definite, evidence of the existence of a legal system containing morality is the Code of Khammurabi, the founder of the city of Babylon. He was ruler over Babylon, Elam or southern Persia, and Assyria, and at one time of Syria and Palestine. "Being a great statesman as well as conqueror, he built roads, dug canals, and was the first to collect and formulate into codes the decisions which the civil courts had rendered and which had grown out of judges' law. This full code, the most elaborate monument of ancient civilisation yet discovered, he engraved on great stone stelæ, and set up in the principal cities of his realm, where they could be read by all his subjects. There were about two hundred and eighty separate decisions, or edicts, covering the rights of property, inheritance, marriage, divorce, injuries to life and person, rents, wages, slavery, etc. On the Stele, following the text of the laws, Khammurabi told his people *why* he had set up and published this Code. It was that justice might be established, and that anyone who had a complaint against his neighbour might come and read the law and learn what were his rights."

The foregoing statement of the matter is from an article in the *Century Magazine*, by William Hayes Ward. The reader can also consult the *Nineteenth Century* for December, 1903, for another succinct account of it.

This Khammurabi reigned in Babylon 2250 B. C., which is about one thousand years before any possible date of Moses's legislation, and probably fifteen hnndred years before it was written in Hebrew; and so it is clear that the latter cannot well

be "the beginning of morals," given from the sky in an "early day of the race." The Code of Moses might become an interesting study if segregated from the supernatural as Khammurabi's was, and treated comparatively to ascertain if any progress had been made in the ideas of the Semites. This king is pretty certainly the Amraphel of Genesis xiv. and the story of the capture of Sodom, and fixes the date of the Eastern Abraham or Abram, whose other self, seven or eight hundred years nearer us, is the Abraham of the Ishmael and the Isaac tribes. The two were unfortunately confused in the editorial mind of the Old Testament hundreds of years later; or what is more probable, from the necessity of connecting the Great Father with the Jahvistic Cult—the possible explanation of the otherwise unaccountable story of the almost-consummated sacrifice of Isaac. I say unaccountable—I mean, of course, as a part of a religious story; but I forgot for a moment the same story in Greece, where Iphigenia is the charming heroine, and where the motive was also religious. In all these cases, it is the sacrifice of someone else beside the priest himself—an experiment which, I am sorry to say, has never yet been tried.

If we apply what we know of the stage of civilisation in Egypt, about 1200 B. C., and then what we know about Troy on one side of the Ægean and Mycenæ and Tiryns on the other, at the same time, we shall see at once that the rude tribes of Jacob could not have been dwelling in Egypt; that they belonged to the desert, were nomads migrating from Arabia to newer pastures, at which they arrived after some years of organisation.

The misapprehension about the Moral Law comes from the mistaken idea that religion had its origin with the Israelite régime, and that morality comes from religion. But morals and religions are only adventitiously related. They are not at all necessary to each other's existence—and they sometimes neutralise each other.

We see that religion and morality were not even adventi-

tiously related to each other in the minds of the narrators of the early history in the Pentateuch, for neither the Patriarchs nor the Israelites were religious or moral in the modern sense.

It is not evidence of the non-existence of religion and morality that we do not find either word in common use in the Scriptures. The writers dealt in concrete, not abstract terms. They spoke of worship, sacrifice, atonement, righteousness, and a pure heart; actualities, not mere definitions. The words Religion and Religious nowhere occur in the English Old Testament; in the Apocrypha only seven times—six in Maccabees, once in Judith, both late books; in the New Testament, Religion occurs only three times, Religious only twice, neither of them in the Gospels but only in the Epistles. As to Moral and Morality, the words do not occur at all, either in the New or Old Testament or Apocrypha. We too confuse the terms. We speak of moral battles to be fought in the soul and lost or won, as one has to "experience" religion to know much about it, except a ceremony, in so far as it is an observance or an institution. But a moral system is that code, social or legal, by which men relate themselves to each other: as a religion is that system of ideas by which men relate themselves to the Infinite.

The code of law, whether written or understood, is always and among all races an expression of the regulations that have been mutually agreed upon as desirable and necessary for civil existence. The laws, the statutes, and the legal decisions of all peoples are only an extension of this fundamental necessity of social organisations. They are seldom derived from religion. None of the political organisations of Europe (except Turkey) are founded on religion, or are in the slightest degree religious, that is, religious in any Christian sense or mode of operation.

There is also a belief that Conscience began its work at this time, but Israelitism imposed by authority from without was not the result of conscience. Metaphysicians have not yet agreed whether there is in man an inherent conscience, or

only a capacity for acquiring the sense of right and wrong, the two differentiated by social needs and becoming "intuitive" by inheritance. The latter supposition seems to have the weight of evidence in its favour. Its inherency seems to be in the part of our nature not wholly under the control of our temporary environment.

The Assumption of Jehovah, from which we have made such an excursion, is the inception of the Israelite religion, then a pure theocracy. It is not the only theocracy known to the ancient world, for that of Egypt was a more highly organised and despotic one; but it is of the most interest to us as the original of the one that so long dominated the movements of the maturing nations of Europe.

The idea of a theocratic government in human society is a structural mistake, the cost of which is beyond computation and is well nigh irreparable, as we all know. The idea that the priest is good, because religious, is a fundamental error; he is only officially good. The priest (with a private wire to heaven) has been everywhere, in all historic ages, the chief obstacle to progress in political and social organisations. When intrenched with nobility and kings, nothing short of a revolution can dislodge him. Happily there are always revolutions occurring somewhere, and religious power breaks down in the progress of civilisation. We see this in the most notable revolution in Europe, that of France, when the nobility and clergy had become possessed of nearly all the real property, yet evaded all the taxes, held all the power, and had brought the people to the breaking point of endurance. So Russia is at this moment the best example of the baselessness of Divine Right in Kings; the Romanoff Dynasty having been elected, or appointed, by the Zemski Sobor two hundred and fifty years ago (since which that assembly has not been convened). This selection of a Czar is said to have been the act of the faction of the Sobor (or Muscovite Diet), composed of nobles and clergy, leaving the other orders out—as usually happens.

In time Europe will be altogether relieved of the interferences of the theocrat. A great step toward such a consummation was taken when the Great Powers of the world, in the Peace Conference at the Hague, voted to refuse the Vatican participation in the sittings as a temporal power, thus remanding it to the realm of personal religion. Another step may also bring about the abolition of that constant meddling of the church with civil government and schools, either open or insidious and hidden, which still tries our patience.

I have spoken of the Exodus as the Great Journey. I mean by this term, great in its results in tradition, not great in distance. For it only requires a correct map, and a measure, to convince the most reverent that a good pedestrian would cover the whole distance from Kadesh-Barnea to Jericho in four days, and a good camel would be inexpressibly bored at having to consume two whole days in making the journey. This story of a journey from Sinai, full of divine interpositions, is only a part of the delusion that oppresses us; and at last we shall come to realise that the entrance of the tribes into Canaan was not a journey of design and forecast, but a slow, natural, and very ordinary migration from Arabia northward. It was only a repetition of several preceding tribal movements, notably that of the Phœnicians and Canaanites. It is the small theatre that makes the performers on this stage loom large; that, and the theory of its being supernatural.

CHAPTER VI

Sacred History

It is as dangerous to the author to treat Sacred History with a secular pen as it is dangerous to verity to treat secular history with a sacred one; but to me there is no sadder story in history than the invasion of Canaan, following the death of Moses. Not that it was bloodier, more atrocious, than other invasions; but the pretence of Divine sanction has seared the conscience of succeeding ages. . Under its inspiration we have the British God—the God of Battles; and we have the Spanish God—the God of the Inquisition—and all the other cognate pretences of divine approbation of the ambitions and hypocrisies of history.

I wish someone would free Moses from those stories recorded by the perverts of later ages, such as the stoning of a man for picking up sticks on the Sabbath; the slaughter of three thousand men for the sin of making an image; "Slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour." One has only to read afresh that story of the killing of the Midianite captives and the distribution of their wealth to see how the real man Moses was displaced by the traditions of a monster such as only the theologian can create.

Such are the stories told by them, looking back hundreds of years, that this people had sinned a great "sin." There is one redeeming element in the story—in that Moses nobly said, in reply to one "command": "And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, 'O this people has sinned a great sin, and has made them gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt, forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of the books which thou hast written."

If Moses, as it was said, was educated in Egypt, among the most civilised people of antiquity—whose works, whose arts, whose sciences, whose knowledge of living, and whose ethics surprise us—what a contrast it was for him to be suddenly in command of a rude people, ignorant, intractable, and fanatical! Nebo must have been a haven of rest to his perturbed soul; and he thereby escaped the horrors of the massacres of Jericho and Ai, which made the evil fortune of Joshua.

Here, in this account of the Exodus, is the beginning of the theory that God kills people for "sin," the effort to impress people with his greatness and power, his sovereignty; that is, his sovereignty modelled on earthly sovereignties, that could do such acts and still be moral. This story led to the next step, that God's servants could kill people for sin, and still be moral. It led to that next step, that men could kill other men for a difference of opinion (as in Deut. xiii.)—could obtain a commission to do this, if they could agree to call themselves Servants of God. This convenient doctrine underlies the Hebrew conception of God's relation to men. In its essence it forms the "Hebrew Philosophy of History"—God doing as he likes without reference to morality; a fatal poison which mastered European thought. This deadly precept was the license of all the European torture of the body and the mind, the warrant of bloodsheds in the interests of religion, the parent of disease and poverty and death.

If any do not believe that credulous Europe became callous to massacre in the name of God, let me ask them to read the sixth chapter of First Samuel. For centuries untold millions of Christians have read the story, so blinded by this Hebrew doctrine that they never noticed that the Universe would cry out in horror were it true that God would thus kill fifty thousand innocent and industrious peasants. Their sole offence was lifting up the corner of the curtain that hung on the side of the Ark of the Covenant, and peeping in wonder and curiosity into the box as it lay on a cart drawn by two white cows, while

being sent home by the Philistines. The Hebrew narrator was so eager to make God great that he forgot to make him moral.

It is true that those timorous mice who, a few years since, nibbled at the problem of revising the Old Testament, did notice the passage. They made a corrrection. In King James's version there were "fifty thousand three score and ten men" slain. The revisers have changed this to read, "And he smote of the men of Beth-Shemesh, because they had looked into the ark of the Lord, even he smote of the people seventy men and fifty thousand men; and the people mourned because the Lord had smitten the people with great slaughter. And the people of Beth-Shemesh said, 'Who is able to stand before the Lord, this holy God?'" Who indeed is able to stand before the inerrant narrator!

Beyond Moses and a few heroic men, the mass of these "children of the morning of the world's prime" were as intractable and difficult as statesman or military leader ever led through a desert. The regulations, since so sacred, said to be laid down by Moses, were suited to the camp and the march, to a people as yet in the formative stages, not yet come to a settled state where statutes are full and explicit.

If we look at the building of the Tabernacle, we shall see how unformed and childish must have been their ideas. Moses could not have put into words the minute, tiresome, and petty directions which the narrator dilates upon with such a naïve disregard of their proportionate importance; this must have been the narrative of priestly minds, long ages afterward. Six long chapters in Exodus are given to the details of the portable tent which covered the ark. It is difficult to realise what a large space is taken up with ceremonial details, with petty matters quite secondary to the marches and the battles.

The late Dr. T. O. Paine, whose last forty years were devoted to the Tabernacle—trying to find out whether it had a ridge-pole or not—becomes a fit example of the mental

vacuity bred by such immaterial narrations. A ridge-pole is an essential in Christian architecture. Paganism is characterised by its flat roofs. Israelitism, the intermediate stage in religion, may have experimented in ridge-poles, though the probability is that it did not aspire. We, in modern times, depend greatly on the uplift of the Gothic. A gentleman remarked after visiting in a small village on the Hudson, "My friends are very happy, as, having a new Gothic roof on their church, they feel sure they have God with them."

Going on and on with these stories of the march and the final rape of Canaan, we read with amazement that this people held a divine commission, thought themselves partners or servitors of the Divine. That they are still thought to have done so, is more amazing yet.

Going on and on through all these narratives, we find no Israelite "nation" at the invasion of Canaan. We find only the brief record of some temporarily affiliated tribes, making war under a common leader, committing all sorts of atrocities, usurping other people's lands, taking other people's property, whether cattle or virgins. In the days of the Judges we find slavery existing, but not condemned. Polygamy is general; divorce common, arbitrary, and wilful. Incest and adultery are rife. In it all we see progress not to, but toward, a settled state. The conquered are enslaved and their land divided, land tenures are established, laws are coming gradually into use, rough justice being sometimes done; the people change from a pastoral to a semi-agricultural state; they are destitute of the fine arts, have no mechanic arts—cannot make even that first requisite of a people, a sword.

The miraculous story of the occupation of Canaan, called the Book of Joshua, is seen to be a savage religious romance when we read the Book of Judges, which is worth the student's attention. The latter lacks the hierarch's intention, but it tells us that the full occupation of Canaan took a century and a half, and that it was not so much a supplanting of the original

owners as an amalgamation with them. The pietist had not yet forbidden intermarriage. Fixing the date of the invasion at about 1200 B. C., we have a hundred years before the confederacy of Saul, in which the tribes were civilised to some extent.

The term "city" constantly misleads us. No such places as our cities existed away from the seacoast; everything indicates small separated tribes, clans, and at length a small confederation, with no binding general law or agreement. These were the days of the oracle, of the soothsayer, the days of the homely unsophisticated divination applied to practical uses.

We have in the later days of this period the miraculous birth of Samuel, who was the great man of the prophetism of the day. And we have Samson, whose labours were so truly Herculean and whose end was so pathetic, the pillars of a magnificent granite palace falling on him, as we know from countless engravings—though in fairness we must acquit the narrative of the crimes perpetrated in its name by the artists. We have, with these legends, all the requisites for making up a judgment concerning the state of this people.

To recapitulate: First there is, for the term of a hundred years after Moses, a loose brotherhood of tribes dividing the conquered lands of Canaan, acquiring settled habitations and the arts of life; but with no coherency, no confederacy which might be called national. There is a common ancestry, but hardly a common interest, hardly a brotherhood. Looking closely, we can discern no civilised arts, no organised industries. There is no visible literature, and we can discern no religion even, in the modern sense. There was a worship of Jehovah, but there was also a worship of other gods. There was prophetism, as in Samuel, seership, soothsaying, idolatry. There was the lot, the Urim and Thummim, the ephod, all the primitive machinery of superstition. There were wonder stories, rude songs, chants of victory; the legends of the Exodus, rapidly

growing large and miraculous, and made up of the fabric of tradition which was subsequently written out and became "sacred history."

We run our eyes over the old headings of the chapters in Judges, and we see what went on. "An angel rebuketh the people at Bochim." "The wickedness of the generations after Joshua." "God's anger and pity toward them." "The Canaanites are left to prove them." "They committed idolatry." "Deborah and Barak delivered Israel from Jabin and Sisera." "Jael killeth Sisera." "The Israelites for their sins are oppressed by Midian." "A prophet rebuketh them." "An angel sendeth Gideon for their deliverance." "Gideon's present is answered by fire." "Gideon's army of thirty and two thousand is brought to three hundred"—a reversal of the usual process of multiplication. "Gideon refuseth government; his ephod a cause of idolatry." "The Israelites' idolatry and ingratitude." "The story of Ruth" (the custom of the Levirate). "Gideon becomes a leader in Israel"—in reality the first king. All this is truly interesting, but to us, bereft of the supernatural, it is very much like other histories; and we rather like the surrounding heathen, especially the Philistines and the Phœnicians.

While all this was recognised and admitted, the excuse has been ready: this was an "early day of the world," people were yet barbarous. God was doing what he could in this one place for a better condition of men. But all this early-day casuistry has vanished before the discoveries of the last hundred years, which make the Israelites late comers in the midst of old civilisations.

We see, finally, the demands for a stronger confederacy, and Saul comes to the front with the title of King. Here is the first real national act, and here is the first date of any confederation with any substance in it. A "nation" is forming, and that is all.

If from the Old Testament data we set down forty years for

David's reign and thirty-eight for Solomon's, we have a space of but ninety years, as the only period in which the collective tribes of Israel could be called "a nation." Probably it was even less: the last two reigns may have been not above twenty-five or thirty years each. The old doubtful tribal state of things continues through Saul's reign. All the time we see, not war, but skirmishing; not statesmanship, but strategy; not laws, but loose customs and bad temper. We are invited at this point, by the muse of traditionary history, to witness a transformation. We are introduced by the imagination of later generations to a Kingdom! A few years more and we see an Empire! "The glorious period of Israel." Astonished, we ask how comes this glory? A moment ago David was a chieftain hiding in caves from another chieftain, Saul. He emerges, a Great King, transmitting an Empire to his son!

If it were possible even for a moment to gain a sight of this period from a world point of view, a sense of proportion, a measurement by any known fact of time, space, or numbers, we should see that the heroisms, slaughters, and wonders are but minstrel tales now masquerading as history. They have the unmistakable mark of the campfire, the tent, the long weary night under the canopy of heaven. They are not new tales, or exclusive inventions; they are as old as humanity, as all families, clans, tribes, and kingdoms in the earth. If we changed our religion or our religious books, we should have the same stories in the new one, only with different names.

In fact, here is a rude State, full of quarrels, whose King, David, dances naked through the streets; with commerce, revenue, arts, cities, and foreign connections all yet to be created.

The military ability of David must have been considerable, for during his long reign the Kingdom seems to be extending, with only some local religious jealousies, with the City of the Jebusites made the capital. And, entering upon that series of sieges, captures, and devastations, in which it is exceeded by

no city on earth, sacred or profane, Jerusalem became in time Zion, a city of the imagination!

All the world loves a lover—but it loves a hero more. And it is easy to see how fully David occupies the historic stage of the Old Testament books. David is the high-water mark of the Israelitish period, in more senses than one. There is no proof that he was a great monarch, or a great military genius. He fought no great battles of the world. He was a chieftain whose chivalric temperament drew a personal following. His enemies were partly dynastic, partly personal. And fond hearts, looking back, declare that he was a psalmist. But the ruthless men of this new age deny that we have any evidence for David's composition, though it is not improbable he sang rude songs; asserting that the pious and glowing Psalms attributed to him, as entitling him to the bays of the lyrist, are not of David nor of his age, and that most of them first saw the light seven or eight hundred years after he passed away.

It is best so, surely, because David carries not the worldly Iliad, and the heavenly, fairly on his shoulders at once. In the interest of his heroism let us doubt his piety. Heroes must be free from dubiety, and thus he can be a hero only by being single-minded. We no longer have to reconcile religion and David, any more than religion and science. Carlyle places David among his list of heroes for a purely Scotch-Presbyterian reason—his "repentance." Repentance is his heroism; but, outside the Psalms, there is no evidence of repentance. He does not repent in the Histories. He weeps, but he weeps for Absalom—like Priam for Hector, and as eloquently.

One has only to see how much space in the Old Testament David occupies to understand that right here is the Israelite's Iliad, his Saga, his Lied, his Arthurian Cycle—not that I credit quite all these other tales, either. But this story of David, the Israelite's romance, constitutes an oasis in the long stretch of Israel's dreary failures. The Books of Samuel are full of

David. The Books of Kings *are* David. The First Chronicles repeat the same tale. The Book of Ruth tells how his great-great-grandmother reinforced the pure Jacobean blood with a little good Moabitish.

David passed off the scene in a truly royal manner: too many children only adventitiously related to each other, too few friends remaining faithful. The Kingdom is not quite over; but one more reign will finish its brief existence.

It is strange how quickly nations "bud, bloom, and wither," as Mr. Hosmer says so eloquently about the other ones. One has to be very quick-sighted to see the real moment of highest bloom and colour. There always rises a Solomon.

CHAPTER VII

Era of the Harem

Solomon is a natural step in the sequence of a people growing luxurious and proud. The rapid changes in the Valley of the Euphrates, while the Assyrian power was temporarily breaking, had enabled the Hittites and the Syrians and David to extend their boundaries into and down the valley, so that the tribes of Israel appeared as a power beyond the old borders of Canaan.

The era of Saul, David, and Solomon occurs at about the end of the great Ramessean period of Egypt. That period was succeeded by the long, wearing and destructive divisions of rival claimants, a presage of that final debility and decay which mark the passing of the Antique Era in Mesopotamia, Egypt, Syria, and the country of the Hittites.

This passing of the era, this decrepitude, must have been as general as it was widespread; for even the new and apparently fresh and vigorous Kingdom of David began to crumble under the reign of his son. One cause of decay was inherent in the very fabric of society. Polygamy, breeding rival families, and making rival claimants to the succession, is a cause of weakness of the first importance. Solomon was not the senior heir to the throne of David; he was simply what in Eastern language is called the "favourite," the son of a favourite wife. He was crowned in haste, to avert the succession of Adonijah, the eldest son. The whole incident shows the absence of any settled government; that the kingship was only personal, and exceedingly precarious. The true story of Solomon's time might rid the reader finally of any idea of power, or splendour, or of any stable national organisation.

When we look closely at this whole Eastern World we see that it is all of the same piece; but for the prepossessions of our religious training we could see no intrinsic difference in any of the dynasties of the period, whether of Solomon or his neighbours.

With that amazing insensibility to morality that never ceases in the accounts, Solomon is made to begin his "glorious reign" with two murders, left over to him as a duty by his father. This multi-polygamous hero is said to have had "seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines" (a part of them foreign women, to preserve that pure blood of Judah, the line of David). Possibly this was then a religious ideal, to have a great female household, as has the Sultan of Turkey; but to have a thousand wives is a very different ideal from that of mediæval times in Europe, where the very highest religious ideal was to have none. This Solomonic apotheosis of Sensuality ought to vanish with the other fictions about his greatness. Solomon had idols and heathen altars, and was, by a strange contrariety, the man chosen to build the Lord's temple—where he makes a prayer which would do credit to a modern professor of theology. This prayer was in fact written by a theologian of an era much later than his reign; probably about six hundred years after, at which date the Books of Chronicles I. and II. were fabricated.

When we come to the plain facts about the "greatness" of Solomon, they are, that Jerusalem was a mere rock fortress with a small palace with a harem, and a small temple. This temple to which faith looks back (if a "cubit" is 18 or 21 inches) was only 90 or 100 feet long, 45 or 50 feet high, 60 feet wide, with wings 7 to 9 feet wide. The famous pillars standing before it were 27 feet high, 6 feet in diameter, with capitals of pomegranates—the symbols of generation in the religion of the builders, the Canaanites. The wonderful "molten sea" was 15 feet in diameter, a copy of one in Babylon. It stood upon twelve oxen, Phœnician symbols. We see at once from these

figures that the temple looms large only because of its distance from the narrator; that all the marvel there was in the temple was that a people so unskilled, so unused to any art, so insignificant in the world, could have produced this small building, even with the help of the Phœnicians. The "wonderful" part of it was the plaza, of considerable extent and cost; but the massing of stone was the Phœnician's strong point in building.

Contrast this temple, which was built about 1000 B. C., with one which stood at Thebes six hundred years before that—the temple we call Karnac. Ferguson describes it in terms we can measure, and its splendour and perfection rid our minds of the idea that the temple of Solomon was wonderful because it was built in an "early day of the world." The "early-day" excuse for the low civilisation of the Israelites crumbles at once when we contrast it with the state of the arts in the surrounding countries, just as the wonder of their moral code vanishes as soon as it is set in contrast with other codes. It was an "early day" only for Israelites—they were comparatively modern.

This phrase, "an early day," is met with so constantly in conversations—whenever the personages of the Bible like David, for example, are in question—which endeavour to explain the social state of the Israelites, or their position in the arts of civilisation, that it would be well worth while to consider for a moment the state of the arts in Troy or Mycenæ, or Thebes, or Babylon, at the time. For this purpose I will cite the works of Ferguson, in a description of the buildings at Karnac, about which there can be no question.

"Though the Ramesseion is so grand from its dimensions, and so beautiful from its design, it is far surpassed in every respect by the palace-temple at Karnac, which is perhaps the noblest effort of architectural magnificence ever produced by the hand of man.

"Its principal dimensions are 1,200 feet in length by about 360 in width; and it covers therefore about 430,000 square feet, or nearly twice the area of St. Peter's at Rome, and more

than four times that of any mediæval cathedral existing. This, however, is not a fair way of estimating its dimensions, for our churches are buildings entirely under one roof; but at Karnac a considerable portion of the area was uncovered by any buildings, so that no such comparison is just. The great hypostyle hall, however, is internally 340 feet by 170, and with its two pylons it covers more than 88,000 square feet, a greater area than the cathedral of Cologne, the largest of all our northern cathedrals; and when we consider that this is only a part of a great whole, we may fairly assert that the entire structure is among the largest, as it is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful, buildings in the world.

"We have thus in this one temple a complete history of the style during the whole of its most flourishing period; and either for interest or for beauty, it forms such a series as no other country and no other age can produce. Besides those buildings mentioned above, there are other temples to the north, to the east, and more especially to the south; and pylons connecting them, and avenues of sphinxes extending for miles, and enclosing walls and tanks and embankments—making up such a group as no city ever possessed, before or since. St. Peter with its colonnades, and the Vatican, make up an immense mass, but as insignificant in extent as in style when compared with this glory of ancient Thebes and its surrounding temples.

"The culminating point and climax of all this group of buildings is the hypostyle hall of Manephthah. . . . No language can convey an idea of its beauty, and no artist has yet been able to reproduce its form so as to convey to those who have not seen it an idea of its grandeur. The mass of its central piers, illumined by a flood of light from the clerestory, and the smaller pillars of the wings gradually fading into obscurity, are so arranged and lighted as to convey an idea of infinite space; at the same time, the beauty and massiveness of the forms, and the brilliancy of their coloured decorations, all combine to stamp this as the greatest of man's architectural

works, but such a one as it would be impossible to reproduce except in such a climate and in that individual style in which and for which it was created.

"In all the conveniences and elegances of building, they seem to have anticipated all that has been in those countries down to the present day. Indeed, in all probability, the ancient Egyptians surpassed the modern in those respects as much as they did in the more important forms of architecture."

The Jewish Spectre of our day gets a great part of its splendour by a reflection from the legend of Solomon's wealth. No one stops to ask how it was obtained. It came from Ophir. No one knows where Ophir was. But Solomon sent an expedition to Ophir, of boats built on the Gulf of Akaba; and brought back gold, sandalwood, and feathers. How did Solomon *pay* for this gold? No one knows. There is a recent book by the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., published in 1900, called "Seed Thoughts for Public Speakers," which best illustrates the Jewish lunacy of our day. The imagination of all the lunatics in Bedlam could not have made a statement like this, taken from Pierson's book:

"The cost of Solomon's Temple. It has been estimated that the talents of gold, silver, and brass expended and used in the construction of the temple amounted to $34,399,112,500. The jewels, reckoned to have exceeded that amount, may be estimated as at least equal to it. The vessels of silver consecrated to the uses of the temple were equal to $2,446,720,000; the vessels of gold, $2,726,481,015. The silk vestments of the priests, $50,000. The purple vestments of the singers, $1,000,000. Trumpets, $100,000. Other musical instruments, $200,000.

"Ten thousand men were engaged in hewing timber on Lebanon; 70,000 were bearers of burdens, 20,900 men were overseers, all of whom were employed seven years. Solomon bestowed on them $33,669,885. Food and wages, estimated

at $1.12½ per day, $469,385,440. The cost of the stone and timber in the rough, $12,726,480,000."

The aggregate of Mr. Pierson's wonderful outlay is eighty-seven billion, one hundred and forty-eight million, two hundred and twenty-one thousand, four hundred and forty dollars, and no cents ($87,148,221,440).

This sum, I know, will not disturb the faith of the pious in the least; nothing does. But for the benefit of the worldly, I will state that it is estimated that the whole production of gold and silver since the world was opened up in 1492 has been only $22,000,000,000—one-quarter the cost of Solomon's Temple!

It is stated that all the money now visible in the world is in gold coin, $5,174,400,000; of silver, $3,847,600,000; while there is $2,921,166,000 of paper money issued by banks.

The German, Dr. Carl Peters, of African exploration fame, has recently produced a book on Ophir—the Eldorado of the ancients—in which he adopts the views of the authors of Rhodesia, Messrs. Hall and Neal, that Mashonaland, south of the Zambesi River in South Africa, is the land of Ophir. It is a very probable theory. But Dr. Peters, in quoting the Book of Chronicles as to the amount of gold accumulated at Jerusalem by David and Solomon (£14,000,000), ought to know that there is an ever-present fascination in round numbers, and that the Book of Chronicles is the most uncertain financial Chronicle and Statistician in the world, about as accurate as Rider Haggard's romance called "King Solomon's Mines." It was written not less than six hundred years after David, for one thing; and for another, has a far different purpose than accuracy. And why is it that everybody instantly becomes stone blind when reading the Old Testament histories? And why does it not sometimes occur to Dr. Peters and other explorers that the vast number of gold workings in South Africa may be due to others than such late prospectors as the Phœnicians? And while I am on the subject, why not ask

why we should let our original ignorance longer stand in the way of believing that civilisation on civilisation has occupied this fertile and rich world, millenniums back of any records we yet have found in our perishable materials—and that perhaps South Africa was the Garden of Eden. It is quite as likely to be true as that theory of Dr. Warren's, that Paradise was at the North Pole—before the Ice Age changed the ecntre of gravity—or credulity!

But to return to the Harem: Solomon built himself a "palace." It was 150 feet long, 75 feet wide, 45 feet high (about as large as a country house at Lenox), a small home for the largest harem of ancient times!

Here is the imaginary palace in a poem by Mendeth "The Apple of Life" (page 8).

"In cluster, high lamps, spices, odours, each side
Burning inward and onward, from cinnamon ceilings down distances vast
Of voluptuous vistas, illumined deep half through whose silentness passed
King Solomon sighing; where columns colossal stood gathered in groves
As the trees of the forest in Libanus—there where the wind as it moves,
Whispers, 'I, too, am Solomon's servant.'"

The first touch of modern criticism crumbles the whole Oriental legend of authorship, and of the wisdom, glory, and wealth of Solomon, which piety and pride have reared on the traditions of his age. And all the genii with the magic ring and the enchanted carpet have vanished out of existence, except in the Arabian Nights tales. Of all the writings attributed to him, criticism leaves not one. Probably Solomon's literary reputation was founded on the Book of Ecclesiastes, written some eight or nine hundred years after his death, and ascribed to Solomon in a spirit truly apocryphal.

But the strange part of the narratives about the time is the naïve but constant enchantment which distance lends the beholder. In the fond imagination of a late day, Solomon's

is the Golden Age. The backward glance of the narrator and the poet, seven hundred years afterward, magnifies everything. The tone, the atmosphere, the range, are all immense. In the time of the narrator the vision and the miracle had passed away, but to him they certainly had existed in the Golden Age; just as, in the decadence of Greece, men said that the clouds, the sea, the air, and the winged feet of goddesses had obeyed gods or men at their will, in the heroic days.

It may be that the Israelite felt the sweet passages of the poet's stories, and saw the enchanting visions of nature. His chroniclers have left us with a not very charming idea of his every-day existence, and have given us too many exaggerated tales about material things.

The true character of this Solomon legend is indicated in the first chapter of II. Chronicles, verse 7. It is the supernatural pretension on which it is all based. "In that night did God appear to Solomon and David. Ask what shall I give thee." Here is the miracle-vision in full operation. The "wisdom" Solomon chose has been said to mean, in a proper translation of the Hebrew phrase, political sagacity; yet it is certain that this glittering gem of the Harem, King "forty" years, had not only no political sagacity, but no personal virtue, no honour even at home. The people were oppressed, virtue was ravished, the revenues were wasted. During his lifetime he lost all that David had incorporated into the kingdom, till naught remained but the original tribal settlements; and when he died, the Kingdom was rent in twain as easily as so much tissue paper. Solomon's son and successor retained only the petty tracts of Judah and Benjamin—about enough land to pasture a cow on—with Jerusalem as a capital.

CHAPTER VIII

Political Israel

In profane history we freely study the question of dynastic or family right to the throne. Why not in sacred history? Accepting our facts as our one authority gives them, here is what we find:

Saul (1067-55 B. C.) was of the tribe of Benjamin, of peasant extraction, chosen by Samuel for his lowly station. Saul was King only twelve unhappy years, before he nobly perished; but he was anointed by the Priest of God, Samuel, with oil that made him inviolate—King by divine right. Samuel, becoming dissatisfied with Saul's course, secretly anointed David, of another family and a different tribe. Where now resides the divine right? The answer is, that it changed by divine authority. In a pure theocracy this may have been enough; but it would not satisfy the holders of divine right in Europe, where government is mainly secular and the nobles have a voice—and occasionally the commons. But in the Book of II. Samuel we learn that David did not succeed to the throne of Saul. He was elected by a seceding tribe, Judah, at Hebron, where he reigned as King of Judah some years, and during all the civil war with the house of Israel, represented by Ishbosheth, the son of Saul. After the betrayal to death of Ishbosheth, the elders of Israel surrendered to David and anointed him King over Israel also. So that David is spoken of as King of Judah and King of Israel, the terms becoming at length interchangeable. Solomon, therefore, had the right of succession as King of Israel. But with his death (977 B. C.) there was another revolt, this time by the tribes of

the North, from the supremacy of Judah, instead of a revolt by Judah against Israel. At this point the house of David lost the right of sovereignty over the northern division, and never regained it. The Kingdom of Israel for 253 years thereafter was separate, and was finally extinguished in 720 B. C. by the Assyrian conquest under Shalmaneser.

After this bare statement of facts, we naturally seek a reason for the separation of the tribes. Was it to segregate Judah from the others, and erect Jerusalem into a sacred principality for the world's uses? I think it, rather, a piece of history distinctly lacking the supernatural. Let us see.

A sense of relationship, or political and religious affinity with each other, made the northern tribes readily acquiesce in the assumption by Jeroboam of the leadership at Shechem, as stated in the Chronicles. Their oppression during the reign of Solomon, and the refusal of any modification of his system of labour or of taxation by his son and successor, Rehoboam, was the ostensible reason for the separation from Judah. It suggests itself to the mind, however, as a continuance of the old family dispute, as to precedence, of the Rachel over the Leah tribes, or the reverse, and the intellectual headship of Ephraim. Next to this most deep-rooted difference, we should have to inquire how much the rival shrines had to do with it. The question might be raised whether the people who had for some generations held Gilgal, Bethel, Mizpah or Shiloh as the most sacred places, could be satisfied with a parvenu Jerusalem of no ancient authority whatever. The balance of political choice sometimes needs only the weight of religious affinity to settle the conscience.

In resuming the name Kingdom of Israel, the northern tribes could clearly claim that the name Israel originated at the shrine of Bethel, and belonged not at all to Jerusalem. The shrine of Shiloh—the original shrine of Joshua and where the ark had rested for a century—Salem, Jacob's well, and Shechem, were all within the land of the Ephraimite. Drawing

a line about ten miles north of Jerusalem, all above it and all the country east of the Jordan, held by the so-called tribe of Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh, became part of the Kingdom of Israel, held more or less firmly. The term Israel seemed to carry with it a certain prestige, which the Judahites found it not easy to do without. I follow mainly the dates of the Jewish historian Graetz, in the following chapters; and we can be certain of one thing—that there was a definite political entity in northern Palestine from the year 977 to the year 720 B. C., called the Kingdom of Israel. There was also a separate political entity in southern Palestine from 977 to the year 586 B. C., called the Kingdom of Judah. The confounding of these two kingdoms in the mind of the general reader has been a misfortune of the first magnitude. It is true that they were kindred people, that they had the same blood in their veins (divided into families partly by different mothers), and that they worshipped Jehovah, with relapses to other convenient gods. They had substantially the same religious philosophy of providence, and doctrine of sin; but they were not friends, they were in a state of deep jealous enmity. Here, if anyone doubts the enmities, let him read of the wars, the intrigues, the alliances against each other that went on. But these things are of comparatively little moment to us. The more interesting questions are: What parts of the Old Testament are due to the northern division, what to the southern? And have we the truth uncoloured, undistorted by either jealousy or ignorance?

Both the titles being thus extinguished, we have to look for the use of the word Judea to the gradual formation of the people called the Jews (Judaisi), since the Persian conquest of Babylonia; and for the subsequent use of the word Israel, to the poets, story writers, compilers, and editors, and to the religious phrase makers and sentimentalists. In these fields we realise its legitimacy and convenience. It is in the field of history that we need more clearness and definiteness. The

word Israel occurs in the Old Testament twice as many times as the word Judah, yet it pertains mostly to the early narratives, to the historic Israelites, and later is used in religious poetry. It is likely that the secular use of the word Israel practically ceased after the establishment of Judaism. This inquiry bears, of course, upon the use by modern writers of the word Israel as a synonym for Jew; which is probably a distinct revival of a word not in use in the Christian ages, except by Jewish writers of poetry or exposition, or those who believed in that chimera called a "National Spirit."

Has the northern man, has Ephraim, had due credit for his part in the writings, the legends, the ideas of the Scriptures? Or did time float the intellectual product of the North into the hands of Judah, from whence we derive the books, without due credit to the authors? We have only to read the Jewish books for our answer. Judah was to increase, Ephraim to decrease.

The 257 years during which the Kingdom of Israel lasted contained the names of twenty rulers (and one period of anarchy from 736 to 727 B.C.). It contains some names of a good deal of celebrity, names now confirmed by the annals of Assyria. On the whole, with three exceptions, they compare well with the Kings of Judah. The exceptions are Asa, Hezekiah and Josiah, the main reliance of the Judaic dynasty for respectability.

It will be necessary for us to realise that the Kingdom of Israel was a confederacy not so well consolidated as that of Judah, because of its heterogeneous elements and more difficult territory, but it flourished, prospered, acquired the arts of civilisation, and in all probability began to use the Phœnician alphabet before it was adopted in Judea; that it had an earlier literature in fact. The country adopted the war chariot, and all the luxuries and vices of a military power and a court. The account we have may be coloured, for the writing prophets used strong language. Prophets, as we well know, are often in-

temperate. The deficiencies of the anchorite in material comfort often have their revenge in speech.

We can guess very nearly at the social state from the writings which have apparently come to us from Israel; and we can also in the same way make a fair comparative estimate of the moral state of both kingdoms. The writings clearly distinguish between Israel and Judah; but that later generations of Jewish editors gave each country its share of eminent prophets is more doubtful. From the entrance of the tribes upon the lands, about 1200 B. C., there had been progress in the usual way; pastoral clans becoming an agricultural and finally an urban people, and diverse in material and intellectual employments.

In the Kingdom of Israel the story of Elijah sprang up. It was a sign of spiritual progress. Not one of the writing prophets, so far as we know, he is that remarkable man (or poetic legendary personage) who never tasted death. This anchorite comes nearer to the ideal "Man of God" than any other in the story; and it is little wonder that the imagination is so possessed by his personality that he is believed still to reappear, and that he still "sits under the Tree of Life and records the good deeds of the pious." His was a name to conjure with in the days when men waited for the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, as Malachi has it, and in the Kabbalistic days of the Middle Ages. It is one of the tokens by which the human being of our dream knows that his mind is to be allied to something above him, that his highest ideal of privileges is to be lifted up and transfigured, and that the highest effort of his imagination is to ascend into heaven bodily, not tasting death. How dear is the name of Enoch; how men reverence Moses, whose grave no man saw; how they believe that Elijah might, perhaps did, reappear! How was Romulus fabled to have risen to heaven in a fiery chariot! Many great children of genius in our own era have painted in glowing terms of colour the Ascension—the apotheosis of their dreams. Happily for us, our greatest creative artist here in America, John La Farge,

has put this dream of the spirit in imperishable colours upon the walls of the Church of the Ascension in the Fifth Avenue of New York. Standing there before it in an autumn morning, the great event and the great company of witnesses said with authority to one dreamer, that the race—the human being—aspires, can be everywhere touched with an ideal of ascension above and beyond the earth. None of us would restore this mortal frame to its mother earth if we might avoid it.

It is saddening to turn from this thought of the rise of the human spirit in Elijah to what another prophet has to say about Israel—the Israel of Samaria.

Amos is said to have lived in the eighth century B. C., and to have been the earliest of the writers whose work we possess. Let us see how he regarded the social and political state of Samaria at the time. His rough and declamatory sentences have been put into modern English prose of remarkable eloquence and effectiveness by Messrs. Saunders and Kent, and I quote from their volume.

From Amos ii.: "Hear now, O Israelites, the painful message that Jehovah has sent me to declare. Your cup of transgression also is full to overflowing, so that just punishment can no longer be withheld. Like the royal culprit David, you stand condemned in accordance with the same principles which you have so readily accepted in the case of others. The only difference between you and your barbarian neighbours is that your sins are more heinous. If you question this, behold the injustice and the inhuman cruelty of your rulers. They do not hesitate to sacrifice an honest man, if they think that they can themselves gain a farthing thereby. Their insatiable greed has exhausted every spark of mercy in their hearts. The most shameless immorality is openly practised. Worst of all, like the Canaanites, they gratify their lust under the guise of religion; and to make their guilt complete, in sating their unholy appetites, they use as accessories the possessions which they have unjustly extorted from their needy dependents."

And from Amos iii.: "The fact that I stand here preaching to you, although so doing endangers my life, implies a cause; namely, that Jehovah has given me a revelation concerning you. When he commands, his prophet must obey.

"You are the chosen people of Jehovah! Let proclamation be made, and your heathen neighbours summoned to witness the state of anarchy within your capital, and the crimes of oppression and of legalised robbery which your nobles are committing.

"While such enormities exist, think not for a moment that your land, and those greedy rulers who are betraying you, shall escape the common judgment. Worthless shall be that which is left of all these princely palaces, with their luxurious appointments; overthrown shall be the royal sanctuary here at Bethel, when the rapacious world-conqueror who is advancing has completed his work of destruction."

And from Amos iv.: "Voluptuous, thoughtless women of Samaria, who have so completely lost all sense of pity for the afflicted that you are constantly urging on your husbands to grind their dependents the more, that with the blood-money thus secured they may pander to your vile appetites, listen to your sentence. As surely as a God of justice lives, brutal conquerors shall soon come to drag you forth as captives."

The following from Amos seems to be addressed to the rulers of both kingdoms:

"A curse on you, voluptuous, careless rulers, upon whom devolves the direction of these two powerful Hebrew kingdoms! Shutting your eyes to the grave dangers which threaten, you enthrone injustice, and devote your whole attention to gratifying your love of ease and luxury. As if life were only one long revel, you sing foolish songs, drinking yourselves drunk, anointing yourselves with costly perfumes, wholly indifferent to the ruin which hangs over this goodly land of Israel."

Another prophet tells the same truths to Israel, Hosea iv.:

"Give heed, O Israelites, to the awful charge which Jehovah, as the plaintiff, brings against your nation.

"Whereas he had every reason to expect the fruits of fidelity and love, and the evidence of a true knowledge of him, he finds none of these; but false swearing, murder, theft, and adultery characterise the people. Lawless deeds of bloodshed follow each other in rapid succession. As a result, the very land itself is going to ruin, and its inhabitants are perishing.

"Not the common people, however, but their leaders, are to blame for this shameful state of affairs. The ordinary citizens cannot be expected to be better than their priests and prophets, who have themselves fallen into such heinous crimes. Through ignorance of the real character and demands of the God whom they blindly worship, the masses are perishing.

"O, you faithless priests, who, instead of teaching them, have turned your back upon the law, the sacred treasure intrusted to your keeping, Jehovah declares that he has revoked your commission! Traitors, you have perverted your high office; you have grown fat on the sin offerings of the people; you have encouraged them in their crimes. Little wonder that they are so corrupt. The penalty of their guilt shall be upon their own heads. Having given free rein to greed and lust, their appetite shall become an insatiable master; childlessness shall be their lot.

"Immorality and intemperance always dim the intellect, as is clearly illustrated by the way in which this people, instead of seeking Jehovah, consult the inanimate symbols of the Baal cult. That corrupt religion, which gives free license to the passions, has led them far astray from the true God. In connection with the rites of Baal, the men have committed abominable excesses. In the light of such an example, Jehovah cannot hold their daughters culpable, even though they have shamelessly bartered their chastity. Thus this stupid people are rapidly rushing on to their ruin. (Although the Israelites are so corrupt, let the Judeans avoid the temptation

and shun the northern sanctuaries, with their debasing customs.)"

Hosea vii.: "But when Jehovah looks for the fruits of love, what does he find? Forgetting their peculiar relation to Jehovah, like any heathen nation, they have broken their solemn covenant and betrayed him. Go into any of their cities—as, for example, Gilead—and you may see the bloody footprints of the murderer. Assassins lie in wait for their victims; and, greater horror still! on the road to Shechem a band of priests are carrying on organised highway robbery. A gross licentiousness is also corrupting all the people of Israel. Thus, when Jehovah would fain heal the ills of this northern kingdom, their crimes of treachery and robbery cry to heaven for vengeance rather than for mercy. He who sees all cannot overlook them."

Hosea x.: "Richly blessed with natural gifts was the land of Israel; but its very fertility became a stumbling block to its inhabitants, leading them to fix their attention upon material things, and causing them to express their religious faith in the heathen symbolism of the Canaanites whom they found in the land. The fundamental error in Israel's religion is the lack of sincerity. Jehovah can do nothing but show his disapproval of it all by overturning their altars and pillars. Already this fickle people, who have no real faith in their God, are also beginning to lose their faith in the king whom they have set up. Therefore the keystone of their political as well as their religious organisation is crumbling.

"Alas, there is great need of a change; for hitherto your energies have been directed in quite different channels, and you are reaping the fruits in the calamities which are falling upon you. You must have learned to your sorrow the folly of trusting to crooked diplomacy and military equipment to save you. Soon you shall experience the shock of war, and your forfeited cities shall crumble into ruins, as did Beth-arbee, before the army of the conqueror. Thus, O Israelites, in accordance with

the eternal laws of God, your nation, with its hypocritical and artificial religion, its corrupt priests and prophets, its idolatrous practices, its gross immorality, its hollow insincerity, and its puppet kings, shall go down to ruin, and its political organisation shall disappear like a mist of the morning."

As stated in a preceding page, "The Kingdom of Israel" lasted until the destruction of Samaria by Shalmaneser IV., the Assyrian, in 720 B. C. All the region north of Jerusalem was completely subject, and never again rallied. Samaria and other names south of Syria indeed appear again, but never independently. The student of history will find the gulf separating all these peoples from Judea growing wider as time goes on. The student of religion will do well to pay heed to this feud, and to try to distinguish between the spirit, the temper, and the ideas of these peoples, as well as to trace the dynastic history. It had a deeper meaning than a mere political difference.

It is related that the Assyrians transported some 27,000 of the people to other Assyrian provinces, and placed faithful Assyrians in colonies in Samaria, to effectually break up the claims of the royal house and extinguish all political aspirations.

The disappearance of the Kingdom of Israel has given rise to a curious superstition—that of the "ten lost tribes of Israel." This is the fantastic quest of numerous persons, the same who like to tangle their brains with the prophecies of Daniel, and those idle people who are never satisfied with anything less complex than a riddle that cannot be unriddled. Anything pertaining to the "chosen people" always excites eager notice. Every few days the wayworn news is published that "the ten lost tribes have been discovered." Now it is in China. Now it is pretty sure they are in Mashonaland, formerly Ophir, whence the gold came. Anon they certainly are to be seen among the Russian Jews. Then the Poles are nominated as the true tribes. Next, we are sure they are still to be seen in central Africa, certainly in Arabia. Some, to whom history is

a natural jumble of dates, find that they are those noted traders, the Phœnicians. Now they are laid upon the backs of that most hard-ridden race, the Celts. Last of all, it has been proved to the pious that the English are the veritable lost ten tribes for the reason that the English are very religious, and very moral, and very superior intellectually; so much so that they are the only people the modern Jews cannot compete with commercially.

I have a great mind to tell where the lost tribes were and are. Anyone not haunted by the spectre could tell. Any statesman, any historian, could tell us why one country conquers another. It is to own land, and to own land with people on it, not to own land with no people on it. Assyria did not want the ten tribes in Assyria. It wanted the Samaritan Kingdom as a province of Assyria. It wanted it as a producing province, a province to tax. It did not want a waste. Consequently, as anyone can see, the ten tribes were left just where they were! They became a subject people, a part of the Assyrian Empire, with Assyrian governors, soldiers and masters. They became plain "Syrians," and again in time Samaritans and Galileans, the people, some of whom centuries later, in the last expiring gasp of national life in Judea, fought most valiantly against Titus for the temple of their ancient and rival neighbour. They would be in Samaria yet, if one could realise on the fantasy of the "undying Israelite," but death has changed all that; death, and war, and taxes, and crusaders, and Turks, and the gradual reduction of the country to sterility.

Anyone who wishes to stand upon technical terms might ask those who look for the ten tribes to name them. First, it may be noted that Simeon was not among them, that tribe having settled in the extreme south of Judah; next, that Reuben settled east of the lower Jordan, and never had any affiliation with Samaria; third, that Benjamin and Dan were at last completely absorbed and merged in Judah, through one of the two Rachel tribes belonging naturally with Ephraim; fourth, that

Levi never had any territory, being first a servant of the sacrifice, and second a priest, and living on the country and among all the tribes; and fifth, that there is no evidence that Gad, east of the upper Jordan, or Asher bordering Tyre, had any part in the struggle with Assyria; and sixth, that there is no probability that any large number of persons outside of "Samaria" itself were disturbed and transported. And so, in fact, the ten lost tribes were never lost! It is true that in time tribal lines were obliterated in the whole of Palestine. All those north and northeast became Samaria, Galilee, Decapolis; the east of Jordan became Perea; Judah, Benjamin, and Simeon became Judea. And so, speaking paradoxically, not only were no ten tribes lost, but all twelve were lost, merged in other social and political combinations.

This legend of the disappearance of the ten tribes probably came from the thirteenth chapter of II. Esdras, verses 40, 41 and 42, where he says:

"Those are the ten tribes which were carried away prisoners out of their own land in the time of Osea [Hosea, the last King of Samaria] the King, whom Salmonasar, the King of Assyria, led away captive, and he carried them over the waters, and so they came into another land.

"But they took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, *and go forth into a further country, where never mankind dwelt,*

"That they might there keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land."

This last verse is rather unkind, but is probably true. However, Esdras believes that they returned, and so how can he recompense us for our lost time in looking for them? To look for Esdras himself would be no loss, since there is much that might interest the reader in his lost books.

CHAPTER IX

Political Judah

We must return from following the fortunes of the Kingdom of Israel, to examine the Kingdom of Judah in its first years of separate existence, and then to see what was its character and what became of it.

Rehoboam's circumscribed kingdom was in a most exposed situation, lying south of Israel on the highway of the Egyptian on the south, the Assyrian on the east, the Samarian and the Syrian on the north, all in the ferment of changing conditions. It was in Rehoboam's later years that Shishank, the head of the twenty-second Egyptian dynasty, overran Edom and Judah and captured Jerusalem, taking away the shields of gold that hung upon the walls of the temple. Rehoboam died after a reign of seventeen years (960 B. C.), on which occasion the accustomed epitaph was written, that "Judah did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord." This sentence is what the printers would call "standing matter," and it adorns nearly all the names of the subsequent reigns of both the southern and northern kingdoms.

But the fictions continue, and the imagination fills these kingdoms with stories of armies and slaughter which would make Napoleon's battles bloodless by comparison.

Abijah was King over Judah. He succeeded Rehoboam, who reigned only seventeen years. During the reign of the latter, Judah had been attacked by the Egyptians and had lost all the fortified places; lost Jerusalem and all the valuables of Solomon's Temple, including the gold shields, which hung on the walls. He thus left to Abijah only a crushed and

embarrassed kingdom. And yet a year after, as recited in II. Chronicles, xiii., he joined battle with Jeroboam, King of Israel (who had in eighteen years become a very bad man) with an army of "four hundred thousand (400,000) chosen men," and "Jeroboam set the battle in array with eight hundred thousand (800,000) chosen men, who were mighty men of valour." The result is easily foreseen by anyone familiar with the ways of the narrator. "Abijah (Judah) and his people slew them with great slaughter; so there fell down slain of Israel [Jeroboam] *five hundred thousand chosen men*"! Jeroboam never again recovered strength. "The Lord smote him and he died." "But Abijah waxed mighty, and took unto him fourteen wives, and begat twenty and two sons and sixteen daughters." And yet someone has said that the Jews lacked imagination!

We see more of this "greatness" immediately afterward. Asa reigned in Abijah's stead, and had an army that "bore bucklers and spears out of Judah three hundred thousand," "and out of Benjamin that bore bucklers and spears two hundred and four score thousand," making an army of five hundred and eighty thousand (580,000) men. "And there came out against them Zerah the Ethiopian with an army of a thousand thousand (1,000,000) and three hundred chariots." The list of killed is not given, but the capture of sheep and camels was immense! Such is this glorious period.

At this period Judah, it is stated, had a force of "470,000 fighting men." This was in a territory not thirty miles square (not including the almost uninhabited country on the east and southeast). If we compare this less than nine hundred square miles with the State of Rhode Island, 1,053 square miles, 37 by 47 miles, we shall have some guide to our guessing at the population of Judea. Rhode Island is agriculturally rich, as Judea was not; it is rich in supplies from the sea, of which Judea had none; it has immense manufactures, being one of the most thriving states in

the world, with skilled mechanics, builders, artisans, artists and traders, while Judea could not make even a sword or a chariot, but had to buy them in Egypt or go without. Rhode Island has railroads and steamboats, of which Judea was necessarily destitute. In addition it has cities (one of 200,000 souls), of which Judea had none; for Jerusalem was still only a rock fortress, aspiring to be a capital.

And Rhode Island, with people crowded for room in her borders, had by the census of 1900 only 428,556 souls, or 252,959 aside from her chief city. Judah alone at this time of the narration, under the conditions described, had 470,000 "fighting men," an implication of over 2,000,000 souls. But the patience of both writer and reader is exhausted. Let us look further, though we may fare worse.

What of the population of all Palestine? We do not know. What we can alone be certain of is that in its widest extent, the country over which David held a sort of sway, a right of battle over adjacent tribes—some think as far as, if not including, Damascus, perhaps as far as the Euphrates—was not as large as the State of Massachusetts. The record in these particulars is vague and uncertain, and we must be constantly on our guard against excesses in statement. But we know that Massachusetts, filled with manufactures, trade, production of all kinds, and agriculture which has ready markets; with many highly condensed populations —like Boston, Worcester, Fall River, Lowell and the other Merrimac cities, New Bedford, Lynn, Springfield, etc.— a dozen of them aggregating with suburbs near a million and three-quarters of people—that the whole State numbers only about 2,800,000 souls. Assuredly, then, a country no larger in territorial extent, not even agricultural but still pastoral, with no manufactures, no external trade and very little internal, and no cities, which cannot put up a building of any size or make any appliances of war, but must buy them— cannot have had a population one-quarter of that in Massa-

chusetts. And yet the enumeration made by Joab in David's time shows "1,000,000 fighting men that draw sword," an implied population of toward 5,000,000. This is told of a time only a little later than the time in which this magnificent nation dared not go and rescue the most precious thing it possessed, the Ark of the Covenant, out of the hands of the Philistines—who sent it home voluntarily one day, say fifteen miles, on an ox-cart!

The true character of this story is shown by the story, which runs thus: "And Satan stood up against Israel and moved David to number the people."

This spectre of exaggeration hovered over Judea then, and long afterward. Some think the habit not yet entirely overcome.

To illustrate again. It is hardly necessary to say how many soldiers were killed in the Franco-German War, or how many men were in the greatest battles of the greatest wars of human story. We will content ourselves with some figures from our Civil War. The North in the three-days' fight with all the modern weapons, at Gettysburg, had but 3,070 men killed; at Spottsylvania, 2,725; at Antietam, 2,108; at Shiloh, 1,754. It is estimated by Mr. Kirkley that the total number killed in battle on the Union side, during the four years of the Civil War, was but 67,058. And yet Jeroboam lost in one battle, with only the sword as a weapon, 500,000 men! The sword is not mightier than the pen in this case, we know.

These accounts of great numbers, great battles, great slaughters, in the Books of Chronicles or of Kings, are part of the untrustworthiness that accompanies all antique legends of the world. They would be worth not a moment of attention, but for the fact that they are part of that spectre which tradition throws upon the sky, and that they incense the reason. This whole period is full of those things which the world has done with—the dream, the vision, fortune telling, miracles, God talking face to face with men, men talking to God, the exaltation

of God by making history monstrous; or at least a part of these things have gone by.

Let us figure to ourselves the map of Canaan at the time of Asa (900 B. C.). The Kingdom of Judah, now Judea, on the south, is perhaps one-third as large as the Kingdom of Israel on the north, now Samaria and Galilee. The two capitals were Jerusalem and Shechem. It is evident that not only was the northern kingdom the larger territory, but that it had the larger population. What the relative civilisation, culture and morality were, we have only one means of knowing—the account of Kings and Chronicles, and the writings of the Prophets; but we get an impression that the northern people were the better part of the divided peoples. This impression is only an inference derived from the fact that the Judeans are the narrators, and that they regarded the Samaritans as outsiders and unorthodox, as we shall see later.

The Kingdom of Judah survived the fall of the Kingdom of Israel in 720 B. C., 124 years. From the accession of Rehoboam in 977 B. C. to the taking of Jerusalem by Nebuchadrezzar in 596 B. C., is 381 years; and from that date to the destruction of the temple and the walls of Jerusalem there is a period of ten years of experimental but futile government. In the whole period of 381 years there were twenty-one sovereigns, one "period of anarchy," about 815 B. C., and the Babylonian governorship of ten years before named. The dynastic periods of both Judea and Samaria were periods of alternate independence and vassalage, with frequent fratricidal wars and never-ending jealousies. We can fairly estimate their weight among the powers by the almost complete absence of reference to either of them in the records of surrounding and contemporary peoples; their importance consisted in the accident that they stood on the highway between Egypt and Assyria, the desert sands of Arabia and part of Syria obliging both those peoples to pass far northward from a straight course in their interchanges or in their invasions and wars of conquest.

Neither of these kingdoms would have the slightest interest for us of modern times were it not that they form a link in the chain of our religious tradition, and that they both contributed a part of the literary matter of the Bible.

We have no way of knowing what was the social and moral state in the Kingdom of Judah, except from the prophets and historians of the Old Testament; which accounts are not different from the tales of other kings, princes, nobles and priests, and are almost identical with the accounts of the Kingdom of Israel.

Nearly four hundred years had passed since Jerusalem had been made the capital of Judea, making up the six hundred years that had passed since the invasion of Canaan. This time stated in numerals seems short; we instinctively compare it with the life period in other histories, and draw the parallel. It is about the same length of time that it took the Republic of Rome to assume the command of the Mediterranean; about the length of the stay of the next great power we vaguely call Carthage; about the time it took England to mature after the Battle of Hastings. It is double the time that it has taken the eager race we call ourselves to cut off most of the timber, exhaust part of the soil, and kill out nearly all the wild life in America, and round up nearly all its indigenous inhabitants into a small province and a few corrals. But why go on? What we care for and would like to know, if the question were really open, and not closed by the Spectre, is, what results had been reached in Judea in six hundred years. None of foreign conquest or extension, we may be sure; none in the arts, unless it be that of literature. The usual answer to our question is that the results are to be found in religion and morality. Let us see.

I do not find in Judea any more social weal than elsewhere. There certainly was no new hope for the race in its political institutions. Let us ask Isaiah the First what he thought about these things. His date is said to be about 740 B. C.

Using the same excellent paraphrase or translation as before in the case of Samaria, I quote from Isaiah, fifth chapter:

"Do you indignantly deny my charge? Then let me show you the evils that are sapping the moral life of this nation. See the cruel greed for vast estates that incites the wealthy to unjustly add to their possessions until a few of them possess the whole land. Woe to them! Jehovah himself hath revealed to me that depopulation and barrenness shall be the sequel.

"Again God's curse is upon those nobles who spend day and night in reckless dissipation, too engrossed with the pleasures of the table to give attention to Jehovah's interests. Alas! not these alone, but the many who unthinkingly follow them, will have to suffer the distress of captives. Nay, Sheol shall engulf in oblivion all their pomp and glory. Where once was a beautiful city, flocks shall peacefully graze; for at all costs Jehovah will compel his people to recognise him as the righteous and holy one."

From Isaiah v., 20, 21, 22, 23: "Jehovah cannot look with favour upon those who, for their own profit, juggle with moral distinctions that abuses may flourish, nor upon those self-complacent men of influence who will take no heed of prudent counsel. The just God cannot approve of those on thrones of judgment, whose only ambition is to be praised for their ability in drinking and their skill in producing drinks, while officially they accept bribes to acquit the guilty and condemn the innocent."

And from Isaiah again: "Do you think to keep Jehovah's favour by a lavish use of sacrifices, O wicked people! Listen to divine instruction. Your costly and constant offerings of various kinds I do not wish. Your coming into my presence is a mere form, your mechanical performance of your religious duties a desecration. Every one of your gifts is detestable to me; your presence at sacred seasons unendurable, for you bring iniquity with you. Even your prayers are offensive and

useless, for your uplifted hands betray stains of blood. Cleanse yourselves, put away evil, do deeds of righteousness, give every human being his rights. Then Jehovah can show you favour."

Again, Micah addresses Judah, Micah i.: "He comes to punish the sins of his own chosen people, who deliberately ignore his will. They cannot escape responsibility; for the capital cities, Samaria and Jerusalem, which should be centres of moral stimulus and religious instruction for each portion of our nation, are but sources of corruption and ungodliness."

Micah ii.: "Woe to those men of wealth, so covetous of great estates that even in the hours devoted to sleep they are planning evil measures against the hapless peasantry, which at daybreak they carry out with a merciless exercise of force. Whatever they desire they seize, whether land or houses. No scruples restrain them, but by fraud and violence they crush and ruin the freeholders of Judah.

"Do I hear you exclaiming, in angry repudiation of my charge: 'Cease this constant prating about us and our affairs. You utter nothing but reproaches. What is the justification for pronouncing such a sentence? Are we not sons of Jacob? Has Jehovah become unable to fulfil his promises? Are we not doing our duty by him as upright citizens?'"

Micah ii.: "Ah, hypocrites, what sort of uprightness do you show? You are the foes of God's people, committing all manner of outrage upon the peaceful and defenceless, regarding them as prey, even separating mothers from their children, and selling each into hopeless slavery in a foreign land. Begone to your justly deserved exile! Such outrageous deeds defile the land, which should be holy. It is no resting place for such as you. Your iniquity invites only God's destructive judgment."

Micah ii.: "It is easy to understand your moral obtuseness. You accept as divine only what you wish to hear. One who predicts for you fleshly gratifications you welcome with en-

thusiasm as Jehovah's prophet; one who utters warnings for repentance and reform you ignore."

Micah vii.: "Alas! I am like a garden after the fruit has been gathered, or a vineyard where only gleanings remain. There is nothing left worth picking. My choicest citizens, the earnest, loyal, generous and good men in whom I would rejoice, are no more. Every one considers his neighbour as his lawful prey, and hesitates at no crime to gain his end. The leaders of the people conspire together for evil. The best of them are like thorns—useless except to inflict pain."

Just before Judah is destroyed, it was said by Zephaniah:

"Woe to Jerusalem, rebellious against Jehovah, polluted by bloodshed and iniquity, filled with outrage and oppression! She is disobedient; she refuses instruction; she has no faith in God; she draws not near to him.

"What wonder that she is so, when we consider her leaders! Her princes are as ravenous as lions, her judges as voracious and insatiable as wolves of evening, her prophets are arrogant boasters and men of immoral conduct; her priests, instead of guarding the sanctuary, profane all things holy, and, instead of maintaining the pure interpretation of the law, do violence to it."

Last of all we have to listen to the great Jeremiah:

"Jehovah commanded me to go, and in his name remind the men of Jerusalem of the innocency which characterised the earlier days of their nation's history, and which the eternal heart of love holds in such fond remembrance. Then the bond of mutual affection between him and the people whom he set aside as sacred to himself was unbroken. Woe to the nation which then presumed to wrong his chosen ones!

"Listen, O Hebrew race, to the charge which Jehovah brings against your fathers. Following their own wicked inclinations, they soon forgot all his tender care for them. This fruitful land, which he gave them as a heritage, they proceeded forthwith to pollute. The priests, whose duty it was to instruct the

people in the law of Jehovah, have questioned his very existence; the rulers, whose duty it was to lead the people, have dishonoured him; the prophets, whose duty it was to proclaim his will, have spoken in the name of Baal. The entire heathen world does not present such a strange anomaly. Though their deities are vain creations, no pagan peoples have exchanged their gods for those of their neighbours. Let heaven and earth behold with wonder and with horror. This people have forsaken Jehovah, the source of all life, and have placed their trust in idols, the worthless works of men's hands!"

We must return to our history. The fall of Judea was a minor result of the fall of Nineveh. The rise of the new power composed of Medes and Chaldeans, known as modern Babylonia—not the Old Kingdom—is the main fact to be reckoned with. It was an incident of that struggle of the great powers, that Palestine was wrested from the Egyptians, who had held it for a few years in suzerainty. When we read that magnificent synthesis of the old empires of the East that Maspero has given us, what a strange thrill overcomes us as we realise that this our Bible Nebuchadrezzar, of Babylon, met Necho of Egypt at the Hittite Carchemish on the banks of the Euphrates, and that, as Jeremiah said, "Egypt's mighty ones were beaten down; they fled away and looked not back, their swift and mighty men stumbled and fell." Jeremiah had a mighty literary manner. But of little avail was literature when Nebuchadrezzar sat down before Jerusalem in 597 B. C.

The city of futile hopes surrendered in 596 B. C., and Jehoiakin, with the notables, the military people, part of the priests, the scribes, the upper classes in fact, with their families, were carried off captives. This is The Captivity. About three thousand souls in the first deportation in 596 B. C., it is thought —the government, the aristocracy, the men who were "society" —were carried captives to Babylon. Jerusalem remained as it was. Nebuchadrezzar, wishing, as all conquerors do, to maintain a province in its revenue-producing usefulness,

appointed as his vassal Mattaniah, with the official name Zedekiah and the title of King.

But this was not the end. In 588 B. C., Judea, persuaded into a combination with Ammon and Tyre, backed by Egypt, rebelled against Babylon. Nebuchadrezzar again invested Jerusalem; left it temporarily to meet the advance of Hophra with an Egyptian force; but soon returned, and—no miracle interposing—in July, 586 B. C., again captured the city.

Nebuchadrezzar was not a soft-hearted conqueror, and the atrocities that follow are worthy of Canaan. We must try to understand them in Jeremiah's and Ezekiel's books. Zedekiah went to Babylon without his eyes. His advisers, his military men, and others were spared exile by being incontinently slain. Nothing so incenses a monarch as "rebellion"; as witness when in central Asia the exasperated Alexander the Great crucified Arimazes, the defender of rebellious Petræa Oxiania, with all his relatives and the principal nobility. In Jerusalem the temple was despoiled of its valuables, and then burnt; the walls were rased, and the city, which was imperishable (in the visions), perished. More captives in 586 B. C. made the toilsome journey to the Euphrates—one thousand more; modern investigators believe many more than the four thousand of the Chronicles, for there was a third deportation in 582 B. C.

Judea has become, as a country, a thing of the past. The nest is broken up. But as its northern kinsmen in 720 B. C. had remained upon the soil, so the principal part of these inhabitants remained where they were, and tilled the soil, paying such tribute to the distant master as was demanded. What shall we say of them? Do they remain faithful to the traditions, to the faith? The temple is gone; no fires, no sacrifices, no oblations; no familiar legends recited, and strange ashera are on the hilltops. The people soon backslide, relapse, remember no longer the Red Sea and the Sabbath, and probably break more of the Command-

ments than is good for them. Judea was a little desolate. We can see it all. What we need to see is that it is all quite within the natural course of things. The supernatural, hanging like a cloud over this land, seems to vanish on close inspection.

But what of the "captives"? Were they packed up in Babylon, marked "to be returned"? No, they died. Strange as it may seem, they never "returned." They were scattered about the different cities of Babylonia, in numerous occupations; farming, clerking, serving in great houses, teaching perhaps; all busy (while Nebuchadrezzar was eating grass), all marrying and bringing up families. No doubt they increased and multiplied, and they prospered, of course; some of the old men cherishing ancient memories, writing passionate appeals, some of the young men growing up cherishing the literary art, and writing most glowing suras, visions of a new day and of a new God.

With the extinction of the Kingdom of Judah—the remnant —closes the Israelitish period. The Antique Era ends here, as it ends elsewhere, never to be revived. The Israelite is dead. Long live the Jew! But a weary century and a half, or two centuries, elapsed before there was a Jewish people, or a Jewish church, and much longer before there was a Jewish nation. The Jew was the Residuary Legatee of the debris that floated clear of the Israelitish wreck.

CHAPTER X

Social Questions

We can see from the foregoing citations that the primitive clan period had passed away, and that society was highly organised. With it had passed the era of blood revenge, of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and also of those barbarous scenes we read of in the period of formation. It is likely that the common people were monogamous, and only the great were polygamous, as nowadays. Monogamy is the rule of the human race, and its violation in historic countries is due chiefly to the Semite and his converts. Moses enacted no marriage law, but organised society enacted one by tacit consent. It was long centuries afterward that the priest assumed the function of joining a man and woman in marriage, or forbidding the compact.

It is singular, but it is "an article of faith" that "monogamy" was conferred upon the world by the Israelite; or at least that he set the example; that, in other words, the rest of the world was polygamous, or at any rate maritally wicked. So far as single or permanent marriage is concerned, we do not find in any part of Moses's laws, or the alleged era of law-making, any command to observe, or any commendation even, of the monogamous state. The general custom had been polygamous. Abraham was polygamous. So was Jacob. In short, the Arab and the Israelite went through precisely the same experiences that other societies do. The marriage customs of the world now laid bare to our inspection are: marriage by capture, marriage by purchase, marriage by servitude, polygamy, polyandry, concubinage with marriage, and monogamy.

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The Israelite people had a taste of all these, with the possible exception of polyandry. But as for there being any debt to him for monogamy by his example, or his law, we find that his neighbours the Greeks were not polygamous, except in rare cases; and that the Egyptians were monogamous (except, of course, the ruling classes, the kings, princes, priests, soldiers, and the minstrels, poets, artists, actors, and all other men of genius, who are always and everywhere exempt from ordinary rules) thousands of years before the existence of any visible Israelite nation. All the historic Germanic peoples were monogamous, as a rule of life, so far back as we can discover.

Without speculating upon those recondite studies of early and original human history or sexual association which occupy so much space in our late literature of expert investigation, we may go farther, I think, and say that it is a characteristic feature of the "Aryan or northern races" within our view—with aberrations of course—to be monogamous. The Semites were polygamous, at least patriarchal in their system. But when we say "patriarchal," we do not change the fact but the term. With them, as far as the West is concerned, the Harem takes its rise, and with them and their converts, the Harem continues. It had its apotheosis in the legends of Solomon among all Semitic people, in which the Harem is the basis of social greatness. It is the consummation of a refined idea of the ownership of woman. The voluptuous Oriental uses the veil, the eunuch, the guarded doors, to express this idea.

In addition to the absence of any law of monogamous living, the regulations respecting divorce are as unlike ours as they can well be. Divorce in Israel was arbitrary and cruel—a personal, not a judicial act—and for small cause. Adultery in woman was a crime against the property rights of the husband. It seems to have been overlooked that in the Commandments there is no law against fornication. The word Adultery may be supposed to cover a multitude of sins, but it only covers the relation of one man to another man's wife—his property. The

ownership of woman is based on the same plea that is made for slavery, or for royalty, or for priestcraft—it is necessary for society.

The very essence of the modern movement for the equality of woman has its spring in the conviction that women have personal rights, not to be surrendered as the prize of the stronger, not to be dictated by the selfish will of man, who regards woman as under his sole guardianship for his own gratification.

There is in the old Hebrew law and theology not the slightest comprehension of the nature, not to speak of the value and rights, of woman as a person. Neither is there an intimation that woman is a spiritual essence of the very highest purity, value and fragrance. We now know something of it, and might know more if we could escape from the sensuous social views of the Semitic races.

Women receive small if any relief, but plenty of odious insults, from the laws of Moses. The only mitigation of rule visible is the Levirate. The ownership of women continues. Women are dependent and in slavery. Daughters are merchantable articles, if virgins; the highest prize of war is the virgin, man's noblest achievement her destruction as such.

The world begins to understand that virginity is a personal possession, and not an obligation to someone else; and that celibacy may be good or may be bad, may be glorious or may be despicable, that it may be of the highest spiritual use or of the greatest evil consequences. With the recognition of woman as an individual, an entity, a person in and for herself, it comes to be seen that women have a right to themselves, and that nothing in the lumber rooms of religions or the waste baskets of literature can alter the fact; and that the stories of the customs of the Bible have nothing whatever to do with it, except to show what to avoid. And it ought, too, to be soon understood that marriage—in the United States at least—derives its legality solely from the statutes of each state in which it is celebrated; that the minister or priest of any church whatever, performing

the ceremony, does so solely by virtue of his appointment by the state and not by his religious commission from the church. Further than this he has no power over marriage, for he cannot divorce. The idea that the essence of marriage is religious, and that the ministrant, as religious, has any control over either marriage, divorce or remarriage, is a fallacy. It is a sentimental idea, which rests entirely upon the voluntary religious sentiment of the parties to the transaction. Viewed historically, marriage has with few exceptions been a social or civil act; and its assumption by the ecclesiastic for the purpose of power over individuals, which has no ground in either social laws or customs of the great world, or even in the Scripture, usually held to be the authority for the priestly assumption of control.

The pretence now constantly appealing to our tolerance, that the Roman Church can control marriage in our country, a foreign state, is the extreme of official impudence. We can say the same of its pseudo-imitator, the native Episcopal Church, now being heard from in numerous manifestos, which might be harmless but for the spread of them in the newspaper, giving the impression that divorce is a religious question pure and simple, and not a civil act, pure and simple.

Many lament the spread of divorce in our country. It is a sign that women are attaining legal rights, and it may lead us at length to ask what it is that makes the actions for divorce in our country in nine cases out of ten the prayer of the woman—a prayer for relief from intolerable conditions, faithlessness, repulsive associations, odious diseases, physical abuse, mental dread, want, cruelty, neglect, lust, and legal control over the person, gilded with a religious sanction. It may lead us to the root of the social, if not moral, mistake of our civilisation —the remnant of the notion of the ownership of woman. With advancing law, our only hope—for religious authorities are always and everywhere on the side of oppression—woman will not be obliged as now to flee from her own residence to some new and liberal state for justice, but will find it at the hands of

her own neighbours, and, in time, of her kindred; and with advancing law and civilisation there will come a time when the right of woman to select and propose for a husband will not be confined to queens, princesses and women of genius, but will be an equal right of all.

But to return to the Holy Land.

In this whole Israelitish period of some six hundred years—to review it as one—we come continually upon the fact that the people were not very religious, nor very moral, nor very worthy in any respect. The Sabbath is apparently neglected; at least it is not in any respect a day of worship or of sacrifice. It is hardly mentioned in the literature. The synagogue was non-existent.

The impression that the reigns of David and Solomon were religious reigns is a delusion. Religion, as it was subsequently held by the Jews, did not exist. There is no probability that a word of the Bible was then in existence in Hebrew writing. There were oral traditions, some war songs, but no "literature" of native origin. We must revise all our early impressions of the nation as intellectual or literary enough to produce the Psalms, or even the folk-lore called Proverbs, as works, just as we must discard the idea that Moses wrote that highly organised work, the Pentateuch.

To get any idea of the Israelite social state, we shall have to rid ourselves of the inherited belief that Judea was a premature New England, and we shall find that Jerusalem was rather a prototype of Mecca.

The arts were non-existent. It may be that the common people sat under the vine and the fig tree in comparative ease, that milk flowed with the honey of Deborah, and that the people saw Nature in its beautiful aspects in Palestine. It is difficult to free ourselves from the constantly reiterated idea that this era was an early one, in "the world's prime," in "the freshness of time," and that this people were original and exceptional; because the story is so immediately and naïvely con-

nected with their fable of the beginning of life in the earth, and is so oblivious of the myriads of men who had preceded them. In their narrative the whole world was making its first venture in morals, religion and (in its proper sense) the humanities.

Such is the power of literature and such its authority over the mind, that Renan, in one of the most brilliant essays of our time, has said with one of those phrases that fascinate but bewilder us, that "the Hebrew gave the world Humanitarianism."

The Hebrew must now submit his claims, not to an abstract inquiry, but to a comparative one. We can now look to India, to Egypt and Babylonia, of that day, for the best views then in existence about the human being, his rights, duties and pleasures—the actual humanities.

Slavery existed in Israel, and it was mitigated, and it was regulated; but no "moral sense" abolished it. And it will be discovered that its mitigations related mainly to the enslaving of a brother, and not to slavery *per se*. Usury existed; it was forbidden—between brethren and that only, but not *per se*.

We have continually to watch for the words Brother, Brethren, when we think we have found a general principle; but in a moment it is "thy brother" Hebrew. That is the secret of the Hebrew acts and laws, the word that unravels this web of pretences.

The regulations as to hygiene, food, marriage, and personal relations are good, but they are not original or unique.

The Israelites did not abolish "woman"; they regulated her. It was a man's world, a man's religion. Divorce was as easy as marriage, for the man, not for the woman, and was often a question of property and money.

These ideas found their first relief in the laws of Greece, not of Judea, in which the status of women remained unjust for many centuries.

The organisation of the tribes, the clan system, and the family system had led to certain land customs of value then, of none later. The release of the debtor, the redistribution of

land, never had any existence in general law after Society was organised. Those ideas found chiefly in Deuteronomy, which Socialism has cited, are seen to be not laws or customs in actual force, but chiefly paper laws, Utopian laws, like Plato's, never in actual effect; imaginings of the age in which the Book of Deuteronomy was produced (about 600 B. C.).

The Israelites instituted cities of refuge, protection at the altar, and other humane provisions against vengeance and hasty justice or injustice. So did the Norsemen. So did every other tribe or people, in its primitive days. That should not affect our minds as a particularly merciful provision of the Israelite. All modern laws and edicts are for personal safety, giving time for judgments to cool. The Israelites made a limitation as to the time a brother could be held in slavery; so did the Egyptians; so did the Greeks; so the Romans; so has every nation on earth done, except the American—that had read too much Hebrew about Canaan (Ham) and foreordained servitude.

It is singular that this era of Judah and Israel should dominate the imagination of succeeding ages as one of religion, of morals and humanity. It is one of the most temporary episodes in history. It is principally of use in showing later peoples what to avoid, and it could not have survived in history had it not contained those men whose writings we admire, but seldom read, the Prophets. There is a curious mixture of ideas about the "prophets" of the Scriptures. The translators did not distinguish between the veritable Prophets and those prophets of the days of Saul and David, who were like the whirling dervishes of the Arab of our day, assemblages of men who intoxicated their brains with whirling dances and orgiastic dreams. The books called I. and II. Samuel throw a full light upon this subject, especially I. Samuel, xix. 18–24.

It is necessary to distinguish carefully this rude, primitive, mental intoxication, this witch dance, with its fortune-telling women who called up the spirits of the dead out of Sheol, from

the occupation, character, and rank of those men who appear after the art of writing began—none of whom are earlier than the ninth century before our era—and who modified, softened, abolished, and generally repudiated the barbarities of the early Jahvehism.

But for the literary charm of the stories in Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles, we should have long since discovered the essential barbarism of these records. Were they couched in newspaper English—as are the sensualities and cruelties of King Menelek of Abyssinia or Dost Mahommed of Afghanistan—the naïve personal relationships, the absence of any sense of shame, the matter-of-fact crimes of rulers and aspirants whose only security lay in the slaughter of all male descendants of a claimant, would have long since ceased to be sacred. The recent assassination of the King and Queen of Servia seems shocking to us in our own letters; but in those of Israel, Ahab and Jezebel with the avenging Jehu, form an edifying story. And the slaughter of the priests of Baal becomes really sacred if our eyes happen to be holden in the true believer's spirit. But I am afraid Judah held the pen when these terrible scenes were depicted.

With the advent of the writing prophets, the people had advanced a long way beyond the simple days of those fairy stories when the ass spoke, the axe swam, the cruse of oil failed not, and the vessels of oil overflowed; a long way from the fiery chariot, and the good bears of Elisha that ate up the bad boys. At length a historic period has been reached in which we see politics at play, and kingdoms coming to be a part of the international world. What produced the true prophetism of the time was the complications with foreign and threatening powers. For amid all the weakness and wickedness, we behold the rise of those Prophets—true Protestants—whose names men carry on their hearts even now, whose images they place in their temples and their libraries.

The First Isaiah is considered the master mind of a religious

development. Instead, he was the voice which rises in a time of peril. His day was a time of internal wickedness, perversity, and wrong; the poor were oppressed; the rich were hard-hearted; society perished in this time of danger from within and without. That which we see in Isaiah First is a development of the moral sense rising superior to the ceremonial law of the sacerdotal system, giving warning of the existence of great principles, which, violated, would bring ruin. We know what this prophecy is; it does not waste its time foretelling distant events which scarcely ever happen; it foretells the consequences of wrong actions. We know for ourselves in America what this voice is. Garrison told us that human slavery, incorporated in our law, was a league with Hell; Seward said, there is an irrepressible conflict; Lincoln said, there is a higher law. Those older prophets of the Israelitish period, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah, Habakkuk, Nahum, Zephaniah, and lastly Jeremiah, none of them priests and none of them in official or religious bonds, said to both the kingdoms: In virtue there is strength, the power of resistance; in vice there is fatal weakness.

Jeremiah lived and preached in the last days of Judah, and was present at the fall of Jerusalem. He died in poverty, I am sorry to say, at Tanis in Egypt, having been denied the honour of captivity in Babylon. The critics assert that the world owes to him the discovery of the book called Deuteronomy, or that he was its author; but the same destructive men detach his name from a fine poem, the Book of Lamentations, for that evidently looks back, and Jeremiah did not live to the time of its probable date. Jeremiah is in many respects the most tangible prophet of them all. He was real. He was of a temper none could bend. Study his life and we have a great mental picture for our gallery. Glorious old Jeremiah! We hanged one of your legitimate sons not long ago; his name was Ossawatomie.

About one generation ago a certain large group of English

people, very comfortable in scholarships, in livings, in various elegant pursuits, and beginning to study science too as a side issue, came to a very dangerous intellectual *impasse* which seemed about to upset the whole delightful arrangement. The Higher Criticism, and especially literary criticism, began to show that the basis of that system of thought which made them thus comfortable, and enabled them to be complacent in church, was fatally defective, in spots if not as a whole. A great many wrote tracts about this, and spoke with that sad, pathetic reverence which we see only in perfection in the English Scholar.

Among these was Matthew Arnold, less deferential but more incisive than others, who made the sad journey from his old faith toward the new. As a literary critic, he intended not to be destructive, but to be constructive in the interests of society. He devised a new foundation, "righteousness," for belief to rest upon—miracles, sacrifices, atonements, having floated away. He did not himself invent righteousness, but he discovered that Israel did; not only this but that Israel was righteousness.

He, and his contemporary, Renan, are the chief promoters, or revivers, of that image, spectre, apparition, in modern literature, of that rhetorical figure of speech, of that mysterious being, panoplied in virtue, patience, and sagacity, that indestructible person, living now these three thousand years, who, moral, industrious, honest, sterling, as the model of conduct convicts the modern world of unrighteousness—"Israel."

Neither of these writers was the creator of this wonderful Israel. We must go back to the Book of Second Isaiah, to those chapters which describe the "Servant," the mystical embodiment of the people of God—the Genius (to use Cheyne's term) of Israel—become that actual imperishable Israel of their pious hope and our superstition.

Though Arnold succeeded in impressing this vision upon the mind of the English-speaking people, he lived to

see the futility of his effort to move the English faith to a new base.

For it was at once seen that neither the Hebrew nor the Christian religions are based upon Righteousness. They are based upon Sin—and the way to expiate or atone for it. If established Christianity is not redemption, it is nothing.

There can be no objection to righteousness—when it is righteous. But by it the priest meant conformity, while the prophet meant morality, public and private. The older prophets expressed the grandeur of their conception of it in words of burning eloquence. But the prophets were not priests; indeed, they criticised priests and kings and commoners alike. They were protestants of protestants, rebels, outlaws, as far from participation in the religion of their times as were the outlaws of America, in our various revolutions, from being in sympathy with the existing order.

It cannot even be said that righteousness in the sense of morality was a characteristic of the Israelite religious institutions. It is not a characteristic of Christian institutions. The sacerdote, in time of danger, or intellectual ferment or disquiet, always says that Religion is Morality, but he always denies that Morality is Religion.

The idea that the Israelite religion was based on Righteousness is a fallacy of exactly the same order as that the Israelite religion was based on the Prophets. Far from it; it was based on the worship of Jahveh as their God.

Suppose we take down our Bibles and ask whether religion was morality or was propitiation or atonement, in the year that Solomon dedicated the First Temple. The temple was a slaughter house in which "King Solomon offered a sacrifice of twenty and two thousand oxen and a hundred and twenty thousand sheep" at its dedication.

How was it some hundreds of years later, after all the prophets had spoken? Some of the Babylonian Jews having arrived at Jerusalem, the Second Temple was about to be

built, as narrated in Ezra, ch. iii. Did they speak of the Not Ourselves that makes for Righteousness?

No; it is the same story: "daily burnt offerings," "continual burnt offerings," "burnt offerings morning and evening," "on the altar of the God of Israel, as it is written in the law of Moses the man of God."

How was it in Christ's time, when all the ideas of righteousness, mercy, and humanitarianism had matured? The temple was a mart, wherein was sold the material for sacrifices; Jerusalem derived its chief income from the pilgrims who came thither to sacrifice, and for no other reason whatever—certainly not for righteousness, which did not exist there any more than it does at Mecca, whose sole reason for continuance is to nurse superstition and prolong the profit of those who live upon it.

I would not unduly press the analogy of the Christian atonement, because it is now only a shadow, a figure, a symbol, a type, or any of those metaphors with which we cheat reason about blood sacrifices to Jahveh. And we can believe a metaphor with complacency when we would revolt at a fact. It is only occasionally that we hear the voice of the revivalist shouting, "Blood, blood only can atone," or of his assistant, singing his siren song to lure the hapless voyager in religion upon the barbarous shores.

I do not doubt that the prophets were moral, and that they saw the right highway for travel in human affairs; and that they told their countrymen what was the highway in their national if not spiritual relations. It is a pity that nobody then paid any heed to what they said.

Arnold did not wholly fail of his mission as a religious critic. But to transfer the bearings of the Christian régime in England to a new axis was too great a task for even his shoulders Atlantean. He came near changing its base to something more tangible, to Nature—Nature touched with emotion—about which he sang with words that haunt, that sadden, and enthral,

as none other ever have or can; for the era of feeling for Nature as a last resort of religion is passing away, and the monotheism of Nature we were trying to effect is going with it.

Arnold's mental difficulty, and the one we are all involved in, was that he did not acknowledge to himself that the priest had passed away. He classed the priest and the prophet together, while we all know that they are unrelated. The era of blood sacrifices is over. The clergyman is only a pale simulacrum of the priest; he is a priest only by implication. The term priest contains the *fact* of sacrifices, not the *remembrance* of it.

The Hebrew prophet had no sacrifical function, the very essence of the priest's office. He was, like his successors the preachers of Christianity, a preacher. The world has made a vast advance over the primitive times of the burning-altar and the Teocallis. Society only advances over the dead bodies of sacrificial religions. But it advances, as we see when we reflect that all our wonderful progress in every department of human life has been made since the priest began to abate.

And another of Arnold's difficulties—which most of us share—was his failure to understand the base on which the modern social scheme must rest. In one of his most thrilling poems he makes Nature say, "I remain." It is true that the Poet—as he was saying about Wordsworth—passes with all human individuals, while Nature remains. Yet there is something truer than that, behind. For the explorer, the critic, the scholar, have now told us that the earth resolves her cities and all their contents, except the clay tablet, into her kindly dust; and also that time spares of all the institutions of man not one; that those combinations on which men build their hopes of perpetuity, families, clans, tribes, nations, dynasties, societies, and churches—pass.

They also tell us another fact—the only one that really matters: that man remains. So that we can change Shake-

speare's phrase to say that "The Human Being's the Thing."

Strange as it is, we know very little about the Human Being. We have only just discovered that there are innumerable human beings on the dark side of the earth, who compel a new adjustment of moral and intellectual values outside of European lines. We, within those lines, know so little about life and its laws that we still let the diseases outrun the remedies, crimes the power to build prisons, and phantoms of the imagination take the place of the simple facts that ought to make us happy.

Many of our social questions and problems would long ere this have resolved themselves, could we have understood that saying, freely adapted, that The Institution was made for Man, not Man for the Institution; and the other one, identical in meaning, spoken five hundred years before, also freely adapted: The Institution is nought save as it is of use to the Individual. These immortal sentences once incorporated into our thinking, that theory of life which has discouraged us, and kept us unhappy and in want, would vanish, and man might enter upon a stage of labour and happiness that theology could not pervert or science stale.

CHAPTER XI

An Excursion Into the World

When Dionysius Exiguus of Scythia, scholar and monk of the sixth century, introduced the birth of Christ as the starting-point of our chronological era, and thus established the notation of time which seems likely to become that of the whole world, he little knew how he would affect the minds of future historians. Probably he only thought of erecting a memento of religious belief and remembrance. He was oblivious of the fact that he would cut the Roman era in twain, and that he was drawing a line that would seriously inconvenience, if not mislead, most historians and great numbers of readers. Had this system been begun in the time of Christ instead of more than five hundred years afterward, it might have been seen how arbitrary a line of demarcation of historic time it was. Europe unfortunately came to regard the period before Christ as the Ancient world, and all the time after as the Modern world.

There are really no such divisions of time; for no curtain falls on the old scene, none rises on the new. But we may try to erect for our picture at least proscenium arches, to give ourselves a good perspective of history.

I have tried to make for myself, for the purpose of a momentary study and with no subversive intention, a line of demarcation between the terms ancient and modern; based not upon one event, but upon many general considerations.

Professor Maspero, in his unsurpassed synthesis of the Eastern World, divides his work into three volumes: the first, the Dawn of Civilisation; the second, the Struggle of the Nations;

the third, the Passing of the Empires (850 to 330 B. C.). We shall have to wait long before some other master hand does a like service for the history of the race in the civilisation of the other continents, whose stories are being unfolded to our gaze in detail,and I know too well how impossible it is to fix a date for the passing away of the ancient world and the opening of the new; but to my mind the year 600 B. C. comes nearer being a point from which to measure than any other back of that date. The ancient world itself stretches back till the picture fades in the mists of a yet unsounded immensity; the archæologist raises up a broken column out of successive deposits of the debris of cities, and recreates a world; he picks up a broken shard, and the cuneiform wedges on its face split open to our view another thousand years of reality in the midst of the myths of its time.

But there are now long spaces of illuminated real time before the time I propose. Before the year 600 B. C. we are, I think, aware of a general stage of development, a general similarity in customs, in government, in war, in morality and religion, and in the arts; though one country might be far in advance of another at any given moment in architecture and the other arts, and in the common arts of life. But the real test is not the material arts. We need to ask of an era what are man's prevailing ideas, his beliefs; what myths, fables, and legends are current; what deities he has; we must ask if he has philosophy, or if he has only religion. One of the most searching questions will be, Does he write prose, or is he yet in that stage when he can write only poetry? Does he use the method of science, does he investigate and see, or only believe and tremble?

I beg my readers to ask themselves if the recording finger of history and the divining-rod of the investigator do not point out a broad, deep line at the end of the seventh century, that is, about the year 600 B. C.? At that date such changes occur in political and governmental ideas and organisations, in the industrial method—especially as to the once universal slavery—in philosophy and science, in morals and in the position of the

individual, in religious concepts, especially of God and of the Soul, that we may say there is visible a new era.

Such a division of historic time would frame for the student a great, distinguishing, intellectual era of the world. The antique world fading out gives way to the new era beginning at the end of the seventh century in which the whole visible mass of men rise into new ideas, new conditions, new combinations, never before dreamed of.

Such a division as I propose will gain the ready consent of the student of Roman history. Rome can afford to let her earliest years remain mythological and legendary—can afford to let Mars carry Romulus to heaven in a fiery chariot, with little loss to her real history: her history, the greatest development of intelligent power, racial vigour and honour, civic right, personal courage and virtue, and law fundamental to well-being ever seen in the world till the British Empire attained its recent growth, and became the real and not the spectral "miracle of the ages."

Phœnicia itself belongs to the antique world, but Phœnician Carthage to the new. Taking possession of all of north Africa east of Cyrenaica, she inaugurated the system of commerce subsequently carried forward by Rome, Venice and Genoa, which finally made the wealth of the modern world.

And it is growing clear that ancient Iran changed its habit of thought and belief for the reform of Zoroaster—that "Stream of Fire"—about the year 600 B. C., and began the ferment of religious ideas which worked immense changes in the beliefs of the East in the four or five centuries of its greatest heat. Prof. A. V. W. Jackson, in his most scholarly work, "Zoroaster," has done a service unexampled in Persian study, and I venture to use a page of his Conclusion:

"And now the story of the life and legend of the Prophet of ancient Iran—the sage who was born to leave his mark upon the world, who entered upon his ministry at the age of thirty, and who died by violence at the age of seventy-seven—is at an

end. Hurriedly we may scan once more the pages of his career. Born in the fulness of time, he appears as a prophet in the latter half of the seventh century before the Christian Era; and the period of his activity falls between the closing years of Median rule and the rising wave of Persian power. He himself stands as the oldest type and representative of what we may call, in the language of the Bible, the laws of the Medes and Persians. His teaching had already taken deep root in the soil of Iran, when the Jews were carried up into captivity in Babylon and had learned of that law which altereth not; or before a Daniel came to interpret the ominous handwriting on the wall which the soothsayers failed to read. Zoroaster is the contemporary of Thales, of Solon, or of the Seven Sages of classical antiquity. He is the forerunner of Confucius, the philosopher who was to arise to expound to China the tenets of her people's faith. By him is sounded in Iran the trumpet-call that afterward echoes with a varied note in India, when the gentle Buddha comes forth to preach to thirsting souls the doctrine of redemption through renunciation. Zoroaster, finally, is the father, the holy prototype, of those Wise Men from the East who came and bowed before the new-born light of the world in the manger cradle at Bethlehem."

What the antique world of India was, the scholar is only now coming to know. Upon an indigenous people of the dark races was imposed by invasion the rule of the Aryan whose power was mainly in the North, crowding, as we may see, the native races to the south limits of Hindustan. The authors of the Vedic hymns, expressing the thought of the Brahmanic faith, can plainly be classed with the antique world. But with the rise of Buddha about 550 B. C., we see, if not a wholly new religion, a new philosophy of man, which marks the new era, and continues in full down to the invasion of the Mohammedan rulers. If any one epoch can be called historically distinct from its predecessor, the Buddhist is one; for probably never were great aggregates of men influenced by new ideas

more certainly than during this period. The power of Buddhism, its spread and persistency, are among the most striking and convincing phenomena of all time, and make it almost unnecessary to substantiate by other citations the fact that a large part of the world, in our New Era, began to be ruled by spiritual ideas, individualistic, and deeply humanitarian in character.

Too little is known of China's early millenniums to say positively that Confucius, born about 550 B. C., essentially changed the character and the thought of that vast and most persistent race of men, who of all races have been most stable, living in a realised socialism or communism as a system "based on land and labour." But the ethics of Confucius began to be the moral guide of China at the beginning of the New Era. And this man, one of the most remarkable in all the world's story, belongs to no Antique Era; he had no sacrifices, human or animal, no dogma of depravity as the basis of the human race, and he seems to have had a theory of goodness which might have been the model of Europe had Europe "discovered" China earlier. The author of the Tao-te-King, Lao-tse, was born about 604 B. C. and probably influenced Confucius. And Soshi carried on the deep, imaginative ideas of Lao-tse, as we see in what he said of Taoism: "Even so the Tao, the Great Mood, expressed Itself through different minds and ages and yet remains Itself." We have yet much to learn of the literature that defined "the struggle between the two forms of communal and individual action, which were not wholly economic, but intellectual and imaginative."

In the West, it was about the year 546 B. C. that Cyrus defeated Crœsus and put an end to the Lydian Kingdom; and it was in 539 B. C. that the Persian Empire gave the Babylonian power its mortal stroke. This new Persian power had developed in the middle of Asia, and may be said there to initiate the New Era with the fall of Babylon. At any rate, it terminated that phase of the antique world

of Accad-Babylonia-Assyria, which had occupied the Mesopotamian and Chaldean regions, and made Euphrates and Tigris splendid names. The Persian battle waves moved westward, breaking against the rocks of Hellas, occupying all the world of Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt. It is not alone the outward achievement that marks this period: for Persian thought had a modifying and enlarging influence wherever Persian power extended; and Zoroastrianism, only now coming to be understood, contributed much of the religious thought of the human problem that this era held important, though its dualism and its angelology are now fading out of our philosophy, if not out of our common thought and belief.

Later in this period, before the end of the fourth century, Alexander made the conquest of Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt, and the known parts of Asia, then left the world in trust with the Syrian and the Roman. Alexander's greatest service was not the destruction of the remnants of the antique world, but the construction of Alexandria, the prototype of the modern city, at once a seat of commerce, a nucleus of learning and the arts, and the depository of the books of the enlightened world of the West. But beyond this—for libraries perish by the hands of fanatics—was the practical use of the sciences, the key of modern progress. This movement also met with an eclipse at the hands of fanaticism in various guises, and in the final defeat of civilisation by the ascendency of the Semitic ideal; but part of the results of Alexander's creation filtered through into Europe in the course of centuries, and part remains to us now, rescued by the zeal of the modern investigator.

The Greek historian will doubtless be much more strenuous than others for a backward stretch of time. An ancient and continuous Greece is the effort of the Hellenist. But the great gods, heaven-born, and all the great persons of the Epic Age, will consider it no disgrace to be divorced from the earth-born philosophers, politicians, or warriors of the real historic Greece

The reader can take Homer down from the antique shelf as easily as from the later one, whenever modern life becomes complicated and insufferable and a remedy is demanded from the gods. And there can be no doubt that Homer and all that he celebrated belonged to the antique world.

Whether Greece got the arts from Babylonia or Egypt, or out of her own fair head, matters little. But the sixth century B. C. is the period of the emancipation of Greek art from Egyptian and Babylonian influence, and in itself marks the new era. But it is not the outward, visible arts that formed this era in Greece; it is not in the development, the alliances, or the wars of the ever-struggling, ever-changing rival states, that the real contribution of Greece to the new era is to be found. Thales was born 636 B. C.; Solon, 638 B. C.; Pythagoras, 582 B. C.; and whether their ideas were their own or derived from India or from the Magians (where they probably might have been obtained), we may well say that they began the new age for Greece. Taking Thales and Pythagoras as representing the beginning of new philosophy in Greece, many pages could be filled with the varying phases of the Greek thought which have become familiar to the modern world; but it would be beside my main purpose. It matters not much whether Pythagoras, Thales, Heraclitus, or Xenophanes made the truest and most exact statement of the Universe, or Socrates and Plato of the Soul, or Aristotle of the Scientific Method; it is to the new era that the birth of Greek science belongs. And here belongs also the great trio of dramatists—Æschylus (525 B. C.), Sophocles (498 B. C.), Euripides (480 B. C.), and the starry Lyric Poets, the world's delight.

Greece, no doubt, finally gave back to the East infinitely more than it received in that long period of antiquity when Babylonia and Egypt contributed to her the elements of art and architecture; for in the Modern Era we find the age of Phidias and the Parthenon (490 B. C.). Here, too, we find the period of Herodotus and Thucydides, and the birth of the art

of History. It is this splendid era that has in its pages Greece, Magna Græcia, New Egypt, Asia Minor, without which the world would have been—still antique.

No one can doubt that the conquest by Alexander put an end to the remnants of the Antique Era in Egypt, just as the Persian occupation had, before it, to the Babylonian Era in the Valley of the Euphrates.

The Babylonian, the Egyptian, the Hittite, and the Phœnician civilisations—in short, all the related Antique World of the West, gave place to a New World.

In no part of the world is the point of separation so indisputable as in Palestine. The Kingdom of Israel has vanished in 720 B. C., and the Kingdom of Judah has definitely ended in 586 B. C. Nothing remains of "Israel." The field was clear for a new people. In time, Judea was the theatre of the Jewish people.

It seems as though the world everywhere had newly blossomed, as though spring had come. So great is the promise, and so rich the fruitage, that it seems to me at times as though we should have to give the period from 600 B. C. to 400 A. D. a distinguishing name, and call it the Middle Era. The Middle Era, for Europe in fact, ended in the Dark Ages, and shines by itself if we will look at it as a whole. That thousand years in which real art was established, the coinage of money perfected, an industrial system without slavery conceived of, an alphabet applied which made literature possible, was a most eventful one.

But all of these things are of little account compared with the consideration that, so far as we can see, this era marks the beginning of the *Rise of the Individual*, his partial liberation, and his participation in the affairs of state. Not that the battle was won; but privilege, prerogative, prescription—and all the powers that prey by virtue of the prefix *pre*—began now to give way, and the individual began to come into his rights.

It is the constant effort of our publicists to join our own centuries to that thousand years, and it will be useless to protest that Europe had a destiny and has a civilisation of her own apart from it, for men like to link our history, though it be never so individual, with those great terms, Rome, Greece and Judea.

CHAPTER XII

In Babylonia

If we think of the Captivity in Babylon only as a religious and not a historical question, we shall make a profound mistake. Let it once be understood that the Jews finally were not a mere continuation of Israel, as the theologian would have us believe, but a new national and partly a new racial development, the result of the changes of several hundred years—composed of many fresh elements both of blood and faith, and at last standing by itself as a nationality—and the whole Eastern history of that period will be illuminated.

And it is necessary to understand that the Captivity was not the transference of a nation, a whole people, from one country to another, but the deportation of a few, leaving the body of the people of the Kingdom of Judah where they were, on the land, in their various occupations. The city of Jerusalem alone was rased; the temple in it destroyed; the ruling classes—the king, the priests, the military people, the scribes, and the learned, living at the capital—transported with their respective families and their servants. Judea remained a province of the Babylonian Empire, as Samaria before had remained a province of the Assyrian. The distance to Babylon was only about five hundred miles, almost due east of Jerusalem. But the Syrian desert lay between; and the only road, for aught larger than a small caravan, lay around the head of the desert, past Damascus and Tadmor, or more probably around by Aleppo and thence down the Euphrates Valley, which would increase the distance by a couple of hundred miles.

Here, in this event, we have not only the rending of family

and home ties, but the total obliteration of a princely house, with the pride of four hundred years and the names of its heroes involved in it. We have here the materials for a national epic, and perchance a key to that effort of the genius of the Jewish race which made the Scriptures reach the sensibilities of humanity.

And we shall make a profound mistake also if we fail to understand Babylon as something more than the "captor" of Israel. Babylonia was then the seat of what was probably the most advanced civilisation in the world, not excepting Egypt.

The development of Babylonia is too vast a subject for these pages; but, in brief, we have inherited a portion of its millenniums of culture in our astronomy, our mathematics, our method of measuring time and the passage of the hours, and our notation of the degrees in our geography. In law and in philosophy we are certainly its debtors, and it is perhaps true that from Babylonia many of the arts took their way to the West.

But at any rate, the country of our captives was a region as large in extent as Italy. It was watered by two great rivers, whose winter floods were stored in Armenia, and were carried in scientifically built canals over the country, making it one of the most charming countries on earth, and one of marvellous productiveness and wealth. In its long history the plains and cities of this delta had been the rich prize of numerous peoples—the Sumerian, Akkadian, Semite, Elamite, Mede, Assyrian, however all these might be related; and was at the date of the Captivity soon to attract the Persian.

The captives were fortunate that the fate of war had placed them in such surroundings; and the observer can only suggest one mistake—namely, that the Jews did not capture the Babylonians, instead of the Babylonians the Jews. But, strange to say, it is the mistake that has always occurred in their history, indicating a screw loose somewhere, either in them or civilisation.

The Jewish era, as I said in the preceding chapter, belongs

to the New World, the world of new ideas and new religions; the world which is marked by that greatest step in human history, the rise of the individual as a responsible factor in political, social and religious organisations. Let us once for all understand that the Israelite was a man who in all respects belonged to the Antique World, and that the Jew belongs to the New. In no case does the cleavage between the Antique Era and the New Era come more perfectly, not only outwardly, but inwardly, in all the requirements laid down in the preceding chapter.

In the two centuries following the year 596 B. C. (the interim before Judaism reached any definite form), we have six generations going through all the experiences common to men. What are they? First of all, they received some large views of the world; then many new ideas of the philosophy of life, of the arts of life, of the value of it. Then they had an accession of religious theories, of eschatology, of angelology, and perhaps of the very nature and character of God, not as Jehovah, but as a being who did not think of the heathen quite as they had thought he did, and whose creation, man, was made for a larger destiny than they had before dreamed of. In short, the emigrant lost his tribal feeling, forsook the clan idea, and became an individual, a man of the world, or at least of the world of Babylonia. Doubtless there was a greater friendliness and unity than had existed in Jerusalem. Caste distinctions were obliterated, and the Jew obtained that set toward Democracy that has served him so well.

We can also see that two generations of Jews were born in Babylonia before Cyrus appeared, and before the first party, under the lead of Zerubbabel and Jeshua, began the restoration of the temple; that there was a second definite emigration of men with means under Ezra, and a third under Nehemiah. We do not always realise that the date of the latter was about 450 B. C., nearly one hundred and fifty years after the fall of Jerusalem.

From 596 B. C. to the taking of Babylon by Cyrus is fifty-eight years. Cyrus, the politic and suave Persian, early favoured the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem, for which he has secured the gratitude of the Jews, expressed in the most unbounded phrases, even hailing him Messiah. It is likely that the emigration of the Jews to Palestine was partly a reward for service—secret if not open—to the invading Persians, and partly due to the evident good policy of erecting a definite and serviceable vassalage in Judea. The tradition of Ezra, that it was pure justice and goodness in Cyrus that granted the favour, we may set down as a fairy tale, though the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah speaks of Cyrus as God's anointed. "Then saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut."

But it is not till long after Cyrus that the slow emigration from the East again enclosed Jerusalem with walls, and crystallised the Jewish hierarchy. Cyrus had passed away. Cambyses had gone. Darius had gone. Xerxes had gone, and the capital of Persia had long been at Susa.

There is a certain confusion, not yet entirely cleared up by the Persian records, as to the succeeding reigns. The date of the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem is involved in the question, Which is the Artaxerxes mentioned in the Jewish records? Some claim it to be 447 B. C., some as late as 398 B. C. It is safe to say that it was a hundred and forty years from the departure of the Judeans to the rebuilding of the walls at Jerusalem, and a couple of hundred years before Judea was acknowledged as a state.

The popular idea of the Captivity is derived from three sources: The 137th Psalm, which was reminiscent but simple and ingenuous; and next, the Books of Esther and Daniel. Both these books are of a late date. Daniel, about 166 B. C., and Esther, probably about the end of the Persian régime in

Judea, 332 B. C. Esther is a fiction without the slightest historic foundation, and was perhaps designed to account for the Jewish festival of Purim, which was of Persian origin and adopted by the captives.

These books, as sources of history, remind one of other things in literature of which we are or are not tolerant, as the case may be. I should as soon suppose "A Yankee at King Arthur's Court" a true story of the Celtic knights of Britain, as think Daniel and Esther valid history; or should suppose Wagner's "Siegfried" good German history, not so well done as Daniel, and lacking the elements of mystery and crazy prophecy. Esther we can suppose a precursor of the story of Shehrzad at the court of that great and just king, Shehriyar. The Book of Esther is shocking to our modern sense, and the alleged slaughter is ridiculous, and as improbable as an opéra bouffe; one cannot help wondering how any people's vanity could let it get bound up with serious books. These two books, and Jonah, should be put into the easy road to oblivion called the Apocrypha.

This Captivity was not more grievous than others, but it has a spectral illumination that carried it into the realm of the unreal, where everything is possible. There are serious things in the Captivity, things not only veritable but that led to results of the most serious nature. The upper or ruling classes of Judea, which composed the bulk of the deportation to Babylon, suddenly deprived of their social and political occupations, turned their energies upon the task of the preservation of the Israelite traditions, and entered upon the new era of the world which opened just at the time of their deportation. They met, too, descendants of the Samaritan deportation of four generations previous, and fraternised with them to some extent, but of course not fully.

The emigrants had their own worship without a temple; a great step, as we shall see later. Doubtless they wrote letters to Judea, and Judea consoled, cheered, and informed them in return. They formed communities by themselves; but they

must have mingled in business, been informed of affairs, and in a sense become Babylonians. They entered into trade, and many of them became rich.

There are two men who give great distinction to the first fifty years of the Captivity: one, Ezekiel, an emigrant from Jerusalem; the other probably born in Babylonia, whom, for want of a better name, we call by the awkward term the Second Isaiah—a couple of hundred years later than the Prophet Isaiah, the son of Amoz, of Judea. Ezekiel reads to his compatriots a long and sad sermon on the causes that brought them to ruin; and it is needless to say they are sins of the blackest dye that his terrible pen could depict. As a matter of comfort, they would have done better to bring Jeremiah, and leave Ezekiel in his place in Judea; for Jeremiah sometimes had a sense of political causes and military effects. But the stage setting of clumsy symbolism being placed, and the weeping being done with, Ezekiel goes on to magnificent visions, expressed in language whose force has never been excelled, to cheer and reinforce the hearts of his auditors with splendid but impossible Utopian triumphs. His mind, too, expanded till he comprehended that the Human Being's the Thing, and that he must nullify a postulate of the Second Commandment in man's favour, as he did in his eighteenth chapter. Every man is responsible for his own sins, he says, not for others'.

Ezekiel "set his face" against Gog, and Mount Seir, and Pharaoh, and Tyre, and those other places and persons that cared nothing about him; but he set his face before the children of men in behalf of Jehovah in a solemn strain of fancy that will never lose its flavour—though we wish his illustrations had been a little more conventional and delicate for our modern use.

The Prophet of the Restoration, the Second Isaiah—or the Babylonian Isaiah, as the editor of the Jewish historian Graetz calls him—the writer of a part, but not all, of the chapters of Isaiah from chapter xl. and onward (for some of them are

after the Restoration), is later than Ezekiel; about the date of Cyrus. He also sees visions of a new era, the one we know much better than Ezekiel's. The poetry grouped under the name of this Isaiah is not only later than Ezekiel in point of time (some of it being at late as Alexander, about 332 B. C.), but it is immeasurably more modern in spiritual ideas, grace and beauty. What it lacks in the vigour of a more primitive age it makes up in new and important religious ideas. It only lacks the inspiring idea of the immortality of the soul to make it a universal world poetry. But we feel its limitations in every chapter; for just as we are taking flight with the poet, he comes down at Jerusalem—that fatal delusion of his race. We ask him for the city of God, and he points to his petty tribal, earthly city and to his nation as a Redeemer — that fatal delusion of Egoism.

We modern men love metaphor perhaps not wisely; we guide ourselves, and try to guide our neighbours, by similes; we rest upon analogies; we read truth in allegories; we see evidence in parables; in the illustrative tale we read the reality. These habits of our minds make it easy for us to find the Redeemer in the passages of the Second Isaiah containing the mystic Servant—Israel—as a Vision of the Imagination.

Whatever may have been in the mind of the poet in Babylon, here for later generations is the dawn of that belief which is so familiar in the Psalms, and so familiar in all later centuries: that the Jewish *Nation*, not an individual of the nation, be he David or another, is the Messiah. With this Messiahship, which our theologians have confounded with that of a divine person, we have evolved in our several ways that inner, recondite, grudgingly admitted, yet potent spectre, clad in a long robe, a face with great black eyes, flaming white beard, commanding figure, who, with staff in hand, haunts a wicked world, waiting for the era of peace, justice and national fruition —which comes not.

In the second year of Darius, Zachariah—as he himself says—

wrote those apocalyptic chapters that set the fashion for Jewish imagery for many years, and culminated in Revelation. He has an assurance that the High Priest and the Lord will overcome Satan; who, at this date, makes his appearance infrequently in the writings, but of whom we shall hear much in later days. And he looks to an ultimate Jerusalem that shall rule; and "whoso of all the families of the earth goeth not up unto Jerusalem to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts, upon them shall be no rain." But Zachariah seems to have no idea that sacrifices will ever pass away. The only perfectly new thing in his book is that he is the first one to speak of the captive as a "Jew"—at least he does so in the English Bible, chapter viii., verse 23—but probably that was not his fault.

Haggai also wrote in the second year of Darius. His two chapters appear to have brevity as their soul of wit, but are devoted to the interests of Jeshua and of Zerubbabel, who were to begin to rebuild the temple.

The words of Malachi (about 430 B. C.) close the Old Testament Canon to the eye of the reader, but not in fact; for a large and invaluable part of the Old Testament was produced after the rebuilding of the temple, and was put in order as it now stands in the Canon. But of this hereafter.

My sub-conscious literary self (which has probably read the Higher Criticism between the lines) says in rather an insistent way that in the early years of this Captivity there was a literary period which produced or arranged a literature of purpose, as the phrase is, and that purpose a religious one. That work seems to have been begun in the production of Deuteronomy by Jeremiah and Baruch, in Jerusalem; and the priestly braiding and editing may be a part of it, but was more likely an indication of what was to happen on a large scale. This literary work was, to use the old writings in whatever form they were found—hieroglyphic, cuneiform, or Phœnician-Hebrew script, in order to make a continuous, systematic statement of ancestral and religious claims.

After poring over the pages of Ezekiel, Isaiah, Haggai, and Zachariah by the midnight lamp, I seem to be able to discern among the Jews in Babylonia, as has been suggested by another, a state of religious fervour—increased by homesickness, and possibly at first by poverty and social distress—which led to the arrangement of the Pentateuch and the histories as we now have them. It would be a priceless literary treasure if we could have by themselves the parts that are now distinguished by the critics as the Elohistic documents, the sublime first chapter of Genesis, the patriarchal legends, the few bursts of song which make the charm of the histories. But as Lenormant once said, "The Hebrew vigorously despoiled them [the legends] of every mythical suggestion, everything outside of the record of an exact human genealogy."

So here in Babylon the priest or the religious scribe, caring nothing for the integrity of the Ephraimic documents, cast them into a mould, or wove them into a fabric, with the Jahvistic second chapter, and with all the documents that belong with it. They produced by this an impression of an antiquity for the cult of Jahveh which it could not rightfully claim, and an intimate relation to the ancient names which it had not before had, and which has misled the world.

One cannot doubt that as there are two legends of creation, there are also two main conceptions of deity, two distinct streams of religious ideas now in the Scriptures, and that the large, general, universal thought of God was merged, indeed submerged, in the idea of God expressed in the cult of Jahveh. It is clear to me that in this submersion was constituted the Jewish church. For in that religion we have that picture of God as the terrible Jahveh of the early Israelite history, that no vision of Prophets, no hope of Seer, no agony of Christ, can obliterate. In that consolidation we have that theory of sin that speaks of blood, always blood, and for which no loving hearts can ever atone. In it there is the doctrine of providence measured by human scales, which no Job and no lesser

man has ever solved, or ever can. Christ said it was a false theory—but nobody ever pays any attention to what he said.

This Jewish church went on to other things, and built a new temple at Jerusalem for more sacrifices. Then they created a new Theocracy for themselves, the High Priest and the Sanhedrim comprising it, which lasted till the fall of that Jerusalem which never could fall. This Theocracy then recreated that Sabbath (which man was made for) which someone said was a burden too heavy to be borne.

We see now the next great step in fanaticism, the control of marriage by the priest. Ezra decreed that marriage must be in the faith. He obliged all who had married women not of the faith—Moabites and others—to send them adrift; which they did, with as little ceremony as in the case of Hagar in the old Abrahamic story. This is the beginning of that exclusion in marriage which has been one of the causes of division in later centuries, and is now the special delight of the Worshipping Essayist.

Had the Books of Chronicles been in existence at the time, such an expedient as the formation of Ruth (spoken of later) would have been unnecessary. In the third chapter of Chronicles, verses 1–9, we have a genealogical table of the sons of David, which shows his very catholic taste.

There were born to David while he was King in Hebron, seven years and a half, six acknowledged sons by six different mothers; while in Jerusalem there were born four sons by Bathsheba, of whom Solomon was the fourth, and nine sons of unnamed mothers, "besides the sons of concubines and Tamar their sister."

The Books I. and II. Chronicles are placed by Graetz, and critics generally, as late as 338 B. C., about the end of the Persian rule. They are evidently intended as a historical résumé of the time before the histories of Ezra and Nehemiah. The first book begins at Adam and ends at David, and is a College of Heraldry. If there is anybody in the Jewish world

who lacks a pedigree, he need look no further for it, though according to our finical modern rules there would be a bar sinister on nearly every shield. Second Chronicles is devoted to Solomon and his successors, and ends with Cyrus the Great, where Ezra takes up the tale. We have again to note that the story of Solomon in the Book of Chronicles is not exactly contemporaneous history. The account of Solomon was produced not less than six hundred years after his reign, and we cannot rely upon its all being true, not having anything whatever to substantiate it.

Reading these old genealogies produces a feeling of sadness that even the good of this world, "the chosen of God," "the immortal," "the miracle of succeeding ages," die; that the ancient world is but a graveyard; that were it not for the kindly offices of the resolving earth, we should be walking upon skeletons there, and burning mummies for fuel as they have done in Egypt.

Someone has said that the Book of Ruth was written about the date of the repudiation of wives, to show that it was not so bad to have heathen wives, for even David's great-grandmother was a Moabite woman. But I prefer to think of the Book of Ruth as a folk-story pure and simple, of great charm—though Ruth, perhaps, had passed the first bloom of her youth in Moab during her first marriage.

But the records of Judah were so full of examples of blood intermixture that a special book to illustrate it seems needless. In the kingly line, besides the mixture in David's line in the story of Ruth, there is a bar much more sinister. Solomon was the son of Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah the Hittite, and if she too, as would be quite natural, was a Hittite, Solomon was not only not pure Semitic, but half of an entirely foreign Aryan blood. There is every probability of an extensive mixture, not only of blood but of races. For in the thousand years of Hittite invasion and neighbourhood, the interchange of blood of Canaanites, Hittites and Israelites was undoubtedly continuous,

thus introducing a northern, blond tinge, which modified the original Semitic colour and type. It is doubtless true that the Greek Philistine and the much-travelled Phœnician also added to the conglomerate. Those who care for this question should read the second chapter of Judges, verses 5–6: "So the Israelites dwelt in the midst of the Canaanites, Hittites, Amorites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites; and took their daughters as wives, and married their own daughters to their sons, and served their gods." This is frank and refreshing. The question of exclusive marriage is perhaps misunderstood. It was not purity of race that Ezra and his followers insisted on, but purity of faith.

Looking again at the Jewish period of two hundred years in Babylonia as a time of literary activity, we can surmise that the Books of Kings were put together then. The eminent Jewish historian Graetz says that many of the penitential Psalms were composed and used then, and that the Proverbs were collected. Graetz's opinion on the question of the date and authorship of Job is entitled to weight; his theory is that Job was written in Babylon, by a Jew, to sustain the faith of his brethren in their belief in the great doctrine of Providence; that is, as I interpret it, God a Sovereign who does as he pleases. I have a literary consciousness, however, that the Book of Job is not Jewish but Arabian—to use those terms more in a geographical than a racial sense. Yet how to find the Arab! The man had seen the desert. He knew Teman and Sheba and the Sabæans, and he knew the camel and the tents of Kedar. He was no city man, no denizen of Babylon, much less of Jerusalem. How primal he is, how simple, yet how dignified; how far he is above the level of Ezekiel and Isaiah of Babylon, in his calm oasis of conclusion! It is so immeasurably superior to the rest of the work of this era, that we ask if it could have been a story recited far back in a more primitive nomad era, and written out in Babylon in this era. Here is a poem complete, sustained, elevated, and calm. It

relates not to some Messianic future, but to the immediate wants of a man's soul, to know what to think about life.

In his chief character, Job, the poet works out for us our fond ideal the Patriarch, not Abraham, but a vast world man; not our world, but the desert. We say we want to know the author, but we do not, for he is his own author, Job. He creates himself. He is not the man of the Greek drama who is caught in the whirlwind of a great passion or of a great temptation, but that desert birth, a great soul alone, contemplating the question before which "we stand confounded ever"—God's providence. This is so much greater a question than any human passion, that before it we are all helpless. But unlike us, struggling in our complicated net of modern civilisation, Job stands a noble figure, like a basalt rock in the Arabian desert—unapproachable. Nothing is proved, nothing can be, yet he lives on serene, the original Mussulman, who "submits" a thousand years before Mahomet.

As a literary problem, I ask, When was this book written, and by whom? I would give much to know. It is so unlike the others, in every way, that many have wished to call it a drama. It is so near a drama that one is often afraid that it will be. But the prologue breaks off without result, and we find ourselves sitting on the ground with four men discussing theology. There is no action, no movement, no machinery. There is no dénouement. The end of Job is not seen, it is only told. But we know, instinctively, that he lived long and prospered. This book, spite of its settling nothing, getting nowhere, leaves a sense of health in us, a profound calm that no other book of the Bible approaches. It is a piece of world poetry, which, if it were newly found some day in the desert, would make a profound sensation in literature. And if it were caught thus out alone, how quickly we would pitch that later theologian, Elihu, out of it—something we cannot now do because it is in the Bible! As it is, I earnestly hope that the menders-up of old poetry will let it all alone, will stop putting it into Greek clothes,

and let it stay what it is, an Arab story, and not a something that neither the ancient Arab nor the Hebrew ever thought of making—a drama.

There is a certain loss in changing the parallelism of Hebrew poetry into modern measures. That method was distinctive, and both the style and the archaic English into which it was rendered, and in which it won the heart of English readers, are holy—a feeling that modern English destroys, as it often makes the text vapid and perishable.

For the Psalms as a whole I do not think I could feel the same admiration that I do for Job. In a later chapter I will speak more fully of their place and quality as literature, and now refer principally to the question of their date, authorship, and probable reason for being. In his notes accompanying his translation of the Psalms, the acknowledged authority Wellhausen says: "The Psalter is a part of the Hagiography. It is the Hymn Book of the Second Temple. The titles of the Psalms presuppose the musical service described in the Book of Chronicles, and the David of these titles is the David of the Chronicler. With these facts before us, it is not a question whether there be any post-Exilic psalms, but rather whether the Psalms contain any poems written before the Exile. The strong family likeness forbids our distributing them among periods of Israelitish history widely separated in time and fundamentally unlike in character." That is, David as Religious was imagined by the Chronicler after seven hundred years had passed, just as Arthur as Chivalrous was imagined after the lapse of about the same 'ime.

In another place Wellhausen says: "The Psalm [xc.] was not written by Moses. He could not look back, as its writer does, on a long unhappy history of his people." "It is clear that the community is speaking." He uses the same argument in the case of Psalms called Solomon's—the circumstances narrated do not fit the time or the fortunes of Solomon. The same argument applies to David, and to those psalms attributed

to him. "'David and his descendants forever' is that Messianic article of the Jewish creed which was held fast when faith and facts presented but slight correspondence."

"It is commonly recognised that the historical notices given in the titles do not contain genuine traditions." A Messianic idea of which David was the ideal image may explain the words "of David" which occur in the titles; as Zion was not in all cases the city or the temple of Jerusalem, but the Ideal Nation, the Theocratic conception of those that looked for the reign of J H V H—the Kingdom that was to be forever—but is forever to be!

The critic finds in the Psalms a collection of poems by various hands, produced at dates inferred to reach from the Captivity in Babylon through the formative stages in Judea under Persian domination, through the long period under Greek and Syrian rule, with their oppressive laws, into and beyond the Maccabean independence, and perhaps reaching the late date of the full-blown era of the Sanhedrim. They bear names belonging to an older period, and are attributed thus to celebrities in the pseudonymous manner which flourished among the Jews, a method we see in use elsewhere, in the Proverbs, the Songs of Songs, and Ecclesiastes.

But the Psalms help us to see the birth, growth and continuance of the Jewish Nation, whether we consider it in the light of a Nation or a Faith. That is to say, we see here the expression of that Messianic hope or expectation—not the coming of any one person, David or another, as a Redeemer, but the establishment of the Messianic Nation, Israel.

In these poems, Israel, Judah, David the Ideal King, the Throne, the seat of Jahveh where the Theocracy is triumphant, are synonymous terms.

We shall see, in reading the Psalms in the light of modern study, the exalted expectations of the pious Jews; their views of professional piety stamped themselves upon the vision, and were handed down from age to age, and

even now constitute that seemingly indestructible hope of the pious Jew. And no one can now say precisely whether the poems are an expression of personal feeling, experiences of individual hearts, or of ceremonial, metaphorical hearts speaking with the voice of the anonymous poet.

In the Psalms we shall see the idea come to fruition that the pious are "righteous." This is the result in all the large theoretic intellectually-religious movements of history — in Judaism, in Buddhism, in Romanism—as soon as matured and firm set. Righteousness is not goodness, not even morality; it is conformity, adhesion, belief, observance, and lastly obedience to the priestly power or the Theocratic régime. To be "unrighteous" is to be the opposite, to be outside the pale, reprobate; to be, in a word, that worst thing in all the realm of things, Heathen; and one of the Jewish blood can be heathen as well as a Gentile.

This theory, that Religion is the principal occupation, the only thing worth while, got at large in the world, at length, and worked immeasurable mischief. Into that dangerous and fiery furnace the Jews for four or five hundred years threw their energies, with the usual result; the Theocracy getting arrogantly hot, neglected the necessary political and earthly duties and burnt itself up—as all theocracies do.

There are two other books that belong in the rank of literature, but not of the Babylonian Era, that have been the subject of great doubt and even mystery. Graetz would put the appearance of the Song of Songs at the year 209 B. C. This short love lyric or drama, as it has been called, of only about 1,200 words, was the puzzle of the Middle Ages, having been considered both as a song of ecstasy of the Church as the Bride of Christ, and again as the one love lyric of the Jew, written in a moment of moral forgetfulness. Its authorship has never been determined. It may have been a lyric of some inglorious Jewish Sappho, or, if it was a drama, of some incipient Jewish Maeterlinck of Jerusalem.

Ecclesiastes is a dangerous book, because of the company it is in. The Renan of his day dared not acknowledge its entangling paradoxes, and so hung it upon the name of that stalking-horse, Solomon. It could not have been written in Babylon, because the age was yet too unsophisticated. It was not done in Alexandria by some Greek, because the Greek did not feel that way—all life was not vanity to him. It could not have been written by Herod; he was not that dilettante, writing subtilties for subtilties' sake. It must have been done by some Jew who was caught between his old faith and his new, just as many Jews are now in our day, wearing the garb of Judaism while greedily rolling in the luxuries of this golden age of ours. The spirits of Ezekiel and Isaiah were not present at the inception of this fruitless book. If we were to find it now for the first time in Alexandria we should not canonise it. Doubtless it was written in Jerusalem. I know of no other place so likely; where there was wealth, luxury and ease, but where all that makes life worth having, art, science, philosophy, knowledge, the study of nature, civic life, social life, any real national affairs, are absent—where there was only a bitter disappointment of ambition, and a bitter religion, without any real belief in the soul to sustain the heart.

This deadlock of the intellect which we see in Jerusalem and in Paris—in Renan as in Koheleth—comes from the subjection of the intellect to the philosophy of the Jew, a gloomy religion that holds the world in the grasp of an iron hand; a hand gloved with the illusion of moral freedom, softened a little for a few fortunate ones with the hope of comfort and pleasure, but holding out no explanation of life, nor any prospect of relief from its mazes, which end only in a *cul de sac*.

We have only to contrast this book with a hundred books of our own day, with Emerson first, and with a hundred others, and with all who begin to comprehend the life of the Human Being, to see the immense advance that the world has made in understanding and spirituality.

CHAPTER XIII

Jewish Jerusalem Created

The descendants of the men who were transported to Babylon created at Jerusalem a state, but a state entirely different from the one that had existed there before. It is evident that the individual in the state had come to his own, that the new era of the world was as positive a fact there as in Greece. But what is more significant is that the new people had created a church—the Jewish church.

We can call this people a nation, for they had the first requisite of a nation, a country of their own to stand on; and for four or five hundred years they enjoyed a distinct political and geographical name, though only for a brief interval independent. Freeman said of Rome, "She was not a nation, but a power"; and we might say of Judea, She was not a nation, but a faith; but this would apply rather to the era after the fall of Jerusalem, in A. D. 70, than the one I am speaking of. They created the Great Assembly before Nehemiah's first return to Persia—a democratic management of internal affairs, subject to the Persian overlordship; and later they created the Sanhedrim, that power within a power, acting for all religious affairs with the High Priest, who later assumed political powers which were almost, and in some ways quite, kingly.

We see, too, another step of great moment, the beginning of the Synagogue. Though the temple had been consecrated and the sacrificial fires relighted in 516 B. C., yet men saw the need of a place where public prayer could be offered, where the law could be read and talked about; and saw, perhaps dimly, that the Prophet had spoken the truth when he declared that blood

sacrifices were not desired by Jehovah, were in fact an abomination. It took some hundreds of years, and the loss of the temple, for the Jews to believe it and act upon it; but it is their glory that they eventually did.

The growth of the office of High Priest is one of the most instructive passages in their history. That fascinating doctrine which still has its devotees in Europe, that there can be a Priest-Ruler (with a private wire to heaven), is always fatal to nations, even as it was to the Jews.

Graetz gives a table of names of High Priests, of which there were seven down to Alexander's conquest. From 332 B. C. through the Græco-Syrian age, the mixed Maccabean and Syrian periods, and under the Romans down to Herod, 37 B. C., there were eighteen High Priests. The hundred years that comprise the reigns of Herod and his sons, and the various intervening procuratorships down to the fall of Jerusalem, in 70 A. D., were times of rapid change in the church, almost of anarchy; for we have the names of twenty-nine High Priests in that period.

We must keep constantly in mind the fact that the Persian power in Babylonia, and in Asia Minor and Palestine, lasted till Alexander, in 332 B. C., began to mow that swath through Asia that made the modern world felt there, that made a new Egypt, and threw the gates of the new day wide open. Strictly speaking, the Alexandrian period in Palestine was brief; and it brought on that long and harassing alternate domination of the Syrian Greek (the Seleucidæ) and the Alexandrian Greek (the Ptolemies), interrupted by the Maccabean uprising (175 to 140 B. C.).

In 140 B. C., Simon was made hereditary High Priest and Prince; thus beginning the Hasmonean dynasty, which lasted till the appointment of Herod as King by the Roman Senate, in 37 B. C., and constituted an almost ideal theocratic princely state—that is, one of ambition with religion as its excuse. Herod had been Governor of Galilee under the Romans, Gov-

ernor of Cœle-Syria from 47 to 42 B. C., and Associate Tetrarch of Judea from 42 to 40 B. C.; and was then proclaimed king by the Roman Senate, but did not capture Jerusalem till 37 B.C.

While the Maccabean era of the Jews is full of that interest with which a struggle for political liberty fills the mind, the interest deepens with the Hasmonean family, priests by human election, kings by a divine vicarage. They became royal; the last two of the line, Mariamne, the wife of Herod the Great, and her daughter Alexandra, were both put to death by Herod. What the Hasmonean family might have effected if the course of destiny had been different, none can say. Such conjectures are always idle. But in the hundred years of its course it changed from the patriot type to the personal, priestly, monarchical type, conforming more to earth than heaven. But this one hundred years probably consolidated the Jewish national spirit, which resulted in that series of struggles, of wars, of massacres, and of annihilations that filled the last century B. C. and the first A. D. with a shudder from which it is still impossible to escape.

The Hasmonean dynasty illustrates better than any other the union of church and state called a theocracy; the ruler as priest acting with sacred authority, and as prince with secular. The hundred years of this dynasty are marked by as great ambitions, as great crimes, and as great disasters as any like time in history. All the passions that make a theocracy worse than a separate political government came into play. These were intensified by the doctrinal differences which came in with the new philosophies and new worldly affiliations.

For, about the year 109 B. C., we witness the rise of the three famous sects in Palestine called the Pharisees, the Sadducees, and the Essenes; the last the one attempt of any moment as a Communistic organisation, with resemblances to a Monastic, in the history of the Jews. The Essenes are but one of the many symptoms of the approach of Christianity, and the inadequacy

of the Jewish church to satisfy the demands of advancing spiritual thought. The difference between the Pharisee and the Sadducee marks that rift in the intellectual and political life of Judaism that was inevitable in a modern era, and that separation which, under various forms and names, continued through many centuries in the Christian era.

We cannot too soon face the fact that the Judea of the pietist was also the Judea of the man of the world. The Jews were in close connection with Syria, Alexandria and Rome. Greek feasts and games were introduced into Jerusalem; and in fact a Hellenist party was formed about 200 B. C., which lasted for sixty years, Greek philosophy then apparently giving way to the Judaic view and practice.

The intimate relations with Alexandria and the spread and prevalence of Jewish ideas are shown by the translation of the Thora (Pentateuch) in Alexandria, about the year 150 B. C. This "Septuagint" version was long fabled to be the work of seventy eminent Jews, gathered for the purpose at an earlier date; but instead, it is now thought to have been by two or three Hebrew scholars, and the translation of the whole of the canon into Greek was the work of separate hands and of a late and indefinite period.

During the Hasmonean reigns, Idumea (Edom) had been conquered, and incorporated with Judea. It was this that gave Herod his Jewish nationality, for he was an Idumean. Idumea had its poetic revenge, however; for the Idumeans (with the Zealots of Galilee) threw themselves into Jerusalem in the year 70 A. D., and compelled the citizens to resist Vespasian.

The Romans had reduced Samaria long before the capture of Jerusalem by Pompey; and about 109 B. C. they destroyed the temple on Mount Gerizim, which had been in use for three hundred years by the Samaritans—a rival of the one built by Ezra at Jerusalem. It would appear from this that the "lost tribe" of Ephraim was on the ground and in full vigour between

these dates, and was as little in sympathy with Judah as before. Jerusalem itself surrendered to Pompey in 61 or 63 B. C. (Jewish and Christian dates differ two years or more.)

The Jew has become as a man of the world very unlike him of that hermit nation which Nebuchadrezzar so fortunately destroyed. The Jewish faith was so far formed, the Judaic racial idea so developed, that Jerusalem became important, the population of Judea increased, the Jewish national spirit became fixed in its final aspects. But with all this, it was impossible that the Jews should be a hermit people. They must have known and felt all that the Persian mind and culture could pour out in the two centuries of its rule; it is certain that they had received from that source fresh ideas of man's nature and of the philosophy of his existence, his destiny, and of the powers that surround him. It is impossible that Palestine could be a dependency of Greece, or Macedonia, or Syria, for two hundred years more, and not have become acquainted with the literature, the philosophy and the arts of the most wonderful single intellectual productive period in ancient history.

If we let our imagination fly away with us, we shall be dreaming of the myths of the proto-Grecian ages, and of all that went between in that most diversified and charming land on earth. This country, which we call Asia Minor, at the date of the era we are considering was full of cities and arts, and wore almost all the aspects of this, the modern world. But we must hold fast, if we can, to that later "Lydia" which concerns the Jews so intimately, and take a long, steady look at those cities which alone account for the development of the Jews; for Palestine was then not much more adapted to the support of a growing and maturing people than it is to-day.

No one can explain the increase of the Jewish people without taking into account the cities of Asia Minor, to which they emigrated—Tarsus, Iconium, Antioch, Ephesus, Sardis, Thyatira, Pergamus, Philadelphia, Laodicea, Smyrna on its celebrated bay, and of all that coast so indented with harbours; or

without noting the cities of Ægean Greece, as Athens and Corinth; and of the Greek Alexandria, whose Jewish population many times exceeded that of Jerusalem.

In the three hundred years succeeding the Persian domination, Judea, Samaria and Galilee developed in population and wealth so that they were a prize worthy the attention of the Roman power when it overtook the Eastern World. They no doubt contributed men, money and supplies to that sovereign power during that long war with the Parthians, which tested the resources of the Seleucidæ and at length of the Romans.

Within this period is to be found the complete modernisation of the Jewish people, their association with the Greek people in Alexandria, and in all those cities of Asia Minor where their talents found play, and in which they became "citizens of the world."

From 500 B. C. and onward, the historic picture is truly worth gazing at: Rome and Carthage filling the West, and Greece, Egypt, and Asia Minor the East—all related in art, literature, and government. Their military glory floods the picture with colour no subsequent wars can vie with. The interrelated arts of sculpture and architecture mark the highest reach of human skill. Architecture possesses a magnificence and a glory which only he who has dreamed over again the dream of splendour in Rome and Athens can begin to realise. The human being has now a vigour and a power which make him sublime. His intellect is at the highest level attained in the world. His literature becomes a model for all succeeding ages, and the method of his philosophic thought becomes a pattern for all coming philosophers.

It was in such a time that the Jewish nation came to its growth in numbers and in intellectual life, became a part of this life, and put a tremendous impress upon modern thought. Finally the Romans extinguished the princely line which, but for them, might possibly have made a Judea that would have

lasted a thousand years. For in that time the Jews coined money, built palaces and fortresses, and conformed generally to the customs of the world. They spoke Greek and Syrian, and perhaps a few learned men spoke Hebrew and used it in writing. But vital harmony was absent. The probability is that the sects, as sects, never would have sacrificed themselves to patriotism, however ready to sacrifice life itself they were. There was a difference between the ruling Sadducees and the unbending Pharisees, with their offshoot the Essenes, that forbade anything but the most clumsy welding.

The first duty of a people is to create and consolidate and render unassailable the national-political position, to sink differences in the common weal. To make religion the paramount object of government is a hallucination. The well being of the social organisation is the essence of government. The differences between the two elements in Judea were fundamental, and much as we can admire Pharisees (somewhere else, and in some other time than our own), all history teaches us that in their way lies political disintegration, and not far off lie subjection and dispersion.

Judea had within its own breast the seeds of political disaster, which, ripening, resulted in its disinheritance. Judea should not be called a state. It was rather a nursery of men, an aggregation of men, with something like a common impulse, but not a political one. Let us say, rather, it was a people with a disintegrating dream of an impossible future, with which was blended a futile belief in a fictitious and irrecoverable past.

CHAPTER XIV

Herod and His Family

To understand the political conditions at the date of Christ's birth, we must grapple with intricate and tiresome personal stories. We must take our gaze from the Eastern World at large and the Hellenised section now called Asia Minor, and consider that smaller one called Syria; and then that section yet so much smaller in extent, Palestine, as it existed at the beginning of the Christian Era. To have Syria in view, begin at Mount Carmel, on the bold southern headland of the Bay of Acre on the Mediterranean, with the City of Ptolemais; then embrace all Phœnicia with its old cities, Tyre and Sidon; then consider its numerous new cities, Berytus, Byblus, Laodicea, and Posidium; then go on past the mouth of the Orontes to Antioch, the capital of Seleucia; thence past the Bay of Issus, northward, till the Euphrates is reached; then southward, embracing the cities of Samosata, Hierapolis, Batanæa, Chalcis, Palmyra (Tadmor) and Damascus, and we have a country thickly populated, perhaps at this date the most active section of the East.

We must then take into view the four countries respectively called Samaria, Galilee, Decapolis and Perea, which make up the northern two-thirds of what we now call Palestine. Beginning just south of Damascus, these four countries, together about one hundred miles long and the same wide, at the Advent of Christ are populous and thriving. Cæsarea Philippi has been made the royal residence of Philip, the Tetrarch of Decapolis. Galilee has its Tiberias, Samaria its Sebasté and its Cæsarea on the sea. Both those provinces were packed full of busy people.

Who were these people? Were they Jews? They were never so classed, spoken of, or acknowledged at Jerusalem. They were, in fact, the product, as the chemist might say, of the mixing of the original emigration from Arabia, Canaanites, Phœnicians, Israelites, and later Hittites, Assyrians, Persians, and Syrian Greeks, intermingling in the course of hundreds of years.

The political division of Palestine called Judea, anciently Judah, with Idumea, was not one-third of Palestine. But it had Jerusalem, the capital of the faith, as it was held by Jews, Samaritans and Galileans, but held in the latter countries more traditionally, less rigidly, than in Judea. The city of Jerusalem was the seat of orthodoxy, with its Sanhedrim, the court of last resort in questions of religious belief and practice. Judea seems to have yielded far less to Greek ideas, to modern inquiry, than the northern states, with their mixed populations.

Idumea, the ancient Edom, was not closely united to Judea; there was no whole bond of brotherhood, no real bond of faith. Idumea was united to Judea politically, because Herod the Great was an Idumean and was made the Roman Vassal-king over both countries, and also over all northern Palestine.

The establishment by the Romans, in 37 B. C., of Herod as king over a consolidated Palestine did much for its material embellishment. Cæsarea became a splendid city and a kingly residence, as was also Jericho; and Jerusalem received from Herod's hands a new temple, which is described as truly magnificent, a magnificence lacking in both the preceding structures. If Herod could have lived on, or could he have escaped the vice of Eastern families and perpetuated his throne, Palestine might, at some weak moment of the Roman Empire, have become independent. Herod died in the year 4 B. C., escaping by four years the charge of the slaughter of the newborn children at Bethlehem through Dionysius's kindly chronology.

The successors of Herod were three of his sons: Archelaus, Tetrarch over Judea, Samaria and Idumea; Antipas, over Galilee and Perea (east of the Jordan); Philip, over Batanæa, Auranitis, and Trachonitis (east of Galilee), of which Cæsarea Philippi at length became the capital. Philip's reign lasted in peace till the year 34 A. D., when he died, and his territories were incorporated with the province of Syria.

Antipas had a somewhat longer but a much more eventful reign than his brother Philip, extending from the year 4 B. C. till he was deposed by Caligula, A. D. 39, and banished to Gaul. This Herod had the honour of being the ruler of Perea when John the Baptist was preaching in that province. He regretfully kept the word of a king when Herodias, his adulterous wife, demanded John's head in a charger, as a reward for the skill of her daughter Salome in the Oriental dance before Antipas. He was also the master of Galilee, in which province Jesus belonged, and is the Herod who declined Pilate's polite invitation to try Jesus on the ground that he was a subject of his in Galilee. The trial in Jerusalem having originated in the Sanhedrim for violation of the religious, not the civil law, Pilate was in the excruciating dilemma of facing an accusing conscience and an unrelenting Sanhedrim. It is said that Antipas never had seen Jesus till he was brought before him in Jerusalem, though he had wished to see him. Antipas built the city of Tiberias, on the Sea of Galilee, for a capital; but it is now only memorable by its close association with those familiar names, Nazareth, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Cana, and the Galilean Lake. In A. D. 37, Agrippa, the brother of Herodias, was made ruler of the former territories of Philip, with the title of King; and when Antipas was banished to Gaul in 39 A. D., the control of Galilee and Berea also was bestowed upon him.

Herod Archelaus had but a brief reign over Judea, Samaria and Idumea. He had a much more difficult problem than his brothers; for in Jerusalem he encountered the real Jews,

while his brothers had to deal only with those in whom the original "precious drop"—the blood of Israel—had been adulterated more or less, and whose orthodoxy was always liable to variations caused by the proximity of the wilderness, the sea, the desert, and various other heretic-breeding influences foreign to Jerusalem life and piety. Archelaus's reign lasted only till the year A. D. 6, when he was banished to Gaul by the Emperor Augustus, and Judea was reduced to the rank of a province under a procurator, and became with Samaria and Idumea the absolute property of Rome.

Coponius was made procurator (an official of rank next to a proconsul) with judicial and military powers, and held office till the year 9 A. D. Cæsarea was the Roman capital and the military station. The fanatical revolt of Judas of Galilee against the proposed census and taxation was suppressed. The administrations of the successive procurators under Augustus to A. D. 14, and under Tiberius, A. D. 14–37, continued, but with constant friction. The name of Pontius Pilate bears the dates A. D. 26 to 35; and it is probable that he disappeared at Rome when his superior Vitellius, proconsul of Syria, reported his conduct to Rome about the time that Caligula became Emperor at the death of Tiberius.

Agrippa I. had been made King over the former tetrarchies of Philip and Antipas; and now, in the year 41 A. D., Claudius, the successor of Caligula, extended his powers so that he became King of Judea also, or rather King over the whole of the old Herodian Palestine, thereby repairing the mistake of Augustus in dividing Palestine among the sons of Herod. He lived, however, only till 44 A. D., and was succeeded by his son Agrippa II., a lad of only seventeen. But Judea was soon again placed under the charge of procurators: Cuspius Fadus, 44–46; Tiberius Alexander, 47–48; Cumanus, 48–52; Felix, 52–60. Nero was Emperor, 54–68, and replaced Felix with Porcius Festus, 60–62, with Albinus, 62–64, Gessius Florus, 64–66, the last of the procurators. The above statements are very dry,

but may be relieved by recalling the fact that both Felix and Festus are connected with Paul's trials.

The names Herod and Agrippa are interwoven in the New Testament story in a way that is confusing to the casual reader. Herod the Great was an Idumean, nominally converted, but not wholly if at all of Jewish blood. Idumea (ancient Edom) was primarily Arabic, but had been incorporated with the Palestinian province by Herod. The history of three of Herod's sons has been already recited. The connection with the name Agrippa is our present interest. Herod (Boethus), a half-brother of the three tetrarchs, lived at Rome, and was married to Herodias, granddaughter of the beautiful Hasmonean princess Mariamne, the wife whom Herod the Great put to death in a fit of insane jealousy. Herodias, ambitious for a higher sphere, captivated Herod Antipas on one of his visits to Rome, and deserted her husband for him. This necessitated a rearrangement in Galilee, where Antipas already had a wife, daughter of the Nabatæan King Aretas (southeast of the Dead Sea). Aretas attacked Antipas, and Antipas was defeated. But the marriage with Herodias was adhered to. Herod Agrippa was the own brother of Herodias. He was grandson of Mariamne, and in his veins were united the Hasmonean and the Idumean bloods. He was a friend of Caligula, who, as soon as he became Emperor, made Herod Agrippa King of the territories formerly held by Herod Philip, as before recited. Herodias had made a false move in endeavouring to get for her husband Antipas the title of King. The result was unfortunate in the extreme; for Caligula instead banished Antipas to Gaul, and incorporated his tetrarchy into Agrippa's dominions, which now thereby extended over all the north. As before related, Agrippa finally became King over Samaria, Judea and Idumea; also master thus of the old kingdom of Herod the Great.

It was his son and successor who, in A. D. 44, was deprived by Rome of the southern provinces, which were placed again

under procurators. Agrippa II. remained faithful to Rome through all the convulsions of the next years, the fall of Jerusalem, and the extinction of the Jewish régime, and died at Rome in the year 91 or 93 A. D., whereupon his kingdom was incorporated with Syria.

There was one romantic member of the family, Berenice, the sister of Agrippa II. To those who love a lover, this story will always appeal. This beautiful princess followed Titus to Rome after the fall of Jerusalem, was exiled, but reappeared in Rome when Titus became Emperor; but pride and prejudice forbade her becoming his wife. Her end is not known, but in her final defeat the Jewish historian lost another example of earthly elevation always so dear to his pen.

From the year 66 A. D., everybody and everything animate and inanimate in the Jewish world is bewitched. All hatreds known to the human breast break out; all the concentrated religious fanaticisms of ages rise and seize control of the whole population; prudence, good sense and reason vanish. A stampede of wild horses over a precipice is about all that one can clearly make out. Speaking after the manner of the Jewish belief, the Romans are the unwilling instruments to put an end to a Jewish experiment in national life that had proved an abhorrent failure—like all others that had preceded it, if the Jewish accounts are a true statement of the workings of the Jewish ideas of theocratic government.

And to the historian, the last years of the first century are so full of spectres that one can find no verifiable facts.

The apparition of zealots, of robbers and murderers, of priests, scribes, Sadducees and Pharisees, with legions of soldiers in Palestine, obscures the sun in the whole Eastern sky, till a sense of horror overcomes the reader. The apparition of Nero (54–68 A. D.) throws a convulsive shadow over the page of history, till one forgets that of the millions dwelling in peace in the Empire, only a few thousands are engaged in the

delirium of war and political strife. But it is not alone the sense of horror that troubles the reader, it is the impossibility of arriving at any truth. Josephus takes the old battles of the Israelites as his model, and excels his model in exaggeration. Between Roman willingness and Josephus's compliance, the siege of Jerusalem is said to have cost 1,100,000 lives! Renan, in his sober history of Israel, says Jerusalem never contained over 50,000 inhabitants, while in his "Antichrist" he calmly repeats these immense and impossible fictions of Josephus of the slain at Jerusalem, the numbers sold into slavery, and gives in detail the immense numbers sacrificed in the fêtes given by Titus in the fall of 70 A. D. in the cities of Syria.

I do not question the heroism of the besieged or the besiegers, but I have never yet been able to adjust these events with the known laws of space and of human existence. I know, however, that the imagination can compress a fluid gallon into a thimble, but the imagination ought to be willing to let the world of readers have a little respite from the great spectres of the past.

But to return. With the fall of Jerusalem ceased the temple daily sacrifice, and the Jewish faith was without a home. Many hundred years before, Isaiah had said, "Sacrifices I do not want." But the sacerdote never learns anything—he only dies. And Jewish sacerdotalism now dies, and the Jews are free to face a new future.

Jerusalem fell in September, 70 A. D., after a siege of almost five months, following a constant agitation since the year 66 A. D. Galilee, Samaria, and all the open countries of Palestine had been devastated; massacres had occurred in many of the Syrian cities where Jews were living, and in Alexandria, the magnitude of which it is now impossible to learn. After the fall of Jerusalem the Romans reduced Herodion and Masode, fortresses on the west of the Dead Sea, and Machæro on the east, and the last military resistance was over.

In the course of only forty years, in the reign of Trajan

(98–117 A. D.), the loss of life stated far exceeds any that was possible in 66–70 A. D. While Trajan in the latter years of his reign was engaged in the war with the Parthians, the Jews all over the East were in a ferment. Hopes of a new lease of national life sprang up. According to the historian Graetz, not only did the Jews of Babylon forcibly resist the Emperors' army in the Euphrates Valley, but the Jews of Egypt, Cyrenaica, and all Libya besides, and of Cyprus, tried to throw off the yoke of the Romans. In Egypt the Jews killed so many that it seemed almost a compensation for the slaughter in Palestine forty years before. In return, Turbo, the Roman general, killed so many Jews "that the sea was tinged with blood from Egypt to the Island of Cyprus."

In Cyrenaica (west of Egypt), it is related, the Jews slew 200,000 Greeks and Romans, while Libya was so completely devastated that it had to be recolonized; in Cyprus, the Jews slew 240,000 Greeks and destroyed the city of Salome. Such are the incredible stories.

One can imagine what numbers of Jews were slaughtered after Trajan's generals got warmed up to the work. The statements all show that modern weapons are harmless beside the ravening sword, and modern newspaper reporters modest and truthful beside the ancient chronicler!

Hadrian succeeded Trajan in 117 A. D., and had the task of putting out the fire of the Jewish military hopes. His general, Quietus, had a name felicitously appropriate to the condition of civil death he brought about.

One more revolt completes the tale of the Jewish national wars—that of Bar Cochba. Proclaiming himself the Messiah, he was accepted as such by Rabbi Akiba, and became the centre of another extensive and dangerous revolt which lasted some three years. The countries of Galilee and Samaria are described as populous and rich, and the fortifications as places of great strength. "Nine hundred cities and villages, and fifty fortified places fell into the hands of the rebels." How

quickly Israel revives! Half a generation from the time it was turned almost into a desert!

The Roman general, Julius Severus, recalled from Britain to take command of Palestine, in the course of some three years and some fifty battles reduced the fortresses, and laid siege to Bethar on the coast of the Mediterranean, the last stronghold of the rebels.

The fall of Bethar, about 134 A. D., entailed all the horrors of rapine, slavery, and the devastation of a country, and is the last act in the drama of Jewish military effort. Bar Cochba was in the siege, and his head was brought to the Roman general, but the manner of his death is not known.

Hadrian attempted to rebuild Jerusalem as a Roman city, in which to institute the Roman religion. The religious dispersions of the Jews now ensue; that is, the founding of new schools and an era of abstraction from political affairs, which forms a distinct period in itself.

The various Jewish communities existing for several centuries in the Euphrates lands, in Arabia, in Egypt, in Greece, and in Rome, were a part of the transforming world. The Talmud forbids us to doubt the skill of the Rabbis, their wit, their humour, their shrewdness, their penetration, their knowledge of things, any more than to doubt the Jews' capacity for labour and their sense and decency. The Jews were hampered by their literature; they took it for statute law; they were in fact mastered by their own mediævalism, as ours still obstructs the stream of free and progressive thought in Europe.

Judaism set itself to work with great diligence to examine the past. It relied on it; it remained fixed in attitude, insensible to the law of progress. But it did not die, and it became the admiration of men who believed in final and single revelations. It admired itself most of all, for never has so much self-admiration been lavished upon a race. The system which we must recognise as Rabbinism is Religion looking back—faced the wrong way. It is indeed individualism,

and has enormous attractions; but it is a sterile individualism.

The Talmud, on the whole, is probably the fittest monument the Jews will ever have. The Rabbis spent several centuries in building it. It seems to me as useless a work as the Pyramids. But it did not seem so to the Jews during their long period of contemplation—which we may call the Regret of Rabbinism.

Nearly all peoples make the same mistake. To live in the past is fatal to nations. Nearly all the span of national life after the first freshness is past is thus wasted. A people looks back to its golden age, to the time when it had a revelation, or a name, or a career above all others—it is the Regret of Nations.

To live in the past is fatal to happiness. Men bear on their anxious hearts not only their own deaths, but the deaths of all time. They weigh themselves down with great aggregates of suffering: the fate of nations, their death and burial in the sands of the deserts of the world, the sinking of ships of state in the great oceans of the past. It is all a waste, a waste of the true privilege of the race, which is to live in the present.

When man is really liberated from the idea that institutions have some mysterious self-existence, separate from himself, some powers of volition and construction of which he is not the author and artisan, he will not waste himself upon abstractions of his imagination, losing thereby the greater part of this enthralling real world in which we live. Then he will not lament the passing away of a society whose component parts were long since dust, but whose splendours or whose arts fill his imagination with sadness; he will not mourn a royalty of grandeur or a nation of valour, long after the living beings that composed its political organisms are gone, as though he had himself lost a kingdom.

CHAPTER XV

The Old Testament as Literature

When we speak of the Old Testament as "literature," we seem to forget that it is a Sacred Book—one of the Sacred Books of the world—and therefore in a class by itself.

I would for the moment narrow down this definition, and say that it is the Sacred Book of the Jews. And I must reiterate that by the term the Jews, I mean that people who came into a definite national existence about the fifth century B. C., organised a society and a church, had a name, a country to stand on, and made themselves felt as a part of the great epoch which we call the Classical World about the Mediterranean.

It will require an effort of the mind to grasp it; hence I again insist that I do not at all mean Shem, nor Abraham as a great father, nor that Israel which is a religious name; when I say The Jews, I do not in the least mean the Mosaic tribes moving northward to fresh pastures, nor even the people of the religion of Jahveh in the two kingdoms Judah and Israel. I mean the political-social organisation of the people occupying Judea (not Samaria, Galilee, Syria, or Idumea), who, spreading about the Mediterranean countries, Babylonia and Arabia, from the fifth century and onward, used all the traditions of which they might or might not be the legitimate owners, and the cult of Sinai, to form a background for their own religious organisations.

I am well aware that the common belief is that "Judaism" was fully formed at Sinai, but we cannot go far in a study of the question before discovering that Judaism as a cult of the

four centuries before Christ, with its ecclesiastical power, was far different from the Israelitish organisation; as different as was the Judaic civilisation from that of the Mosaic Era. If this historic view is correct, we have an explanation of the formation and existence of the Old Testament that may be of use to us.

Some have thought that the book was an accretion of literature from Moses down to our era, and that its sacredness was the result of time. But it is evident that the Old Testament was a collection of writings to serve the Jewish ecclesiast as a sacred, religious volume. How deliberate this purpose was, we can see when, not to specify others, we analyse the Book of Isaiah, which is an arrangement under one name of chapters and verses entirely unrelated in time, separated by two hundred years certainly, and in parts probably four hundred.

The sacred canon was not formed by accident, but by authority; as we see by the fact that certain books which, though of an equal literary value, are now in the Apocrypha. The formation of the Sacred Book, we seem to see, was necessary to preserve all the traditions; but its principal uses were to give, first the theology, and second the law, as the "Constitution" of the nation. The claim made that this theory of social and political life was not invented, but had been anciently revealed and commanded, is what gave it its authority and made it sacred. Looking back now, we say that the evidence of the divine appearance is not sufficient. At Sinai the Exodus was like that from England three centuries ago. When the Pilgrim Fathers landed, no God walked on the shore and gave commands. The theology of the Jews was like ours, a process of invention, accretion, and rejection; not so pleasing to the imagination as a revelation, but more in accordance with what we know of life and history.

Our interest in the Old Testament as a Sacred Book is more intense, as well as more unreasoning, than that of the Jew. We do not use it as a system of jurisprudence, as he wished to do.

We have gone a long distance from it in our social customs. We do not let it restrain our image making. We do not keep the Sabbath. We refuse to obey its most distinguishing command. We only make a pretence of blood sacrifice. We have to feign respect for the acts of the men of the Old Testament, for Abraham, for Jacob, for Jephtha, for David and Solomon and the later Kings, whose lives are a most flagrant contradiction of our modern ideas of morality. Yet the Old Testament is our Sacred Book by adoption—with a now much neglected appendix. As such it can be considered as literature only at great risk; for it must not be criticised, but only explained.

Most people seem to have an idea that the Old Testament was a kind of handbook of the Jews, a collection of literature with which all were supplied; but in fact there were only copies in the hand of some authority or some scribe. We see that no one read it except the professional men; that the synagogue for its reading and discussion was not devised till toward the end of the Jewish Era; and that instruction in the law was oral. We also see that with us of this Christian Era, the same facts obtain; in our case the Scriptures were available only in a scholastic language, down to the Reformation; so that in the former cases the people were no more "nurtured" on the Bible, despite our preachers, than notoriously in the latter.

The Bible has never been a reading book until within a few decades; it was either an oracle or the official source of dogma. This leads us to the reflection that the question of the Old Testament's being "literature" is a recent one. Up to only the other day it was to us but a religious work. It was so to the Jews, who had no literary intention in putting it together. The resentment which many feel when it is proposed to examine it as literature is a legitimate one; for to them it is a sacred, not a worldly book.

We are fast coming to understand the Old Testament Scriptures as we are coming to understand the Koran and the

Avestas; that is, to learn what their relation to the people who created them was or is, to see their real value aside from the question if they were well written. The preacher who said with intense emphasis, "If Moses did not write the Pentateuch, then is our faith vain," meant that the elimination of the miraculous authority in the text would destroy its sacred character.

Most persons fear to part with the miraculous for fear of losing their faith in all illusions; teaching their children old fables, that they may have the discipline, or the pleasure, of sloughing them off in later life.

No doubt some of us feel that a book that was destined to affect the race, as the Old Testament undoubtedly has done, might have been rid by its sponsors of the incredible before it was presented to the modern world. But such is not the habit of Scriptures. The Greek knew that his Olympus was a poetic-religious fiction long before he lent his book to posterity. The Hindu knew that Mount Meru was neither Heaven nor the centre of the earth long before his thoughts were written out. Vigfusson transmitted to Europe the Eddas as legends that had long been merely poetry. The voice of God, the shapes of terror, the fires, the finger of God that writes, are metaphors that please humanity. Yet happy would it have been for us if we could have nothing but the truth about the Red Sea and the marvels of Sinai. Fortunate would it have been could some Maimonides, in the early times of Europe, have done for those who received the Hebrew book what he did for his compatriots of the twelfth century: placed the emphasis of their Scriptures on the moral, social and religious laws, instead of on the wonders of Sinai, and the value of Holy Writ elsewhere than on the fables of Genesis. And the intellectual movements of Europe would have been easier could the first chapter of Genesis, whose nativity was most likely in Babylon, have been presented as a leaflet of science out of a possible large and calm conception of God, which alone can begin to meet the

view of the universe we now have, or which the man who wrote that fragment must have had. What, I ask, would not have been the value of the Hebrew book to humanity could the scribe that handed out that scroll, with the name of the Elohim inscribed on it as the Creator, have been enjoined before it also scattered the fables of the Jahvistic religion for the confounding of men!

The chronological question that has any vital interest is the date of the Pentateuch, or the Hexateuch—the term inclusive of Joshua; and interior and vital in this, the date and authorship of Genesis. Mr. Sayce, in the *Homiletic Review* for February, 1896, says that the date is a problem of archæology, not of philology. I should suggest, rather, that it is neither. It is not a study of material relics or language, but of literature.

He bases his argument on the then newly discovered Tell-El-Amarna letters. The Tell-El-Amarna letters open up Canaan as it never was opened before; they are invaluable in reassuring us that the Old Testament, once so fatal to an intelligent view of the races who occupied the East, may now be rated safely as of small value. The Old Testament contains historical allusions, but not history. The letters confirm beyond reversal the view that "Hebrew" is a distinct Canaanitish dialect and related to the Phœnician and other kindred tongues. When we ascertain the date at which the Phœnician alphabet was invented or adopted from the Egyptian (a theory which still holds the field, though of late vigorously contested), we shall find another large field of view opened; and some day we may also find when that system of writing was adopted in the other dialects of Canaan. But before the discovery of the letters, there was no lack of proof of the existence of the art of writing. What we lacked, and what we still lack, is the proof of the art of *writing literature* at the date of Moses; that is, the art which could write Genesis —a systematic, consecutive, poetic history, which in intent, style and inner value is a book of literature.

But this is not the whole question. The inner and really vital one is not whether such a work could at that date be produced in the world, but whether there is any possibility, or any probability, that it could have come out of the Israelite development at the time of Moses. It is true, Mr. Sayce says, that "the whole country, from the banks of the Euphrates to those of the Nile, was covered with schools and libraries, scribes and students. Moses, therefore, *could* have written the Pentateuch, and his contemporaries *could* have read it." Mr. Sayce contends that it is possible, because the three legends of the Garden of Eden, the Deluge, and the Tower of Babel have been found in the cuneiform characters in Babylonia, and hence argues a general or simultaneous literature containing them. But no one has yet produced, either from Assyria or Egypt, any systematic, complete collection of legends or stories making a book in the sense that Genesis is a book, much less the whole of the Pentateuch.

The only parallel in the ancient world, unless we go for one to India or Persia, is the book of Homer, which Professor Jebb places as late as the eighth century.

But, as remarked in chapter xii., the literary sense points to the era of Captivity as the date of the final form of Genesis; and so does the historic sense—that is, the state of the art at large would permit the production of just the works we have in the Old Testament.

Hebrew was in some respects an undeveloped language, a hermit tongue, dealing with few and simple themes. Renouf well expresses this when he says: "It is evident that prose sentences like those of Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero and Burke, or poetical ones like those of Sophocles, or Euripides, or Horace (not to mention other names), are as impossible in Egyptian as in Hebrew or Arabic."

The strength of the Hebrew language was not in being copious, flowing, harmonious, and varied, like the Greek, but in the primitive flavour of its desert origin, its natural and

abundant imagery, its vigour and masculinity, and its freedom from extraneous influences. Compare it with our modern tongues, whose words and ideas come to us upon every wind that blows, and we can understand the comparative uselessness of the Hebrew in affairs of the world. In civilisation we must be literal, scientific, and exact, if not cold. The time when we used the chant, the elevated and impassioned tone of primitive poesy, has long gone. Our poetry is an art, a vehicle for love making or love telling, for nature worship, or for soft and dreamy mystic reflection. Prose is the vehicle, or rather the implement, of modern civilisation, a civilisation the Hebrew could not have imagined.

The vision of the Hebrew in literature was severely restricted. He thought of himself and of his God, and so intensely that we have to concede this to have been his mission; without, however, conceding his religion to have been final or anything but a temporary effort. His ideas seldom rose above his human experience, never into what we call an abstract conception. His thought of God was not philosophic but personal, as it related to himself and his nation. His views of humanity and the earth are "That which giveth much mould whereof earthen vessels are made, but little dust that gold cometh of, even so in the course of this present world, there be many created but few shall be saved." That is what our Edwards thought, I take it; but unlike the Hebrew, he had the grace to drop a tear upon the graveyard of the past, and another upon the burning pavement of hell.

The splendours of art are unknown to the writers of the Old Testament; the æsthetic ideas of their neighbours were absent. There is a superstition current that the Hebrew was so afraid of worshipping an image that he might make, that he made none. There is, however, a better reason than that; namely, that he could not make one—that his genius was not in that direction. This we see in the Semitic race, in the Arab of Mohammedanism, no less than the Hebrew of Canaan,

for all its artistic achievements are conquests and not creations.

And in that imaginative topic which we call by that short but ever sweet name, love, we find the Hebrew book deficient. Instead of a conception of love, the Hebrew writer drove his Helen out of the Garden of Eden, and lost sight of her; keeping only the man, Adam, in view in his scheme of life and religion—a fatal omission, a part of the secret of his perpetual failures, for no people ever get far without the ideal which resides in woman.

The Hebrew poet saw Nature in her obvious, outside, every-day aspect, and sometimes in her majesty; but those hidden, evanescent colours and lights which our painters see, or those thousand mystic and beautiful phases which our poets have sung, were not the theme of the poet of the Old Testament.

There is in the Bible a historic indifference, a surprising obliviousness to these great contemporaneous efforts of the human mind, which we see in the vast spread of the Hellene in Asia Minor and about the Mediterranean, or the adventures of the Phœnician, on every sea, except a mention of other countries and names incidentally and for purely egotistical reasons. To illustrate this we have only to mention that most worn topic, the civilisation of Egypt, about which the Bible is so silent that Europe had to learn a new alphabet to get even a glimpse of its glories; or of its doctrines of the immortality of the soul held at least three thousand years before Christ; or that great Babylonian civilisation with its science and its arts, from which the Hebrew writer drew his legends of Origins, though despising the holder of them—to realise how incomplete is an account of the world at any point on which it treats, and how misleading as to the morals and intentions of the races which it unsparingly condemned.

It does not tell us of the civilisation of Troy, of Crete, or of Etruria, or of their arts; or even of its neighbours on the Eastern seaboard or the great interior rivers. It fails to tell us about

those Far Eastern countries, and their ideas: that one where there are now three hundred millions of people, with such an ancient doctrine of the immortality of the soul that the burden of their prayers is how to get rid of it; or of that four hundred millions who based a good morality, and the oldest social organisation known to us, on the belief in a future existence.

And when we apply for an account of the cosmos, or of any science, we are in deeper ignorance and delusion than ever.

A study of the period in Europe in which the Bible was the only textbook will show that the clergy, the whole power of the Church, and of its clerks in the Universities was arrayed against the result of the study of the size, motion, nature, or history of the earth, the sun, or the planetary system, because it was "contrary to Scripture." The Copernican Astronomy was "absolutely incompatible with a belief in the Bible." The Newtonian theory of gravitation was "atheistic." The Hebrew Scriptures were described as "a perfect system of natural philosophy." In truth, science does *not* agree with the Hebrew Scriptures. Since the fact has been generally accepted that the Scripture used the vernacular of its times, the words "infidelity," "atheism," and the punishments for the same, have ceased to distress us; though we still have plenty of epithets with which to stigmatise new thoughts or new men, and can destroy each other with all the modern terms in use in religion, philosophy and science.

The time seems nearly at hand when, liberated from the feeling that the Bible is sacred for our own race and time, we can examine it as literature. There are many symptoms of this, for speakers and writers consider it necessary to toss the Bible a compliment on all possible occasions. The phrases they use are, "The Bible and Shakespeare"; "The four great books, the Bible, Shakespeare, the Divina Commedia, and the Iliad." Sometimes Goethe's or Milton's name is substituted for Dante's, to enlarge the list. All these names are used comparatively, as though the Old Testament was the work of

a single hand; was any one distinct personal effort, instead of what it is, a collection out of the intellectual product of a people for sacred purposes.

As a standard of comparison for the Old Testament, the literary names I have cited are an impertinence. The only single book that can be now compared with the Old Testament in effectiveness is the Koran, but that also is the work of a single mind, and we cannot compare it with a literature as collective as the Bible.

The Koran itself is a bagatelle beside the Old Testament; yet it is to myriads of men the original source of religion, law and custom. It has not the scope of the Old Testament, but it has the sacredness and the authority of the more ancient book. It resembles the New Testament in being a revelation of the Founder. But all comparisons are misleading; for the New Testament, like the Old, is the work of many hands, while the Koran is a monologue.

In speaking of the Koran, we must beware of the popular phrases that make the Koran the sole legal lore of the Muslim, or the principal textbook of his school. The law, and treatises on law, the customs which are permissible or forbidden, come in the usual way. What the Prophet wrote, what he is remembered to have said, what the traditions say that he said, and next, what the Companions (the notables) said, and what their followers say that they said, and so on to late days, are the rules of thought and action. After this comes the general accretion of opinion and of statute in the various lands of their invasion, pervaded with the distant but fascinating theories of Mohammed in the imagination of the faithful, all dividing into schools, sects, parties, and at length split into many nationalities with no cohesion.

The theory is, that the Scriptures are so wonderful for such an "early day" of the world that they *must* be miraculous. On the contrary, they are entirely natural. If newly discovered in this critical era, their genuineness would not be questioned;

not only because they fit so well with what we know of the history of the Israelites and the Jews, but also because they are on a level with the age of which they tell, and within their range accord so perfectly with the ideas current in their time.

I know not whether the Chinese of to-day think the old book of Eki—the ancient scripture of China which preceded Confucius—was miraculous; but the people who originated it did not, any more than the Jews thought their compendium of history and religion inspired. Nor did the reciters of the Vedas think their poems other than human; nor did the fond listeners to the Mahabharata—the Epic of India—deprive their race of its surpassing merits; nor, finally, did the believers prize the Upanishads, which supplement the Vedas as religious books in the era 2000 to 700 B. C., on the ground of their being infallible from cover to cover, as we do the Bible.

If we have in the Old Testament substantially the best literature of the Jew, we should have to ask at the hand of time and the fanatic destroyer a restitution of the Grecian literature that vanished, before we could make any fair comparison. We must content ourselves with comparisons of qualities and moral values, as comparisons of single names will be impossible.

We do not find in the Hebrew book an epic poet like Homer, whose name we affix to the Iliad. We say that the epic does not exist in the Bible. And yet the elements of the epic exist in profusion in Genesis, and who knows whether their Iliad was not recited in the tents of the desert before it was harnessed to the uses of a tribal genealogy? Is not the explanation of the fascination which the Book of Genesis undoubtedly has for the world, in the poetry of its pages instead of the idea of its religious values, which has deluded us so long?

And if Genesis is the Iliad, Exodus is its companion the Odyssey. Deficient as it is in poetic quality, it yet contains as wild and impossible a story as any book of adventure need have to be thrilling. The other books of the Pentateuch

degenerate rapidly in literary quality, and when supplemented with Joshua fill one with a feeling of repulsion.

No drama of any completeness is found in the Old Testament, though dramatic situations in Job are ready to the hand of the poet had the dramatic form occurred to him. The simple tale, full of pathos, of human feeling, is what forms the great charm of the Bible.

The Hebrew language affords choral poetry, and lyrics of indefinite art, beyond the primitive song or lament. Poetry in the Hebrew is in its earliest form not as definite an art as in the Greek lyric, the elegy, or the idyl; nor as a literary effort of culture, as in the epic of Virgil or the ode of Horace.

It will be impossible for any one of us to determine the value of the Jewish Psalms as poetry, in their original form. It is difficult in any case, where lyrical laws are known, as in the Greek; but here, where the methods beyond the evident parallelisms are a matter of conjecture, it is impossible. All translation out of dead languages, where the sound is unknown, is at best a paraphrase. The effort of Wellhausen to fuse the Psalms into German metre, and the translation by Furness of his work into English of modern words and meanings is fine, but somewhat delusive. Those of us who were nurtured on the 23d Psalm, as it appeared to English readers in 1611, will cling to that form; those of us who felt the pathos of exile by the waters of Babylon in the old form of the 137th Psalm, will weep in that way.

Considered as a volume of poetry, if the Psalms stood alone instead of as part of a sacred volume essential to our spiritual life, it is monotonous and tiresome in the extreme. It is choral poetry fitted for public worship, and as a personal expression is too demonstrative and public; the penitence is too ceremonial, and the piety theatric. It becomes most intelligible to us when we look at it as liturgic, conventional, ritualistic, and in short impersonal, or at best a personal experience or expression impressed into the temple service.

There are many noble strains; and once we free ourselves from the mystifying and obscuring idea that Moses and David and Solomon are speaking, and become aware that the poems are a product of the most intense and expressive era of the Jewish church, they become intelligible and illuminating. They are religious hymns filled with that mixture of egotistic idealism, pride, hatred, and contempt that existed at its highest reach in Judea, expressed in language drawn from battle, war, strife, longing, proud humility, conscious worth, and Messianic expectation, all bounded and limited by the narrow horizon of the Holy Land.

Strictly speaking, prose as a scientific means of recording the conclusions of the human mind does not exist in the Hebrew, though it contains narratives. The art of writing history began with Herodotus and Thucydides, and the art of writing philosophy and science found its models in Plato and Aristotle.

Roman literature does not afford so fair a parallel as the Greek, being in one sense derived from the Greek, and in point of time is subsequent to the best Hebrew effort. Any comparison of Hebrew with Roman literature would disclose as wide a difference between the whole spirit, intention, organisation, and scope of the two, as any comparison of Roman with Hebrew political, legal, economic, and military conditions would afford a complete unlikeliness, in aim, purpose, and result.

The value of the Bible as literature must lie in the candour and ingenuousness of the stories; in the spontaneousness of the fugitive songs scattered through the histories; in those aspirations, ejaculations, lines, verses, so unequal in merit and without art, scattered through the pages; or in those nuggets of wise conclusions, those aphorisms about conduct couched on the lower plane of ethics which were common to all the contemporary world. Or to find it, we must turn to those portions which are now set up as the test of our literary judgment, the

prophecies—a couple of hundred pages of fragments, brilliant but puzzling; puzzling because so lumbering and repetitious as to be inexpressibly tiresome, and in their similes, phrases and illustrations so foreign to our habits as to be almost unavailable. This repetition is not the poetic method of parallelism, which attains its full measure as an art in the Psalms, but the naïveté of the childhood of literary composition; and the illustrations are those rude allusions of eloquence common to native oratory. But in the Prophets we must find, if anywhere, that "magnificent literature" we are sure must reside in a book so dominant as the Bible. When we say the Old Testament is a "great" or a "magnificent" literature, we mean in its quality as a human effort, not in its volume or its scope; for we know well that we can only apply those terms to the vast accumulations of the books of Italy, of Spain, of France, and of our own kindred literatures, and must not use terms so loosely for a collection of books so small, narrow, and exclusive in range, the sole topics being the Israelite and Jewish nations and their religions.

When we speak of literature as it now lives, we are thinking of that vast accumulation of our own era, treating of many themes—of law, physics, philosophy, science, and of art, however little the themes themselves relate to literature; the vast repositories of books of history, travel, discovery, and the works of the imagination, in both the modern arts of written expression, not forgetting the love of Helen, as a shining thread through them all. Viewed by contrast, the Old Testament is only a meagre contribution to our literature. We must rely for its materials upon our own statesmen, patriots, discoverers, scholars, upon our own men of affairs who move the world as it was never moved before; for its form and expression, upon our own poets and seers who have discovered, or imagined, a universe in whose vastness we are sometimes wrapped in ecstasy of hope.

What we mean when we speak glowingly of the literature

of the Jews is those passages which their writers flung upon the stream of time, how incidentally, how almost by chance! We see in it a record of a race, with their dreams and aspirations woven in, as gold and gems are woven into a garment. What shall we do with the heart-searching lines, with the rewards, the punishments, of its pages; with those eternal truths of our moral nature, not less true before, and not less true since those pages were blazed? We must accept them as literature, as world literature, the work of the Human Being; and when once the mind is free from the fettering belief in their supernatural origin, their splendour becomes apparent.

The power of this body of writings over our minds perhaps consists in its frank carnality thrown upon a background of moral idealism. It does for the reader what he would fain do for himself; makes confession of a warfare in the human organisation, which may be an explanation of our life of struggle longer by myriads of years than the Hebrew ever imagined. Whether the Old Testament contains the secret of a universal spiritual peace, is of course the question over which we do battle. Many believe that it resides in other books or systems; and some see that what we seek is inherent, within us, as our heritage, only delayed by delusions and false teaching.

What made the Old Testament the book it is for English readers is the circumstance that it lighted upon a most fortunate time in English literature; for it was translated in the most virile period of English life and speech, and is truly an English book, and so escaped the dilutions of style and verbal force which we find in the versions of our day. It certainly stamped itself into English thought and speech as no other book ever has done or ever will do again. But those calls to heroism, to noble sacrifice, to deeds of chivalry with passionate ideals, to the thousand adventures by flood and field, that mark our civilisation, are absent in the conception of life the Hebrew has given us in his books. Viewed as a message to humanity, the Hebrew book is discouraging. Its view of humanity is low. It is more

depressing than Hesiod; for at the bottom of its Pandora's box of woe there is not even Hope left to mortals, as there is in the Theogony. It has no direct, open, positive theory of the soul in its future estate. All is left to inference. It infects us with a theory of human badness, of impotency, of lack of object and result, disastrous to progress; how disastrous, we can only measure by imagining what a theory of goodness might have produced if presented with the same zeal and show of authority. As long as this show of authority continues, the Bible will be preserved. Its neglect, or its complete loss, would be esteemed a calamity by the majority of people, but it is easy to imagine that it would be an immense relief, leaving the mind free to act by other standards, to form itself on modern ideas unmixed with those of Hebrew times.

That the civilised world could be happier and better if the Bible were to disappear, not by slow neglect which entails doubt and sadness, but by some swift process, I have no doubt. For neither the Old Testament as a religious authority, nor the Jewish organisation as a political authority could, or ever can, produce a civilisation flexible enough, or with scope enough, to satisfy humanity, except for a brief moment on a limited scale, and the sooner this fact is realised the sooner will our race attain a better social organisation. We might perhaps by this time, with a better theory, have been saying with Emerson that "all nature is the rapid effect of goodness executing and organising itself."

The Bible found engaged in English political affairs a fit audience for the vigorous political morality of the prophets. The suras of the early prophets were about national morality involving national existence. They were not literary essays; they were terrible sermons, such as were preached by Massillon beforeLouis XIV., when the French court wore tinkling cymbals and fine linen; they were rebukes, such as Savonarola administered in Florence when Florence was rotten as Jerusalem was. The early prophets were also censors of private morality: so

that it has been accepted as true that "righteousness" is their invention, in apparent forgetfulness that righteousness is the informing spirit of all literatures that really live. We see this in the Greek dramatists, in Shakespeare, in the Mahabharata, in Confucius, in the thousand upon thousand lesser efforts of the race to examine the questions of right and wrong, and of conscience; in short, it is the very everlasting, interior, moving power which made and sustains our glorious race.

The Jews, in common with all the Israelite writers, used the name and authority of the Lord without any hesitation. They had *lettres de cachet* signed in blank for all occasions. They forged the name of God to every narrative or event. Modern society shrinks from this idea, but has not wholly abandoned the habit. When a king wants his neighbour's land he says, "God is with us." I know of no better examples of that pious impiety with which modern history reeks—though there are thousands of cases in which the hypocrisy of the speaker makes the Israelite narrative seem a miracle of candour—than the correspondence of Bismarck with his "Hereditary Master, under God's visible blessing," and his Master's reply to one letter, in which he "thanks Providence for such an adviser and such an army." It was that pious occasion when he crushed France in 1870. Or take those sickening appeals of the Czar of Russia to the piety of his subjects to continue the war with Japan. The assumption in the Scriptures of what God said or did is so habitual that it is almost convincing to an unbeliever. But we know that it was only a mode of writing, a form of expression; the writer himself did not expect to be taken literally, but figuratively or poetically. We of this day understand that those voices, visions, dreams, theophanies, those message-bearing angels, were in the litany but not in the fact.

After all, the term literature as applied to the Old Testament is misleading. It is not literature in the modern sense, or in its Latin form of *literatura*, meaning erudition, acquaintance with letters and books exclusive of those of science; and we

cannot use it in the sense of *belles-lettres* or polite literature. Its numerous authors, and its more numerous editors and compilers, had no "literary" purpose. They had race purposes; not the human race but their own, as when the prophet swept in a cyclone of eloquence all the nations of contemporaneous antiquity into imaginary ruin about his little country. They had ritual, ceremonial, family, tribal, and dynastic purposes; above all, they had a religious purpose—not religion as an abstract theme of literature, but their religion.

We shall understand the Hebrew book when we have ceased to kiss it on taking an oath, to open it with our fingers for luck, to carry it with us as a fetish. We shall understand the Hebrew book better when we cease regarding the book as a person who thinks and cares, who "lets one commune with the living heart that beats in its bosom," or one who is "persecuted," "maligned," "outraged" by the "vermin critics" who assail it. The world will not heed these last-ditch appeals, any more than it will the assertion that it is a "misfortune for the coming generation to be destitute of the rich experiences of the chosen people of God." These experiences are not what has softened, refined and humanised life, any more than their laws were what built our legal systems; and the sooner we read more diligently the works of the civilised peoples who contributed to those ends, the better, and thus make up for lost time.

We shall be wise when we put this literature in its proper light as related to the men who produced it; as being of value to them, and sometimes applicable to the moral and religious wants of their neighbours. But when we can take this work and read it as we read other books—not in that tone by which we indicate our belief that it is supernatural and liturgic—when we unbend it from its theological tension, when we restore it to its integrity, to its proper nomenclature and its racial character, we shall find a less doubtful literature. But we shall find also that it has been in ruins, full of errors, of interpolations, mainly written by unknown authors and at uncertain dates,

collected and edited by fallible editors, and the whole fallible with a fallibility no councils can cure.

But such is the power of this sheaf of written words that it is only after reading and knowing these books, and believing them to be the work of the Human Being of our fancy, that we can understand that fanaticism, can feel that thrill of passion and expectation which made it possible that the Zealots—that a John of Gischala or a Simon Bar Giora, foreigners and outcasts —should choose that Jerusalem should perish in her highest beauty, with her greatest temple, rather than yield to heathen offers of peace.

I have to explain this long digression by coming to the question what the Bible as a whole system of thought, taken entire and not in fragments, did for civilisation, or rather what it did *to* civilisation, for this is the very crux of our search. In it the Jew lent to contemporaneous civilisation his explanation of existence. He told the story of creation. He gave an account of the birth of an innocent race, fallen as everyone must see. He gave an account of the tribal and collective experiences of his race; of their political life under a providence which seemed contradictory, but may have been only mysterious. He gave his theocratic ideal, which, though an evident failure in his case, had vast possibilities in a Messianic future.

I feel a sense of sadness in closing this chapter—sadness that such a work should not have free way in the world as an intellectual contribution to the common weal, marked as it is by flashes of genius which illuminate. It should not be harnessed to a system, to a service which cannot be final—for it is not a conclusion but a flight in mid air.

A modern writer has said a mystic word which I could apply to the Old Testament as an expression of the feeling I have about it. This person speaks of the progress of the soul, and says: "The Gates of Gold do not admit *to* any special place; what they do is to open for egress *from* a special place."

The gates of the Old Testament do not open outward, but

inward. They do not liberate. We must knock at many another gate before the idea of the freedom of the soul is apprehended.

It is useless to look for freedom for the race in institutions that would be final. Its reason for being, its happiness, its welfare, are alone to be found in intellectual or spiritual freedom —the power to emerge.

But after all this long and tentative criticism, I will give my readers as a consolation the opinion of the greatest seer, the greatest intellect of our own day and time—Emerson—who said:

"I look for the hour when that supreme Beauty which ravished the souls of those Eastern men, and chiefly of those Hebrews, and through their lips spoke oracles to all time, shall speak in the West also. The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences, that have been bread of life to millions. But they have no epical integrity, are fragmentary, are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with Science, with Beauty, and with Joy."

CHAPTER XVI

Jewish Literary Production

We have so long fixed our attention on the Jewish canon of Scripture—Moses to Malachi—that it is difficult to bring the mind to a recognition of the full scope of Jewish literary production. That the Apocrypha is theirs we concede; but that the New Testament is theirs too is too much, for we (we English readers at least) seem to ourselves to have got that out of the "Original Greek." And yet, it was written by Jews, unless possibly those simple, natural, unambitious portions of the story in the synoptic gospels were written or dictated by men of Galilee who were widely divergent from Jews, in blood, theology, temper, view, and method.

The Book of Acts bears the Jews' impress. Revelations is unmistakable—the culmination of the Jewish Apocalyptic poetry. Paul is the consummate flower of Pharisaism, the greatest man of the mature Jewish aspiration—an aspiration fulfilled, if ever there was one.

The Jewish Apocryphal books of the Old Testament tell too much of the ethical conceptions which eventuated in the Christianity of the apostles, put them too far back, for us, in our pride of a definite author. The fate of the Jewish Apocrypha of the Old Testament is a singular one. Admitted to the Vulgate, and of full authority, it has been dropped unobserved out of the Protestant Bible. Again, it is a part of the Scriptures of the Greek Church; they being derived, probably from the Aramaic versions. Why these invidious distinctions? The Apocrypha is not a part of the ancient Hebrew canon. But why, if Nehemiah and Ezra are sacred, not admit to the old canon

the "third and fourth books of Ezra," as they are sometimes called—viz., I. and II. Esdras? Esdras is much more suggestive, racy, and stimulating as a literary work than Ezra. The reply is evident. Esdras's two books were produced after the ancient sacred canon was closed. And so of the other valuable writings. None could insist on retaining those puerile additions to the books of Daniel and Esther and Jonah, or those Captivity stories of Susanna, and of Bel and the Dragon; but the Apocrypha contains Judith—as good a tale, for aught I can see, as Esther; and Tobit, a better one by far from a literary point of view than Jonah. And I can see no reason why the two long books of Maccabees are not more true than Chronicles, and much more interesting. They were written near the time of the events described, and are probably good history—on the theory of history that then existed. But Ecclesiasticus and The Wisdom of Solomon are rich in aphorisms of value, quaint proverbial sentences, wit and wisdom, and after reading them one sees that, outside of or below the official ruling class, Palestine was full of moral and ethical feeling, a presage of the new gospel that was to be spoken.

Perhaps this last fact is why the Apocrypha is distasteful to those whose sole thought of Christianity is the blood shed upon the cross. We can know little of the thought which burned in the breast of the devout, the patriot, visionary or not as he may have been. The last two centuries before Christ's birth were a time of great intellectual changes.

The Book of Daniel, containing so many new ideas, and such prophecies so dear to the heart of those who look for the Kingdom of Heaven when they are dissatisfied with the one they are in, was perhaps sufficient to stir up a revolution in any state. But it has never yet put an end to the world, as so many have hoped it would. It is the book which reveals most effectually the presence of the ideas derived from Iran; and it was composed, it is thought, as late as 166 B. C., and should by all means be in the Apocrypha. Outside of the Apocrypha, the

Book of Enoch, which came to us from Abyssinia in late years in the Ethiopic Script (though known to scholars as having once been in circulation in Greek, Aramaic, and perhaps Hebrew), was probably the most prolific source of the dreams of the Visionary of the last century before Christ, and of the legends and fancies that gathered about the new gospel in the first century after—those times of spiritual ferment and desire which we must study if we would understand either the Jewish or the Christian epochs.

The fragmentary Assumption of Moses is said to be kindred to the sentiments that inspired the revolt of the poor and the devout against the wicked priest and ruler; but the whole book has never been found.

We must rest content not to know the nationality of the authors of the "Apocrypha of the New Testament," whether they were Jews or Gentiles. These Gospels, Epistles, and additions to other scriptures are fast fading out of use, and the curious must consult the librarian for them; but they are the source of many beliefs and religious ideas so interwoven with the books now accepted as the Canon of the New Testament, that a knowledge of them ought to be re-disseminated in the interest of rational thought. The works I refer to are: The Gospel of Mary, once attributed to St. Matthew; The Protovangelion—the Birth Stories, attributed to James the Lesser; The Gospel of the Infancy, I. and II.; The Gospel of Nicodemus, once called the Acts of Pontius Pilate; The Epistles of Paul to the Laodiceans; of Paul to Seneca, with Seneca's letters to Paul; the Acts of Paul and Thekla; The Epistles of the Apostolic Fathers; Clement I. and II. to the Corinthians; Barnabas's General Epistle; Ignatius to the Ephesians, to the Magnesians, to the Romans, to the Philadelphians, to the Smyrneans; Polycarp to the Philippians; I., II., III. Hermas—the Visions, Commands, and Similitudes.

Beside these, account must be made of the very large num-

ber of pieces, some seventy it is said, not now extant, but of which mention has been made by critics within the first four centuries.

If there were genuine works of Andrew, Bartholomew, James, John, Jude, Judas Iscariot, Marcion, Matthias, Paul, Peter, Philip, Stephen, Thomas, and many Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and writings by nameless authors, they would excite our greatest regret, for they might illustrate the New Testament, and perhaps help us to synthesise, more certainly than is now possible, its often discrepant accounts and its evidently discrepant doctrines.

We have to be content to say that Alexandria in Egypt was half Judaic, half Grecian; that the two streams of thought intermingled and perhaps converted each other. It was about 150 B. C. that the Pentateuch was translated into Greek, though the story of its being the work of seventy scholars is now laid aside. The "Septuagint" eventually embraced the whole canon, but it was a gradual work. The Herodian epoch is made illustrious by the humane and gentle Hillel, who came so near formulating the Golden Rule as we have it, and who did so much to systematise and regulate the study of the Thora and to humanise the social law. Hillel was president of the Sanhedrim, 30 B. C. to 9 A. D. Another is Philo (Judæus), born 20 B. C., died 40 A. D.; "the Judean Plato," whose thought, as now conceived of by the historian, was as of a new Utopia. In it, when the Messiah came, "then would the streams of former happiness be again replenished from the eternal springs of Divine Grace. The ruined cities would arise, the desert become a blooming land, and the prayers of the living would have the power of awakening the dead."

The study of Greek philosophy and science in Alexandria is too recondite a subject for these pages, as is also that of the apparently very numerous writings by Jews in Greek, including the Sibylline books, or by Greek converts speaking as Jews. They are all evidences of the faculty of assimilation always and

everywhere so noted among the Jews. They are additionally interesting as evidence that the years which centre about the Roman period in the East are those of the greatest force, enterprise, and fearlessness of the Jewish race; spreading, through their surplus numbers, over all the regions of the Mediterranean and of Babylonia and Arabia, and moving heaven and earth to make proselytes.

The Jewish development has been mistaken for a material one. It was an intellectual development; and its true records are to be found not in Jerusalem, but in Alexandria, in Cyprus, and in the cities of Asia Minor, in Arabia and Babylonia. Jerusalem itself was never an intellectual centre, but was a city of the faith. It was never the centre of commerce, or trade, or of the arts, or of literature, no single literary page standing distinctly to its credit. The reader must turn to Graetz's first volume to see how the increase and the spread of the Jews, and of Judaism as a system of belief, took place. He will not long be deluded with that most indolent phrase of the essayist, "The Dispersion," as though the Romans deported the Jews, as the Babylonians had once transported the Judeans. The Jews dispersed themselves long before the fatal year 70 A. D. And those who suppose that the influence of Jewish ideas upon the Greek and Roman world was begun by the spread of Christianity will be without one of the chief keys to the history of the Mediterranean peoples.

The breaking up of the national centre—the centre of faith, rather—renders the task of the historian of the Jews a difficult one. He must deal henceforth not with a country but with individuals, or with groups, or at best with a race without coherence and political organisation; with a race with not even a common tongue, and with only a faith and a general tradition to bind them together in brotherhood. The transformations the race suffered by intermixture and the influence of climate and custom and language, in their various residences, are well known, though not generally credited in popular belief.

This, a mere glimpse of the intellectual state of Judea, may help to banish that impression of the times of the reign of Herod which makes him seem so detestable. By him the new temple was built (20 B. C.); a building of real architectural splendour, a splendour reflected back upon its two predecessors. He built many palaces and fortresses, and made the whole of Palestine under his rule a country of wealth, whose cities vied with the marts of Asia Minor. We might well believe, if we could catch the spirit of his time, that the country was on a level with the civilisation of the Mediterranean. We might call the city of Jerusalem, in its best period, the city of Herod.

Josephus, the great Jewish historian, was born about 37 A. D. and died about 95 A. D. His "Antiquities of the Jews" was finished about 93 A. D., and was in Greek, as was his previous work, "The Jewish War," though perhaps in Syro-Aramaic at first. It illustrates the condition of the art of writing history in prose at that date.

It is exceedingly unlikely that rulers were socially or politically any worse in Judea than elsewhere. They only seem so in the strong light of a religious pretence. It is the struggle of ambitious rulers controlling parties that fills the story with horror; as when, under the alternate rule of the Sanhedrim, the Sadducees kill 800 Pharisees, as was the case under Alexander Jannæus about a hundred years before Christ. The two warring religious parties in control (the Essenes abandoning all political participation) are the evil geniuses of Judea.

The Jewish historian Graetz says of the Essenes: "It was the sect of the Essenes that pictured the Messiah and the Messianic time in the most idealistic manner."

"It was from the Essenes that for the first time the cry went forth, 'The Messiah is coming! The kingdom of heaven is near!' He who first raised his voice in the desert little thought it would re-echo far away over land and sea, and that it would be answered by the nations of the earth flocking around the banner of a Messiah."

"In announcing the kingdom of heaven, he only meant to invite sinners among the Judean people to penitence and reformation."

"The Essene who sent forth this call to the Israelites was John the Baptist (his name doubtless meaning the Essene, he who daily bathed and cleansed both body and soul in spring water)."

These few memoranda of mine can only serve as way-marks about which we may gather some thoughts of the condition of mind, heart and education among the generality in Palestine. Here, as everywhere in the world of the past, I can but come back again and again to the phrase, The Human Being's the Thing—his existence first, his love, his joys, his sorrows, his struggles for the means of living, and how often—perhaps oftener than elsewhere—for the bread of life; the human being set a-hungering by visions, prophecies, songs, and that Time Spirit that has never yet stopped, till a new one took up its work—though we always fear that it will.

Graetz remarks that the middle classes were virtuous, sober, and needed no physicians for their souls; that only the two ends of society needed a cure—the rich, the luxurious, and the powerful and immoral upper class, and the poor and submerged, often depraved, lowest class. This is the case everywhere; this is the reason why history is so misleading: it forgets the great mass of human beings in its sardonic view of the accidental elements.

It is a certain shock to our superstitions when we realise that the Jews did not speak Hebrew. Just when and how Hebrew ceased to be the vernacular in Palestine no one can tell. It was doubtless a gradual process of disuse, beginning with the Captivity, when other tongues were necessary, and ending with the universal use of that *lingua franca* of the East, Aramaic. Hebrew was no doubt the vehicle of the scribe and the priest, as Latin was for so many centuries the language

of the Church of the Middle Ages, and of scholarship for two centuries longer.

This produced a certain caste in Jewish life, of readers, interpreters and teachers; made the Rabbi of the period, which office became fixed after the fall of Jerusalem, and produced the commentaries, the expositions and the dogmas of Jewish life so noted and prominent ever since that event.

The educated Jew of Babylonia must have used Chaldean first, then Persian; after that, in Judea, Greek, and then Latin. Grecian culture was thus easy to him, and thus he became a man of the world and of culture.

One proof of the adoption of Aramaic is the translation of most of the Scriptures into that tongue for the use of the common people, who could not understand the reading of Hebrew. There were three of these "Targums": the "Onkelos" of Babylonia in the third century B. C.; a second by "Uzziel," a disciple of Hillel; and a third called the "Jerusalem Targum." These various renderings were not complete translations, but partly interpretations, explanatory and homiletical.

It is said that there had been a revival of Hebrew under the Hasmoneans; a patriotic movement which did not persist, the language of the Syrian, the Greek and the Roman submerging it. Probably this scholastic effort did not extend to either Samaria or Galilee.

The Jew became truly cosmopolitan in language, and has since used the language of whatever land he has resided in; at last, in the last centuries, casting an *argot* of his own out of various European tongues (one as chief basis, and his own old one), Yiddish, in printing which he uses the Hebrew alphabetical characters. Students will find a most interesting account of this language in Professor Leo Wiener's book entitled "History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century," published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1899.

We can now see that it is only by reviewing the whole intellectual effort of the Jews that we can feel that the Old Testament

is by no means the complete *Comédie Humaine* of the Jews that it seems to be at first sight.

It was a kindly Euphuism that put upon the title page of the King James Bible the phrase, "Translated from the original tongues"; for there were not then, any more than now, any original documents in Hebrew. We have one advantage, however, over the translators of 1611: the Creation and Flood Tablets, found in Nineveh. They are in Cuneiform and not in Hebrew. It is said there is not a Hebrew manuscript in existence older than the ninth century A. D. This, however, is only the common fate of scriptures: none of the great documents of the world exist. I doubt if the shoulder-blades of animals on which Mahomet wrote the Koran are now to be seen anywhere —except in the original fiction. One stands in profound amazement before the spectacle of the multitudes who have dashed their brains against the problem of the discovery, interpretation and use of these inerrant, infallible, imperishable scriptures—that perished. We do the same, though we know they come through the hands of hundreds of copyists, dogmatists, theologians, and, worst of all, the memories of the fanatics and dreamers of all times.

It was this amazing quest that occupied the scholars, the Rabbis, the doctors of the Jewish race for hundreds of years after the fall of Jerusalem. The learned only were thus withdrawn from the world's work; the great majority of the Jews engaged in artisanship, trade, service, pursuits of all kinds, as they have done since—as all peoples do. But the Institution, the Jahvistic religion, the ancient faith as contained in the Law, the Prophets and the Hagiographa of the Jewish Canon, occupied the first place in the schools of Jamnia, Jerusalem, and of Pumbaditha and Sora of Babylonia. Whether the waste of intellectual force and of time overbalances the like waste of our late centuries, it is impossible to say.

To it the Jews owe not only the Targums, but the Mishna, a collection of discussions and conclusions on the Law as applied

to life; which, at first oral discourses, were collected by Judah the Holy, President of the Sanhedrim, about the end of the second century A. D., and are termed the Mishna di Rabbi Judah. The Halachoth, the Mishna of Rabbi Akiba, dates from 130 A. D.

The various Mishnas were finally merged in the two compendiums of law, morals, maxims and conclusions, termed the Talmuds. The Jerusalem Talmud bears date about 375 A. D. But the Babylonian Talmud had the greatest celebrity and authority. It was probably begun earlier than the one called the Jerusalem; but it is indebted to Ashi, who died 427 A. D., for the collection, explanation, arrangement and amplifications of the Mishna, just as the death of Rabbina, 499 A. D., marks its completion. Graetz gives the years about 550 as the date of its final redaction. In this we find the Jews of Babylonia to be the chief support of Judaism and of Judaic study.

The specialist finds a fascinating study in the progress of what has come to be termed the Massorah—the effort of Jewish scholars, which continued till the tenth century A. D., to make an authoritative text of the canon, to find out how Hebrew sounded; how to pronounce, how accent words written without vowels; how to interpret sentences written without punctuation or even space between words or sentences; how to agree upon the meanings.

The Massorites of the English Bible had the advantage of all the Jewish labour; and yet their prefaces to the Old Testament of July 10, 1884, and to the New Testament of November 11, 1880, are perhaps the most discouraging statements ever put out by any body of believers. If the Scriptures can stand such confessions, they have nothing to fear from the Higher Criticism.

It is the critical scholar, the explorer, the discoverer of our day, who has done the most important work. Within the last hundred years this critic has picked up all the broken pottery, read all the tri-lingual inscriptions, brought to our hospitable shores the plunder, the friezes, and the storied vases of past

ages, and the Far Eastern literature of Persia and India, to determine for us what the people of antiquity thought and did. And less important, but hardly less interesting to us of this era, the Higher Criticism of the Scriptures has engaged multitudes of scholars who have bent over old parchments and tablets with critical microscopes; some with the hope of a release from traditions incongruous with our day, but binding upon the conscience with the weight of centuries of faith; and some, anxiously hoping to confirm their authority and prove the conditions of the race to be unchangeable and hopeless.

Neither the completion of the Talmud nor the work of the Massorite marks with definiteness the end of intellectual activity among the learned Jewish people; for it continued till Spinoza, 1632–77 A. D., about whom, and the Kabbala, the Zohar, and other intellectual persons and writings, I will speak in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XVII

How the Gospel Came to Judea

The idea that the Israelite-Jewish schemes of political and religious life were other than human is the source of all the rash misunderstanding of history; for history adopted the idea as its own. Judaism miscarried, as Christianity afterward miscarried (to adopt Darmesteter's phrase), because it struck upon the rock of belief in a divine-human institution. A divine institution must have succeeded—the idea of its failure is entirely inadmissible; and the object of a divine institution on earth could not in the nature of things be God's well-being or glory, but man's well-being. The Israelite was never good or successful. The Jews never were good or successful. No greater misery and suffering ever existed than at the end of the Jewish political period. All Palestine was overrun, its cities were occupied by the invader, the inhabitants were killed and sold into slavery, the temple was rased, the seat of God in the Holy of Holies was profaned; and above all, the vital symbol of all, daily sacrifice at Jerusalem, ceased forever. No offering, no odour of sacrifices, no propitiation, no atonement from it ever again!

St. Paul had tried to convince his Jewish friends that there was a general sacrifice, and for all; but only a few of them believed that. What some did see was, that sacrifices must pass away. They perhaps recalled the words of one of their great thinkers who said, hundreds of years before, that sacrifices were an abomination. Happy had it been for them could they have understood that God does not found institutions—that religious institutions, like political ones, are only a form of

social association; that, in truth, the only altar God has in the world is the heart.

Let us go back, and escaping the fancies of the dogmatist, look at the origin of the doctrine of Jesus from the human side. I have tried to say in another place that the era 600 B. C. to 400 A. D.—the era of the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans, the Gauls, and the now impending Goths—was a new one, an entirely different era from the one that had preceded it, different in nearly every way. In this era men acquired a mass of entirely new ideas, a new conception of everything; had new arts—the art of writing prose, and arranging poetry in order, of making dramas and songs, making philosophy serve men in their conduct and science in their lives. This new era had something more than this, more vital, more lasting. As before said, in these years it became evident to many that men were individuals, with rights; with, let us say, a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—though it took two millenniums more to make the phrase. Before this time there had been a state of society in which man was a slave, a brick in an edifice, a stone in a pyramid, a threshing floor for some king, a soldier of some sword, a servant of some sacerdotal power, or a tiller of some lord's ground. That there still remained a majority not esteemed to have rights, does not change the fact that within the classes which had them there was recognition of a society being made of units.

What do we behold when we for a moment ask an idea of the new civilisation? In Greece, one can see that men think it all out for themselves, form democracies, form societies that serve all and single, make the great serve the least, and, more than all, adopt a philosophy of man that is becoming to-day the key of our whole existence; namely, that man is, primarily, a soul. We have only to make the most cursory examination of the remains of Greek literature, arts and social state, to know that man attained his intellectual growth in Greece, and that

from Greece streamed the light which then most generally illuminated the world.

When the Semitic delusion about the origin of religion and morals is past, the world will recognise and acknowledge the immense moral purpose in the work of the great dramatists and all the intellectual men of the five hundred years following Pythagoras; in those days when the whole Pantheon of Greece, the old way of expressing ideas of religion, passed away, sunk into neglect, became at length only poetic allusions. The gods of Greece, even if not all were personifications of nature as we thought a while ago, were yet largely so; invisible, resistless, good, bad, and indifferent, and yet a source of beautiful and controlling dreams. Behind and underneath all these expressions of their constructive minds was a sense of the Infinite, just as it is always under all the forms in which men have clothed their ideas of something besides themselves, in all times, in all countries, in all the long story of the race in historic times, in India, Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Palestine.

Did Greece do more for the individual than Galilee or Judea? Neither thought finally, for there is no such thing as final thought. Neither thought as well or as much as modern Europe; for it thinks with the microscope and the telescope, with a thousand times the appliances, and a thousand times the accumulated treasures of wisdom, of knowledge, and of experiment that they did. But it is not this that we need care for now; there is something more important. It is for us to see that Palestine was not an isolated phenomenon, was not an exceptional development, in any part of its history either as Israelite or Jewish, and that Greece was not an isolated phenomenon. Both were a part of the common world of sensation and ideas, in any of the centuries in which we look at them. Just as Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, and Canaan were not isolated, unknown countries, but were acquainted with each other's morality, literature, and the philosophy of man and his nature —so, later, Greece and Judea were acquainted.

If our good genius, or the genius of someone else, would but give us a glimpse—one momentary flash would do—of the world which was embraced within an ellipse whose centre was the eastern end of the Mediterranean— at the island of Cyprus, let us say—and whose periphery touched Susa on the east, the Euxine and Thrace on the north, Rome on the west, Carthage, Cyrenaica, and Egypt on the south—a vast expanse, full of cities teeming with life, with trade, art, and literature, and fermenting with ideas—if we could see this in any degree as it was, we should have some hope of beginning to understand the origin and progress of Christianity.

To vary the illustration, here is a kaleidoscope of races and nations, of people as eager to live as we are, as active, enterprising, and brave, as ambitious as we are, into which we must look for any fair idea of how the colours, the particles, the relations of antiquity and space changed, wove, blended, and passed away.

When we can, in any degree, see this concourse at the opening of the Christian Era, we must surely reflect that the whole was as really a unit of civilisation as is Europe in our day; bound together too by the eager art of trade, of exchange, and by the philosophies, sciences, arts, and customs of that day.

As I think no one who fails to construct for himself a picture of this sort can have any conception of the intellectual era which now has its chronological centre at the birth of Christ, so I think that no one can fail to see that Palestine was not that mysterious, isolated, exceptional, secluded, unknown, unique Experiment Station of Humanity that our Theologians have told us it was; it was part of the great world of activity; its citizens were everywhere, in caravans, in ships, in trade, on pilgrimages, on pleasures bent; they were not chosen to sit in Jerusalem pulling their long beards, and turning over the scrolls of the Old Testament, as we once supposed they were.

Could we rid Palestine of the tales of the supernatural as of any validity or importance, as we have rid Greece, we should

be in a position to read her history comparatively, as we have never yet done. The Greek had more enterprise, more physical culture and vigour, more of the arts of life, more constructive imagination, more of that which is success in civilisation, as we can all see; but did he say the most vital, the most essential things?

We can also see that Judea had also floated far from its original moorings; how far, let us once try to realise by its distance from the theology of the friends of Job, how far from that of the prophets, the best of whose dreams began and ended in Judea, and like the stick of a rocket—came down again at Jerusalem.

We have only to take down from the shelves of our libraries the works of Aristotle or of Plato, to free ourselves at once from the idea that morals, that goodness, that equity, that sweetness —in a word, that ethics in the deep and encompassing meaning of the word, were an exclusive product of the Christian Era; so far from it, they were the common possession of civilisation for centuries before Christ.

In these three or four centuries the thought of the world at large became conscious of the individual. It began to see through the pretensions of both King and Priest. It began the pursuit of that fair ideal it has not even yet found as a whole; for priests over most of the earth still hold the keys to heaven, and kings in much of it are still divinely born.

In the Far East it was a much earlier development, as we shall see if we reflect for a moment on a few words that were uttered in far-off India, five hundred years before our era, and see how in that era the idea of individual right came uppermost.

Gautama was the heir of a religion as old as the invasion of India by the Aryan race, say some three thousand years before his day. He was a part of this race, knowing its traditions, its hymns, its ceremonies. He was swept off his feet by the Time Spirit of the new era; and his genius produced a system which has had more followers than all other religious or philo-

sophical systems put together, on the earth. Professor Hopkins, in his history of the religions of India, says of Buddhism:

"It is evident that the times were ripe for a humane religion and a new distribution of privileges. Buddha," he continues, "arose and said, 'He that is pure in heart is the true priest, not he that knows the Veda. Like unto one that standeth where a king hath stood and spoken, and standing and speaking then deems himself for this a king, seems to me the man that repeateth the hymns, which the wise men of old have spoken, and standing in their place and speaking, deems himself for this a sage. The Vedas are nothing, the priests are of no account, save as they be morally of repute. Again, what use to mortify the flesh? Asceticism is of no value. Be pure, be good, this is the foundation of wisdom, to restrain desire, to be satisfied with little. He is a holy man who doeth this. Knowledge follows this.'"

Professor Hopkins continues: "Here is the essence of Buddhism, here is its power, and when one reflects that Buddha added, 'Go into all lands and preach the gospel, tell them that the poor and lowly, the rich and the high are all one, and that all coasts unite in this religion, as unite the rivers in the sea,' he will understand what key was used to open the hearts of Buddha's kinsmen and people."

And the Japanese Okakura-Kakuzo tells us in his "Ideals of the East," written in most remarkable English, that in China: "The slowly defining necessities of an Agricultural Community, developing itself through uncounted ages of tranquillity, were yet to bring forth that great ethical and religious system, based on Law and Labour, which to the present day constitutes the inexhaustible power of the Chinese Nation. True to this, their ancestral organisation, and self contained in its exalted Socialism, its children, in spite of political disturbances, go on now spreading their industrial conquest to all available corners of the globe. It fell to the lot of Confucius (B. C. 551 to B. C. 479), at the end of the Shu Dynasty, to

elucidate and epitomise this great scheme of synthetic labour, writing of study by every modern sociologist. He devotes himself to the realisation of a religion of ethics, the conservatism of Man to Man. To him Humanity is God, the harmony of life his ultimate. Leaving the Indian Soul to soar and mingle with its own infinitude in the sky; leaving empiric Europe to investigate the secrets of Earth and matter, and Christians and Semites to be wafted in midair through a Paradise of terrestrial dreams—leaving all these, Confucianism must always continue to hold great minds by the spell of its broad, intellectual generalisations, and its infinite compassion for the common people."

It is objected that the work in India was at last fatal to the idea of God; that Buddha denied finally the existence of God. It is very likely that the reaction went thus far. Speaking comparatively, there has always been too much thought about God. Man had been looking for God so long that he saw nothing of earth.

I cannot but think that the talk about God, and the petrifaction of those thoughts in the sacerdotal system of Judaism, made the spiritual revolt that eventuated in the first hopes of the men in Galilee, and carried the words of its prophet far over the seas. For if anything is to be discerned, it is that the new thought about man, his rights and his life, arose among the lower ranks, came to those who suffered. It did not concern the official of the Sanhedrim, it came not near the scribe, it appealed not to the High Priest. It was not a system for the learned even; it was not a system, but a hope. It had literally no theology. It said nothing about man's early history, about his fall, about the doctrine of sin. But it said he was well born because he had in his veins the very blood of the vine; it said he was mistaken when he thought the Kingdom of God was visible at Jerusalem, it was within. It said that man was weary, and heavy laden—by sacerdotalism—just as it was said at length of the analogous assumption, monarchy. In fine,

it said that every consecrated burden was coming to an end, and that man might be free.

The difference between Greece and Palestine was that in the latter was a revolt against a religious system, and in Greece, a slow development of thought. In Greece, these ideas, the idea of man and his rights, had an orderly development, were reasoned out. They spread like a fire, down at the East, feeling and not reason being the characteristic of the Semite. They pervaded Galilee and Peræa and Samaria to Judea. They were the Time Spirit speaking. And those thoughts about the soul, those humanities which have been incorporated in religion, came into Galilee through the intercourse of men, naturally, not miraculously, unless all the manifestations of genius are miraculous. The new and free thought originating outside of the narrow fortress of sacerdotalism were adopted, assimilated, used; and after gestation in the two hundred years in the ferment of the crowded population of Galilee, Peræa, Samaria, and Judea, the new religion of Jesus came.

Some think that the Alexandrine Greeks ruined Christianity, and made out of it, what was no part of it, a metaphysical system. But there is another explanation. The Jews ruined the religion of Galilee. St. Paul, or other Jews, made a sacrificial system out of what was expressly a repudiation of the very idea, the essence and the fact, of a practise of sacrifice, of atonement. What the Greeks did afterward is small matter. Had Jesus been a Jew, he too might have tried to carry on the ingrained tradition. Happily, the Galilean had escaped the corrosion of the dogmatic schools of the Jews which had formed the mind of Paul.

The vital thought in the religion of Jesus has been now two thousand years struggling for existence. It is the value of the individual, and his direct, unalterable connection with God, between whom and himself there is no priest, middleman, or tax gatherer possible This was not a reconstruction. It was not "a reform within the party," the device of timid souls; it

was a revolution. The Sanhedrim knew this; it could not kill the idea, it killed the body.

The streams that flowed from Galilee watered a burning soil. The Good News, by those underground wires that the poor, the suffering, and the slave always have in such mysterious connection, travelled fast and far. We can see how easy it was to understand. It had no antique records, no volumes of laws, no priesthood. It had not a particle of theology; it hardly thought of God. It thought of man. How easy to understand; it is only to look into the face of your neighbour and see what he needs!

It says, You need not even know what religion is, or philosophy; you have the simplest philosophy ever spoken, the simplest religion. You need not speculate on the nature of God, whether it is substance or idea. Unite both religion and philosophy, by ethics. Cast about them a cord, the tie of brotherhood, the fulfilment of man's nature, the soul's mission in its incarnation.

Like one who, in the waking hours, beseeches a bright dream-form not to wing its flight from him, so I beseech this thought of brotherhood to remain. But it will not stay. It must wing its way over centuries of time and myriads of men, over a criminal hell and an inaccessible heaven, before it becomes a reality. Alas! it was a Galilean dream.

CHAPTER XVIII

Galileanism

In his six books on the origins of Christianity, M. Renan has flashed upon the early centuries of our era many dazzling rays of light; rays never matched, probably never to be matched, for vividness and penetration. These throw a strong light upon the state of the Jews at that period. But Renan could not free himself from that early sacerdotal impression that there is in the world a self-existent something called "Religion," which can be transmitted by its custodians, can be acquired and held by them; that it was intrusted at some distant date to a certain nation who kept it very well; his belief that religion, in other words, was an entity from "Father Aboram," handed down through the Jews to our day.

Most men conceive that the Church is religion, and that it is in the keeping of certain men, *sacers*, who must be maintained or religion will perish. Socrates said that goodness was within and grew outward. So religion is not an exterior thing; it is within and it grows outward. An ecclesiastical system can be imported, as we all know, but not religion. The idea that religion must be derived from somewhere else than in each heart is at the root of the fixedness and non-progressiveness of all religions, which expire because left behind in intellectual progress. Again, we have personified and embodied religion till we conceive of it as to be "established" and "secured." We have so long talked about religion as itself something precious to be got, or kept, or lost, that we have clean forgot that the really precious thing is not religion, or any other concept of the mind, but the human being himself.

Religion is an element of human growth, culture and progress. To consider it the essential or the chief element—or, in more definite language, the object—of human existence, is a profound mistake. Another profound mistake of Europe was in taking, as it did through a series of events, the Semitic theory of origins as true, with its consequent conceptions of relations as final. Once conceive of religion as an element of human culture, and not as a final form, and progress in religious thought is possible. Just as, once conceive of ethics as an element of the education of the race, and progress is possible. An established religion is, in almost all historic cases, an arrested development in which new ideas are forbidden.

There have been several religions, some say ten of them, springing out of somebody's heart. The Western World has some knowledge of the birth of five of them—the Judaic, the Christian, the Mohammedan, the Buddhist, and the Galilean—which may claim a definite natal day as well as the others, but has had few anniversaries, and is now lost out of the reckoning, temporarily perhaps.

The motive of the Buddhist was to escape from intolerable, endless requirements of a highly developed church in a highly developed social caste system. The motive of the Mohammedan cult was to escape from idolatry. Mahomet never would have dreamed and preached, except for the debasing Arabian idolatry about him. The idea that God could be represented, that he is necessarily like something, has always been, and is still among the crude efforts of the religious mind.

It is safe to say that Galileanism would have had few adherents in its inception, had not the Judaic system become useless to the poor man. For the first disciples were Galileans and Judeans, of the established religious faith. They would not have forfeited Judaism had it not ceased to meet their spiritual necessities. But they did leave it; with many a backward glance, as we see in the Acts and in the Epistles.

I do not see why we may not call the Galileanism of the first

century, though an ethical movement, a religion. Had its founder not been put to death early, it is almost certain it would, in a few years of his guidance, have escaped the mistake that it was a reformed Judaism. Conceive of the life, example and doctrine of Jesus as standing alone, with no background, the past actually obliterated from men's minds, and we see ideas, a philosophy of life, a rule of action, that would have made a world with some explanation to individual life. And again, granted that it used ethics common to all the world from China to Egypt; granted that it used the idea of the immortal soul common in Greece and Egypt in various statements; granted that it looked with admiration on the moral solutions of the prophets and the poets of the Israelites: yet it so fused everything known into the idea of the rights and privileges of the individual man, and a universal brotherhood, that it had a right to exist as a new cult in the world, with no backward glance.

Galileanism for the first half century was composed almost wholly of men of Jewish faith; and could this have gone on till it embraced all the Jews, its history would have been far different from what it is. Numerous men have speculated upon what form and use Christianity would have assumed at length had the Jews in general believed that Jesus was the Messiah of their dreams, and accepted the radical and indispensable idea with it that the Messiah is a Messiah of the mind and not of the throne, that thrones are only barriers to be burned away. One can believe that with a continued, preponderating membership, the church that followed and superseded the Galilean faith might have had the inestimable advantage of the Jew and of the later Mohammedan, in the world-conquering declaration that God is One, instead of fighting forever that ultimately losing battle of the Trinity. It should have known that a divided God cannot stand—however long the metaphysicians may strive with their enthralling speculations.

But our inquiry now is, what might have been the immediate fate of the Jews. Had Jesus been generally accepted, and the new religion taken possession of Palestine, in a word, had the revolution of thought proposed by Jesus been consummated, there would have been no Roman war; Palestine might have literally blossomed like a rose; Jerusalem might have remained the religious capital of the world. Mecca would never have risen. The Jews might have realised the ancient ideal of the Prophets, and their vision of Zion as the instructor of the world been realised; and successive generations of Jews would have been saved a couple of thousand years of vain and useless regrets.

But in speaking of the gospel, it is always necessary to consider it not as a new political but a new intellectual system. It neither dictated to the state nor disturbed political relations; it rendered tribute to the existing powers. The gospel proposed no outward forms, political or ecclesiastical; its realm was the heart, its object the life, the happiness, the liberation of the individual, letting him come into his rights—the object of human birth, labour, travail and suffering. It revised the established relations by putting man first, the institution last. But this was fundamental, far-reaching; as sacramental in the broad field of human relations as is love in the immediate field of human life.

But aside from these perhaps useless speculations, we can see that if Galileanism had been accepted, the learned, wise and able men among the Jews might have done an immense service to the future. The possibility, one may say the probability, is that they would have strangled at their birth those metaphysical speculations that changed the whole character of Jesus's doctrine, and by their numbers would have prevented the enactment of dogmas to express those speculations which, in time, transferred the religion which was a new life into a set of propositions which the modern world from inertia or timidity has failed to reject.

If the Jews had taken the nascent religion and held it steady to its first ideas, one can well see that they might have retained the headship of the Semitic elements of the East and held it for hundreds of years, giving it that peace which Islam vainly tried to enforce by the sword—submission.

That might, too, have put an end to the struggle which had wearied the world in the family of those races which have been differentiated as Aryan and Semitic. And it might have prevented that long, bloody strife which went on between these two great divisions, until the Arab and his converts were finally driven back out of Spain and Sicily and put in restraint in Asia.

What might not have happened had the Jew not busied himself mainly with the Regret of Israel!

Let us dream awhile with Mahomet and go with him into the desert, in the month Ramadan, in that Arabia where mankind seems unchangeable, the same a thousand years ago that it is to-day. Let us theorise that on those oceans of land, as on the ocean, there are no creatures that are not benign, the friends and servants of man, and that life is consequently unaffected there by the diseases of other climes. In the desert the air is pure, the wells are unpolluted, and man only needs a handful of dates for his sustentation. And in this desert oasis, in that month of the autumn, let us say, the questions of philosophy and religion that eat up so much human happiness and peace are absent. Khadijah had left her idols in the tent near Mecca. There is nothing here to destroy the body or the soul. The days go by in solitude and peace. As Carlyle tells us, "Mahomet saw the great clouds born in the deep bosom of the Upper Immensity, saw the cattle, the life about him, and felt how simple all is, that God made all, and by and by it came to him that God is all." When he said God is all, he unlocked the sacred door of the long future. Such was the power of this word that in a hundred years it was master of the world from Grenada to India.

Let us dream, I say, what might have happened if the Jewish people had accepted the leadership of the Galilean's New Vision of Man in the first century.

It was not the sword that was needed. It was peace that the Mediterranean world needed. It was above all the new philosophy of life, the new word. Had the Jewish people, as a whole, taken and used this new word, they might have fulfilled those ancient dreams of the great Israelite visionaries and given the world peace. For peace in this world of ours comes only when we recognise what life is (the essence of Jesus's doctrine), how precious it is, and how, beside it, no religion, no empire, no day, no dynasty, no divine right, has any basis.

It is not too much to imagine that the Roman Empire would have divided into peaceful and contented industrial nations; that the Greek literature and art would have remained in existence; that in the arts of life all the vast provinces would have matured into a common well-being; that the conquering north would have been persuaded and civilised, and, in short, that darkness, ignorance, poverty, sacerdotalism, inquisitions, martyrdoms, would not have fallen on the modern world. If the Jews had a commission to take care of religion, they were derelict. Alas! they were looking backward. They were "standing still over a thing," as the old dictionary calls Superstition. As the centuries passed, their learned men were busy at nothing better than digging in the past, like those who seek to reconstruct a world at Herculaneum. They believed the ancient order might be revived and lived in; they perused the ancient scroll; they exchanged texts; they exchanged even words, and could prove anything by metathesis, counting the letters in a word and then multiplying them by the letters in another word, or transposing the letters in a word and then multiplying, and by these texts and letters and multiplyings could prove anything to their own satisfaction. Their mental forces were turned upon the study, the spread, and the exposi-

tion of their Scriptures, and creating their Commentary, the Talmud.

There is nothing to which we can compare this mistake of the Jews with such truth as that made at the era of the Reformation, when the human mind had made its stand against that loving mother who strangled it for its own good. Instead of reading the words of Jesus, or even reading its own great works, Protestantism began that system of swapping proof texts out of the Jewish Scriptures (including St. Paul's) which it has continued ever since—with lucid intervals, it is true; trying to prove so many diverse and totally irreconcilable propositions, that one grows weary in reading them, and willing that they should all go to the paper mill at once. Protestantism thought that "religion" was to be got primarily out of the Old Testament, which is only an inspiration to make men look up into the sky for it.

If all the brain power that has been wasted on the Hebrew book in the past four centuries; all the search in it for laws, where only songs and stories exist; all that straining of the credulity for evidence, where only dreams are; all the prophecy of events, where only statements of principles are; all those riddles which are only products of the Jewish genius for the phantasmagoria of the apocryphal—had been turned to fairer uses, there might now be a world of peace. And, above all, if all that good breath wasted in preaching doctrines which if true are useless, or those expositions which did not expose anything but the very religious, but immoral, men of the Israelitish story—I say, if all this brain power had been used in some invention to turn some mill wheel, or had stopped some divine king from cutting off heads, or stealing lands, or even had it planted more corn, it might have made the world—what it evidently may be made—a fit place to live in.

I see that the close of the last sentence seems cold and inadequate. I do not mean that this earth is not a fit place for those of us who are fortunate or strong enough to have access

to the sea and the rivers, the trees and the blooms, the mountains and the valleys, that nature gives; or can live in the beautiful houses standing in enchanted gardens, which art gives us, or even on the free hillsides of our land in the humblest of houses, by the streams and orchards our forefathers gave us. I mean for those poor and weak ones to whom the theologian says: Sorry I cannot do anything for you to-day, but to-morrow you shall have felicity—in another world.

CHAPTER XIX

New Lamps for Old Ones

Turning now from the hypothetical questions of the last chapter, we must ask what really did happen to the civilisation of the basin of the Mediterranean. While we must beware of those easy phrases that our books abound in, we cannot but see that the Roman Empire fell. The cause of its fall no two authors can agree upon. Some say it was ruined by luxury, some by vice, some by a mistaken political economy. Some say that it was old, decrepit, worn out; while some think the idle masses in the city itself, who demanded bread and would not work, destroyed the political balance and weakened the military power.

It is a familiar saying that we receive our laws from Rome, the Justinian code being the foundation of our legal codes. But we receive something far more important from the era of the Roman Republic—the very essence of our ideas of political organisation. Allowing due credit to the Greek genius for small political aggregations of free men, for the idea of individual freedom, we must yet acknowledge that the Greek confederation never ripened into an imperial idea.

We must look to Rome for inspiration. To make a power in the world that shall give to the individual free play, is the highest reach of political wisdom—the power protecting the individual while the individual sustains the power.

We ask ourselves in vain, Why should such an effort of the human mind cease, or abrogate its position, why give way to other ideas? Why should such a system perish as Rome perished?

We have to seek for an answer in the mysterious, subtle, and sometimes swift march of ideas among the mass of individuals.

The historian draws only a few lines across his page, a few portraits on the millennial canvas, depicts a few situations, a few battles, several intrigues, adulteries, and other crimes of the upper classes, and we straightway forget all the common life of the myriads that existed besides; we forget all the affections, the love, the faith, the goodness, the truthfulness, the helpfulness, the charity, the joy in nature—in short, that life which is the object of the earth's being. We should do well to read ancient history with our eyes on a possible story by someone who has studied the life that really went on, instead of the death by violence, war and disasters.

I do not believe that we can reconstruct the ancient world—I mean the world of humanity in its one great occupation of living—out of the fragments of writing and art which we have. We can only reconstruct it out of our own hearts; out of the joys of birth, the supreme and all-controlling joy of living, the sympathy, the love, the charity (which we sentimentally, but egotistically, claim as a modern invention), the heart-rending sorrow of death. These have always gone on; these alone explain life, history, the world, the universe.

We busy ourselves with the exceptional, the surprising, and with a few great outward things, military or dynastic—or the rise of a religion—which constantly mislead us. We delude ourselves with a "philosophy of history" when we need most a philosophy of life. The moral world swallowed, as greedily as a trout does a worm, the idle traveller's tale of Herodotus, about the women of Babylon in the temple of Astarte, applying the exceptional case of a devotee or vestal to the state of society at large, not willing to rely for its contradiction on woman's nature and on man's jealousy. The world swallowed the tales of Adonis worship, without once casting a thought upon its own infatuations. It concluded that a number of ladies going

out on the hillsides in the springtime to celebrate Easter must behave as irrationally, and be as absurd, as the crowds whose primal emotions are stirred in our Paderewski worship.

We do not often enough seek out in the lines of Pater and Symonds—or better, out of the old poets of Greece themselves—what was the meaning of the Greek symbolisms, the personifications, the beautiful manifestations, the creations of the imagination, by which the ancient world raised itself into sympathy with nature, with the wonders of the earth, the waters, the sky, and all life. I turn often to see what Tennyson said about Virgil, and what the Roman saw, thought, and felt; and ask myself if this view is really not a partial key of the Roman world. But I often, now, think of the long line of great emperors, beginning with Augustus, who ruled Rome, and whose memories we blacken with the names of a few odious men who were only accidents of power. Look again, and see what magnificent works of utility these men built in Africa, Gaul, Spain, and Italy, what they tried to do for civilisation to save it from submersion. We do not often enough think of Rome, that civilisation whose loss is the greatest catastrophe of history.

I have frequently conjectured what would be the written opinions of the Roman authors about our modern world could the course of time, by some necromancy, be exactly reversed and our civilisation have come one or two thousand years in advance of the Roman and Greek periods. What would they have said about our industrial system and its results in great cities? What would they have written about our standing armies, with their immense industrial loss as well as their own idleness? What would they have thought of our "liberty of the press" and of our great "public" of which it is the self-appointed administrator? Would the Roman have pointed a moral with our "Christianity" as we have done with their "Paganism"? Would their whiteness, their virtue, have needed to give ours as black a background as we have given theirs?

Would they have had the same ecclesiastical necessity for a frightful example that our writers have almost without exception felt? And in the realm of literature, would they have wondered at the pictures of life drawn by Balzac and Zola? Would Juvenal have considered Rabelais's prose as an exposition of society, or an exceptional satire? Would Marcus Aurelius have thought the maxims of Rochefoucauld our settled and best conclusions? Would Dean Swift have made them laugh, or would they have considered the "Travels" some sacred history of another kind of world which had once existed? I wonder if they would have thought our bull fights as exciting as their gladiatorial games; or our prize fights, either those under the patronage of the university or the better regulated ones of the sporting man, comic or tragic? And in theology, what would the judicial Romans have thought of our Calvinism which takes its gladiatorial amusements after death on a scale of unexampled magnitude, and in a frame of cruelty that permits no "thumbs up" in its rigid rules, which are a deep and righteous statement of equity in a world foreordained to sin! What would their historians have said about our inquisitions, our martyrdoms, our massacres, to say nothing of our burnings at the stake of those who thought the world might be round instead of flat; and all the crimes we palliate because done in the name of religion, with all those tyrannies over the mind which each nation and each sect lays at the door of another? How Nero and all the cruel Romans with their blood-letting by the spigot, would have turned green with envy when they saw us knock the head of the barrel in!

What would the Roman moralist have said of our morality (the word among us signifies only one thing) where the Social Evil does duty for the social good?

How would the Pagan courtesan have regarded the Christian courtesan, Ninon de L'Enclos, for example?

We may well ask how the gentleman who lived on the Bay of Baiæ would have enjoyed the atmosphere of London and

Pittsburg and Chicago, had he lived in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

As I have said, no agreement can be had as to the obscuration of civilisation, but each one of us has a theory. The conquest of countries, the subversion of dynasties, and the changes upon the maps of the world are familiar to us; but in the case we are considering, no great conquest, no great movement of men appears, to explain the fall of civilisation. The cause was therefore interior, a change in philosophy or thought. Something insidious happened; some mental decay, some unnatural disease set in.

The more I study Greece, from Homer to Longus, the clearer it is to me that Greek literature, art and thought did not die a natural death. Some modern essayists consider the subjugation of the various independent states of Greece by Philip of Macedon the cause of the breaking down of the Hellenic spirit.

But the longer I study the politics, the economics, the faith and the life of the people of Greece, and especially of Greater Greece, from early but plain historic days down through all the changes of democracy, of representative government, the more I am convinced that the decay and final death of such a magnificent development of the human mind did not come from political and external causes, but from insidious ideas.

The more I study the story of Rome, from those earliest days of human strife and war down through all her career, which, considered as a distinct development, is the most moving of all time, the more mystified I am. When I consider the civic life, the wondrous expression of which moves us as nothing else does, though we see only the broken columns of its magnificence; when I consider the laws, the tolerance, the virtue, the reasonableness, the mental stature of its intellectual classes, and their moral view, my imagination is moved as by nothing else that ever has existed. And I seek the reason for the extinguishment of civilisation in some exterior cause, namely,

the formation of a narrowing and destructive theory of origins and of human conditions. When I seek for the reason of Rome's transformation in the early centuries of our era, I am not satisfied with the verdict of the doctors of history. I believe it will not be found in its cruelty, its luxury, or its age, for neither Rome nor Greece were in any sense "old," nor were they in physical or moral decrepitude. An intellectual disaster alone can account for it.

We have to lay aside all those military terms by which we express physical triumphs, when we speak of the fall of Rome. Rome was not conquered, subjugated, annexed, or occupied, in any physical sense whatever, by the Jews; so that if we should say that Judaism "conquered" Rome it would seem absurd.

In Roman history we find no Jewish consuls, Cæsars, kings, or even senators; no generals, nor even many scholars, nor even plain Jews, stalk through her pages. St. Peter shakes the Eternal City only in the pages of fiction.

When we are asked what Judaism accomplished, we cannot say as we do of Mohammedanism, that it conquered the world. Judaism neither overran nor subjugated the world. When Renan says that "in the first century of our era it appears that the world had a dim consciousness of what had passed; it saw its master in this strange, awkward, timid stranger, without any exterior nobility," he is not speaking literally or accurately, but rhetorically; he was helping to create that figure we call "Israel."

It must not be understood that Renan saw in Israel the world's military, its political, its economic, its social, its æsthetic, or its reigning master; but that the Jews' tradition prevailed; their theories of God and man, their Philosophy of History prevailed, paralysing and ruining human intellectual effort. This, to me, is the cloud that overspread the civilised world in those centuries, and slowly extinguished its intellectual life. This, to me, is the philosophy of the intellectual decline in the early centuries, which continued through the Dark Ages, till

the intellect of the world again asserted itself. The additional explanation is that the Roman Empire, already weakened from other causes, was an easy victim of the Semite theory—but a victim it was.

By Judaism I mean neither the ancient cult of El, nor Mosaic Israelitism, nor the ethical and political solutions of the prophets as recorded in the Old Testament, but the cult that was erected at Jerusalem after the Captivity at Babylon. Jerusalem was the seat of a religion to which the Jews looked as authority, and there were differences of opinion in the three principal sects, and at length in the principal schools, which makes a definition of Judaism almost impossible. But the basic ideas were Semitic: the same theory of origins, the same view of providence, the same theory of man's relation to God. Moreover, its leading tenet, which made it sterile organically, was in believing that religion is or should be the foundation of not only society but the state—in other words, in theocratic interference and government.

This Jewish system of thought, and of practice based on it, had been known throughout the Mediterranean world for a couple of hundred years, through the large number of Jews in various occupations; and in the first century of our era received a new impulse and reinforcement from the Galilean movement, which unfortunately was swallowed up in the sacerdotal system of the new church and did not reappear to any extent until the eighteenth century of our era.

We can say that Jewish Christianity was early caught in the snare of Greek Philosophy, a philosophy of abstract speculation. And Jewish thought, in the mask of Christianity, certainly ruined Greek science; while, conversely, Greek thought in the guise of Christianity ruined Jewish thought. The mixture of two irreconcilable systems ruined the integrity of the European mind for many centuries.

As I have elsewhere said, had the revolution of thought in Palestine, the new thought that Jesus represented in its best

aspect and irradiated with his genius, gone on; had his views of God, of man, and of life prevailed, the result would have been far different from what it was. But unfortunately Judaism prevailed in a new garb, that system of thought that considered itself special and final. That fascinating, but everywhere fatal, theory that God founds institutions; that his Kingdom is outward; that he struggles to maintain his Kingdom on earth; that he needs help to do it, so that the sacerdote is necessary, is at the root of all the outward, visible, and usurping religion that so sadly mismanaged the European world. The history of the world testifies that religion has been a good servant in its beginnings, but is a bad master in the end, or as soon as it has given the priest his holding of vested rights.

By an unwelcome conjunction, the theological historian and the French critic agree that Judaism did make the conquest of the Roman world. The syllogism is a strong one. Christianity is the child of Judaism. Christianity became the controlling thought of the Empire in Rome and in the East; therefore Judaism conquered.

Many try to escape this conclusion, which perhaps was the bitter drop in many a proud cup in European history; but if Christianity is an extension to the Gentiles of the Jewish patent, and if the religion of Jesus is a confirmation of Judaism, the drop must be swallowed, however the recipient may hate the owner of the cup. That these are facts is one of the secrets of the universal hatred of the Jews in the history of Europe.

Perhaps it would add to that bitterness if I suggested to my readers what is to me evident, but which I do not insist upon as more than a hypothesis: that the muse of history, with a sardonic gesture, made an exchange of intellectual positions, and that Judaism, in the course of several centuries after Christ, exchanged its old lamps for new—took the ethical position of Jesus, but without accepting Jesus himself, and while the Roman world took official Judaism, gradually relinquished

the distinctive ethical ideas of Christ, as it acquired authority and power.

This exchange was not effected with formality, by any council, but by the passage of time; and it was without even the consent of either of the contracting parties. Neither could such an exchange be complete; Judaism could not exchange all its habits of mind, its tendencies, or its social traits for new ones. But we can see that Judaism became more and more an ethical, instead of a sacrificial system; it became at times deeply rationalistic; it never resumed any central worship, Sanhedrim, or sacrifice; it never advanced toward political control, or usurpation of political rights, but became more and more democratic in sentiment; perforce, it was no longer a theocracy.

But the pride of the Jewish people was its doctrine of a Single Head of the Universe. Its fraternal principles, its republican organisations, its moral views, and its practical sense are its chief characteristics now. It goes on, of course, in its several dwelling-places, with its ceremonies, observances, and impositions, as all religions do; but these are things that will wear out in time. The complete change will come to the mass of its believers, as it has already come to the élite, the fortunate, the rich and the cultivated, through the lapse of time.

When one thinks of Christianity as one of two contracting parties, it must be remembered that while its theology was Jewish, it became at last a composite of all the religious elements of the ancient world, that surpassed its parent in every respect. The Church enlisted in its service, besides the theocratic ideal of the Jews, the imperium of the Roman; it took on at last the art and the architecture of the world; and finally it pressed into its service the most moving and seductive of powers, the art of music: so that we can hardly help feeling that the Church conferred upon the world—instead of what was the fact, that the world conferred upon the Church—all those things which make life so rich, agreeable, and worth

having as it is now. This idea, and not the fear of hell, may have been in the Middle Ages the main factor of its strength. In this it did not resemble ancient Judaism or ancient Jerusalem.

And it may be necessary to say, for those who conceive of Christianity as a complete system, introduced into the world in the first century—instead of Christianity as a religion which, starting with root ideas, grew, developed, changed, matured, divided, and has been extensively modified, enlarged, and diminished, in the course of twenty centuries—that in speaking of it as the child or an heir or successor of Judaism, I do not mean that it is now like the crude Judaism of the ancient world, nor that it is the system of thought which advanced Judaism is to-day. For advanced Judaism is the child of Christianity.

If anyone would comprehend Christianity as a system, he must read the history of all the councils, ponder the hundreds of dogmas that have been adopted, and study the relation of the Roman Church to the peoples of Europe, who believe it to be the seat of authority and the Papacy now infallible. Understand that the words Christianity and Civilisation have been used synonymously. But we must learn at last not to confound our social, political, industrial, artistic, scientific world as it stands in all its power and radiance, with its religion. Religion has been only one factor in the advance the earth has made in the last millennium.

For theology is only a hypothesis, and ours is a hypothesis once removed (as they say of relationship), based as it is on a series of occurrences most of which never occurred. It is anon a despair, then a tyranny; it becomes an anæsthetic to the mind; it turns into an æsthetic which betrays humanity for the pleasure of the rich. Protestantism resembles Judaism in many ways, but chiefly in its being susceptible of intellectual change under changing circumstances, of its being divisible, and often even so far as to be weak and ineffective—while the Catholic and the Orthodox Greek churches remain stolid and autocratic.

CHAPTER XX

The Religious Régime in Europe

Now that our religion is transforming into an ethical and benevolent system—with life instead of death as a goal—out of which the supernatural is vanishing with great rapidity, it is difficult for the mind to cast itself back into the mould of the earlier beliefs. It is almost impossible to realise what happened to the Mediterranean world when its intellectual life was submerged by the tide of Semitic ideas which prevailed for several centuries. Historians, essayists and poets, alike with theologians, have so diligently impressed the mind with the Semitic account of origins and of providence, as well as with the Semitic philosophy and history, that it is hard to make head against the tide and to say that there is some other explanation of human affairs.

Lest we fall into the vice of the theorist who tells us that some particular political or religious form of development is the key of history, and the explanation of humanity, I will say at once that in avoiding Hebraism I do not feel that I must perish on the rock of Hellenism. There is something in the nature of things, and in the mind of man, that transcends any of the systems on which most of us place our thinking. And when I say that the Mediterranean world passed into intellectual poverty under the influence of the Semitic ideas, I do not forget that it had never agreed upon the science of the nature of things, and of man, and so was an easy victim of the Semitic theory.

The Jewish form of the Semitic idea of sin I will call the Wicked Heart theory. This theory did little harm while restricted to a small and unimportant people; but in operation

in civilisation at large, among people of action and of ideals, it was disastrous. For the idealists made a metaphysical, while the men of action made a legal system of it, and imposed it upon humanity as a rule. From the Wicked Heart theory it is only a step to the Wicked Woman theory; Helen, the ideal, had to go, and the literature that celebrated her, that raised the mind out of the low view of life, had to go. All the beautiful symbolism by which man raised himself into relationship with nature, and which made life joyous and noble, had to go. The art which illustrated his aspirations, his best thoughts about his own power, or his best thoughts of the beauty about him, had to go.

But let no one imagine that the transformation of civilisation can be expressed in a phrase, that it was accomplished in one century or four. I hate the phrases that eat up so much of the world's time vainly and uselessly. We can but dimly see the beautiful, refined and virtuous life that expired in Gaul, in Roman Africa, and in every lovely land of those Mediterranean shores. We must not forget the long sigh of civilisation in Africa, the long agony of Greece—lasting indeed for a thousand years, six hundred years longer than the life of Old Rome itself.

Those great civilisations expired slowly, with many a sigh, many a backward look. Imagine, if we can, the British Empire dying, and we can have some sense of what it was for the civilisation of the Roman period to expire. It took some hundreds of years for Rome to die, as will be true of the death of our contemporary nation or of our own. In the western part of the Roman Empire, refined living ceased, wealth disappeared; libraries were destroyed, that none might know that there had been in existence another ideal besides that of asceticism, retreat, and abandonment. Knowledge of the past was effaced in the interests of a pusillanimous present. The Dark Ages set in—that glacial period of the intellect. All the other means of culture vanishing, the inevitable result followed;

religion became the only interest, the only respectable business, except killing the body, which was always in order. It is singular how in our ideas religion and death go together; when, if we would only remember a Galilean word or two, religion and life go together, and joy in existence is a natural inheritance. Civilisations depend for continuance not upon religious, but upon political forms and combinations, upon the economic organisations of public life; and these rest upon stout hearts. And when the ambitions of life—all those things that are rightfully and manfully pursued—leave the field to one element of the mind, hearts are no longer stout. Men under these circumstances may make excellent martyrs, but they are poor citizens of the state.

Native ideals, original conceptions of the uses and meanings of life, had to be abandoned. The theory of the Wicked Heart, put in their places, made endless confusion. As Europe developed, the church theory became firmly set. Probably in no age of the world has there been such universal mental distress as Europe passed through in the succeeding centuries. To have a mortal disease and not be able to get the remedy is terrifying. But to have a religion foreign to his hereditary consciousness and to his sense of right, and of destiny, is what no man can endure without mental agony and disaster.

The European has been drenched in the blood of his agony; his agony to reach a workable conception of God, of life, of himself. He has suffered immensely, and not wholly in vain, though he has not attained intellectual freedom.

The structural weakness of the secular Semitic organisations, with their theory of man, seems to have passed over upon Rome. Civic life, once the pride of Rome, gave way. The belief that public life was an unworthy one was only a prelude to the belief that all life is unworthy. "Life not worth living" is only a prelude to the conviction that all life is bad in itself. The fatal thing about the belief that life is bad is that it becomes

so. It then becomes wrong to live; it is sinful to enjoy; and religion itself is not a joy, but only a consolation. Under the church development of the theory, men have had to steal their joys. Six-sevenths of their thoughts, their affections, and their lives were wicked, and only one-seventh good, and that seventh very hard to get and generally to be paid for in money—and in death. The theory that God has an Institution managing his own affairs (in contradistinction from the ordinary affairs of the race of men) makes the Levite, the Priest, the Mollah, the Llama necessary, and hence the ingenious system of taxation to supplement the begging bowl.

It may seem strange that a religion that was itself substantially free from asceticism, and which had some courage in its composition, should in the process of becoming Christianity become ascetic, pusillanimous, and destructive to the arts of life. And yet asceticism set in at once on the development of Pauline Christianity in the East, which was honeycombed with hermitages. The anchorite life was esteemed the only safe life, especially the only life safe from woman. It was the only way of living a holy life, and the only life worth living was the holy life.

Not only was the East filled with hermits, but they soon organised into those safe refuges, the monasteries. Women, too, soon found out how bad life was, and that there was a "divine" life in the nunnery. They got them thither in great numbers, and so men were doubly safe.

The ascetic idea spread to the West, and it organised the monastery in a more business-like and effective way than the East. Gradually the Orders of both men and women withdrew great numbers to the service of religion. Everything was useless except religion. What little of the teaching of Christ had filtered through the net of metaphysical speculation on which the ecclesiastical structure had been set, was held to show the uselessness of anything but the "divine life."

Ascetism was not a new disease. It is endemic in India,

where it appears as the expedient of the religious, sometimes the intellectual, devotee, to achieve solitude; and it is evidently a device for living by beggary. It seldom appears there as it did in European Christianity, mainly as a form of social pusillanimity.

We do not say that this ascetism was true Hebraism, but a sequence from it; but none can deny that the organised Church is a logical sequence of Hebraism. Renan says that the Jew has a right to say to the Christian, "Thou art a Jew with a little alloy." St. Paul is perhaps responsible more than any other Jew for the idea that the unmarried life is better than the married. That the celibate life did not become obligatory for many centuries, is not a disproof of this. It was the priestly, the clerical, not the lay life, however holy, that was divine. The Separatist idea, the monastic life or the divine life, is everywhere injurious to society. It is an error of structure that is often fatal. Monasticism is a disease, not a cure. The scuttling out of life, the failure to face moral problems, is at the root of the intellectual disaster of our early centuries. Vast numbers of men and women exhibited a moral cowardice in taking refuge in religion, and selfishly abandoning themselves to an insubstantial and unverifiable metaphysical dream, a conglomeration of all the wild fancies and speculations of five or six centuries of the early Church and of paganism.

This divine life had no wife, no child, no affections, no real emotions. All its emotions were simulated, its sympathies were fictitious. There was no real sacrifice of self. There was nothing in the world to lose, there was everything to gain—somewhere else.

In the course of a few centuries the Church presented heaven with many masterpieces of pious art, its certified list of saints containing more mortified, maimed, macerated, tortured, disfigured human beings, all self-immolated, than any other church in the world. Presented as these were (with an occasional burnt-offering), these impossible models of piety have

stamped the brain of our era with a sense of distrust, hopelessness and fear, the cause of most of our mental woe. It has destroyed for myriads all pleasure in the voyage of life, and all confidence in the self-elected crew that assumes to manage the vessel.

It was only after centuries that profane men rediscovered the arts, reread the remains of literature, reorganised states. Men, too, rediscovered Helen, began to weave the ideal woman into the web of their lives. What waste would Dante's poem be without Beatrice! How empty Goethe's creations without the woman-soul! What would avail all our songs, and our efforts to re-establish human nature and make life of value, if that ideal failed us?

I must point my readers to those vast products of our race during the past few centuries, to express, by contrast, the chasm that lies between our present endeavours and beliefs and that idea which destroyed the old civilisations. And yet we are only emerging from the shadow of that fatal occultation.

If I mistake not, it is an article of faith that Christianity saved the Roman world from death, and nursed it back to life, and that it created Europe. I read the story the other way.

The present European development we call civilisation is a resultant of the rise and development of the Germanic and the Celtic races. True, they took and used the inventions and the accumulations of the southern lands, their art, literature and religion, just as the Arabs later used the civilisation of Egypt, Carthage, Persia and India; but the vitality, the strength, the mental forces, originated in the North. As Froude says, "The northern nations grafted the religion and the laws of the Western Empire on the hardy nations, and shaped out that wonderful spiritual and political organisation which remained unshaken for a thousand years."

I do not deny the influence of Rome and Constantinople, at length, upon the northern races; but that the revival of Rome, by the admixture with it of Judaism and its theocratic tradition

and system, explains the advance of Europe, is to me impossible. It is impossible in the nature of things; for all history shows that it is the rise of fresh men, the energy in fresh blood, that creates eras. Strong as is that composite religion that we call Christianity, I do not see in it the explanation of European civilisation. But it is easy to see that the theocratic domination immensely interrupted, delayed and complicated the free intellectual and political development. The clerical and religious service it performed was nothing when weighed against its immense assumptions of power over both the individual and the State, never paralleled in any other age or continent. It caused inevitable differences, and it bred the affiliated idea of divine right among rulers—that bastard theocracy.

The Jewish conception of God, of sin and of man as involved in its existence, was seized upon by the Christian Sacerdote to bind, more completely than had ever been done in the whole period of history, the human conscience. Religion has been everywhere in the world the readiest tool of despotism; but Europe has suffered most from it, on account of its innate regard for law and logic. This Jewish assertion once taken for truth, the task of the Ecclesiast was easy. In the name of Heaven he governed all the various states of Europe. He dictated not only religion, morals and conduct, but politics—who should rule. He usurped all fundamental human political rights. His assumptions made all normal development, all initiative of the rising races, difficult, almost impossible. Political action was restrained by interdict and ruined by intrigue. Never before had the world known the fact of the intrigue of numberless persons in the service of one ruler, under pretence of religious authority, invading the domain of another people and successfully dictating its political, its social and its intellectual beliefs and conduct. Never has the Muse of History had the sad duty of recording such shameful crimes as were committed against society and personal rights in the long ages of the dominion of the Ecclesia of Rome, and of the pale

simulacra of churches, the fruit of the Reformation, which without courage had the disposition to declare themselves theocratic, except in brief periods in England and her colonies.

A religious organisation within the state, acting on the state, is a constant menace. And such an organisation acting outside its own political province (where the people may for a time assent to its operations) is nearly always evil in its effects, soon becomes intolerable in its operation, its exemption from taxation, and its sequestration of property, and leads to bloodshed, hatred, and strife. For it inevitably happens that the Church claims exemption from the rule of the State, and soon that it is superior to it, or not within its jurisdiction. Ecclesiastical-political powers, all the theocratic pretence, must pass away and leave men free to organise political states intelligent enough to cope with the problems of poverty and crime, for which the Church has only one remedy, charity, and one answer, death.

CHAPTER XXI

The Semites in Europe

Leaving now for a time the topics that I have treated as spectral, that is, belonging to the domain of speculation —let us for a time look at the Semitic people living in Europe, and finally at the Jewish Question as it stands at present. The wisest thing a student of the question of the condition of the Jews in Europe could do would be to subordinate those familiar terms, "The Dark Ages," "The Middle Ages," to an examination of specific periods; I mean to the study of specific countries, populations and social conditions.

The tale of woe will not seem so long if the persecutions of the Jews, instead of lasting for eighteen hundred years, shall be found to be in some cases but a passing event, or at most to last only during a disturbed period disastrous to all as well as to the Jews—for example, during the Crusades. The chief difficulty is that, just as the confiding, pious writer puts together in one naïve little story of a few chapters, as the history of the world, the periods of Adam, Noah, Abraham and Moses, four thousand years; so he treats, in a phrase, the "Dark Ages," the five or six centuries of Europe after the Christian System had become not only supreme but absolute, and the Church possessed the heritage of the Empire it helped to destroy. And just as he jumbles together the Israelitish and the Jewish periods in an indistinguishable whole (though no periods are more distinct), so the "Middle Ages" are jumbled together when he wants to draw an indictment against Europe, in the interest of Jewish pretences. The "Middle Ages" is a very

elastic term. No two historians agree as to the beginning or end of the period. One can put almost anything into it, or take out almost anything. We shall discover, if we look closely, that the "Dark Ages" and the "Middle Ages" begin early in some countries, late in others; and that they linger in some countries long after they have vanished in others.

Mediævalism lingers, too, in some minds and in some organisations long after it has vanished out of the majority of minds and out of at least most political organisations.

If we cannot fix any date, we can perhaps indicate a condition which marks in Europe the end of the Middle Ages. This, I should say, is another of those times which we noticed in the beginning of what I called the Middle Era—the rise of the individual. By the seventeenth century, in places in Europe, man emerges from the state of servitude to a feudal chief, or a proprietor, and becomes an individual, a member of the state. This process goes on rapidly in the eighteenth century and culminates in the nineteenth. It is the doctrine that has produced the results most marked in the increase of population, of the means of life and of the pursuit of happiness.

We must, therefore, divide the inquiry into the position of the Jews in Europe into two periods: one, the whole of the long, uncertain, formative period; and the second, the last two centuries, the eighteenth and nineteenth. In this latter era the conditions are different from the first in almost every particular, social, political and industrial. Within these two centuries the states of Europe have virtually agreed upon a new principle of association. Instead of the mark of nationality being consanguinity, as once, it is now a principle that the country or place of a man's birth and residence settles his political relations, his allegiance and his public duties. Nearly all the states of Europe and America living under this new doctrine admit all races and conditions of men to residence and citizenship, according to the rules of each polity. A knowledge of this change in the principle of citizenship or nation-

ality is essential to any study of the position of the Jew in modern life; and this equality of privilege in life, religion and occupation changes the whole Jewish Question into a personal one, as was said, entirely different from the one on which rest the charges of persecution of the Jew.

Under this view, the idea that Europe must consider this nationality as special and unassimilable vanishes slowly away; as likewise the Jew, when no longer an alien, will take a place in society to which his talents assign him.

The main question of this chapter, however, relates to the place which the Semite occupied in the early and formative conditions of the various countries of Europe; and the position and the rights of the Jew form an inner section of this topic.

The present century, to speak broadly, has no "Semitic" question. Viewed territorially, Europe has only one "Asiatic" occupant, the Turk. He is "Semitic" only by religion, not by blood. The Arab sword conquered the Turk in his habitat, and the Turk in return conquered the Arab. But the religion that the Arab imposed did not essentially change when the Turk assumed the Caliphate.

As I have suggested in another place, there is something unaccounted for about the geographical division of the great land which stretches from the Pacific on the east to the Atlantic on the west. Why was it divided into two continents, Asia and Europe? The existence of the Ural Mountains and the Caspian Sea is not a sufficient reason, for there is in the great plain of Russia a broad, level and feasible gateway between these landmarks. I suggst that it was the jealousy of races. Europe west of the Ural line as the original home of Celtic, Teutonic and cognate races, and Asia, east of the Ural and the Caspian, as the original home of the Turco-Tataric, Ural-Altaic, Dravidian, Malay, Mongolic and other races, would account for the arbitrary continental geographical division, and probably show that the line of demarcation between the continents is by no means a recent idea.

Strange things happen, and we may see, ere long, that the habit of regarding the Semitic as the earliest and most important factor in history is a blunder of the greatest magnitude. We may yet see that the Aryan moved eastward into Asia, occupied all northern India and all central Asia, pressing southward as in Persia, Media and Asia Minor upon the Semitic development, as that pressed northward and eastward from Arabia. We may yet come to acknowledge generally what scholars know well, that the intellectual development of India, of central Asia and of Iran, long anterior to that of Greece, was the real beginning of our civilisation; that the "Aryan" ideas, beliefs and character are the true line of progress in the race, and that the imposition upon it of a Semitic line, with the Semitic ideas, beliefs and character, was a misfortune—a passing misfortune, let us say and hope.

It is now established that the ancient civilisation of the delta of the Euphrates and the Tigris was in no respect Semitic (Arab or Hebrew). The pressure of the Semite migrating eastward destroyed the dynasties of Sumer and Accad, of still doubtful ethnology, and obscured until late decades the fact that there existed, some three or more thousand years before the advent of the Semite in those countries, a civilisation with the art of writing; with the science of the planetary world, at least, developed; with what is much more important, the use of implements; the art of building well advanced; the arts of life highly developed, and equal, in many ways, to those of our own day; and with perhaps the models of our arts and customs. The prospect now is, that we shall be able to free our minds from that impression so forbidding to all true knowledge, that the Semites were an "early people," or that they had any very important agency in the primitive inventions of our historic era—beginning now to appear, very far within probability, some ten thousand years old.

The same facts of primitive origin and relationship belong to Egyptian civilisation, only within the last century becoming

known. We must omit inquiry into the darker-skinned races; though the time will doubtless come when our ignorance of their ages of development and culture, and of their happiness, let us hope, will be illuminated by knowledge, probably to be had when our Semitic predilections let our eyes see and our ears hear.

If we could once get free enough from our predilection for Genesis as history, we should see how late the appearance of the Semite in history really is. We should soon begin to realise how contracted his territories were at the best, and how small a part he filled in the life of the human race at large. Successful in mastering the inhabitants at the delta of the Euphrates, the Semite in turn was conquered by the Mede, and again by the Persian. The Semitic Phœnician of Syria was conquered by the Hittite, as he was also in his colonies of Carthage and Spain by the Roman.

The Semitic development was extremely interesting, but has been long succeeded by its decline. It lingers in our centuries, but its remaining nationalities are dispersed and powerless. It is already, comparatively speaking, obsolete. Arabia, though a continent in itself, half as large as Europe, is hardly more than the seat of a shrine; the Arab, the Jew and the Syrian must, in the natural course of things, be absorbed in the ocean of European civilisation.

Our impression of the power and place in the world of the Semite is derived mainly from the success of the Arab religion, not obsolete but existing among many nations unrelated in origin and blood. But when we come to analyse the question, we find that this, like the Jewish, was the development of a religion and not a race. For while Khaled, that Sword of God, rapidly overran Asia Minor, he did not thereby change those peoples into Semites. He also overran Persia, and in a short time all Persia and central Asia became Mohammedan. But Persia remained Aryan in blood, and central Asia a mixture of Aryan, Tartar and Turk.

Perhaps we think of the fifty millions of Mohammedans in India as Semites; but we must again discriminate between the religion and the race. We must not count all the languages written in the Arabic characters as Semitic. Tamerlane, the Turk, invaded India in 1398; and his great-grandson, the conquering Baber, in 1525-6 made Mohammedanism permanent in India. The great Akbar, also, was not a Semite, but a Turk born in India.

In all history there is not so wonderful a story of rapid conquest as that begun in the name of Mohammed. As has been succinctly stated by Macdonald: "Within fourteen years of the Hijra Damascus was taken, and within seventeen years all Syria and Mesopotamia. By the year 21 (A. H.) the Muslims held Persia; in 41 they were at Herat, and in 56 they reached Samarquand. In the West, Egypt was taken in the year 20; but the way through northern Africa was long and hard. Carthage did not fall till 74, but Spain was conquered with the fall of Toledo in 93. It was in the year of the Hijra 114 (A. D. 732), that the wave was at last turned and the mercy of Tours was wrought by Charles the Hammer."

This author flashes a light upon the social condition of Arabia which is seldom beheld, for our superstition about the Arab is of the same nature as that about the Hebrew. He says: "But the Muslims still held Burgundy and the Dauphiné. The wealth that flowed into Arabia from these expeditions was enormous; money and slaves and luxuries of every kind went to transform the old life of hardness and simplicity. Great estates grew up; fortunes were made and lost; the intricacies of the Syrian and Persian civilisations overcame their conquerors."

This is very sad. We are sorry indeed to part with our simple Arab man, so frugal that a handful of dates suffices for his sustenance, and so temperate that spring water is not a beverage but a necessity of existence; so healthful and athletic that he can ride even a camel, and so honest in his personal relations that

the Essayist made a mistake when he said Righteousness was an invention of the Hebrew alone—it was what is so much deeper, Semitic. He is not so mystic a figure as Israel, in any of his transformations, but as an Asiatic Muslim he appears to be metaphysical with a dash of poetry, and ascetic and idle enough to have at least the odour of sanctity.

The conquest of northern Africa and of Spain, and the invasion of France probably gives the Arab race its greatest lustre in the popular mind. The conquest of the island of Sicily is also extremely romantic, and occupies a large place in history.

No doubt Spain afforded the Arab a more favourable soil for his expansion and fruitage than he ever experienced elsewhere. He brought with him the civilisation of Persia and those arts which have made him famous, but which sprung not in Arabian soil or in the Arabic nature. The Arab was neither artistic nor philosophic. He was religious and sometimes literary. His religion was unique, and so simple, direct, and originally so little metaphysical, that it left his mind free for the uses of his earthly affairs. He and his successor, the Moor, made Spain a garden, almost a paradise. There does not seem to be on the surface any good reason why he and his allies and successors should not have remained in Spain.

There were two reasons, however. One, the perhaps unconscious doctrine that the Semite belonged east of the Mediterranean and not in Europe; that same doctrine that says that the Turk belongs east of the Caspian and not in any case west of the Euxine. Was it not a cry like this—Europe for the Europeans—that drew these geographical lines?

The other reason is a far better one; namely, that other human beings wanted the land for exactly the same reason that the Arab wanted it when he took it. Modern authors call this appetite the law of economics.

Those who think that the philosophy of history is in the rise and fall of religions, in the rise and fall of religious institutions,

are very much puzzled about Spain. Here is a history that needs some other explanation.

Let us glance at the history of the country we now call Spain, the theatre of so many race minglings and transformations.

Iberia, that peninsula so obtrusive on the map of Europe, appears to have been originally inhabited by Iberians mixed afterward with Celts, producing what are called the Celtiberians, who have profoundly modified the Aryan development in southern Europe Fiske says, in "The Discovery of America": "In Europe the big blond Aryan-speaking race has mixed with the small brunette Iberian race, producing the endless varieties in stature and complexion which may be seen in any drawing-room in London or New York."

The early intermixture of the Iberian with the Phœnician was doubtless a result of the occupation of Spain by the latter a thousand years before the Christian Era. Spain was at length one of the seats of the struggle that went on between the Roman and the Carthaginian. It was at last so thoroughly Romanised in the final triumph of the Roman arms that it became an integral part of the Roman Empire, many of its greatest generals and statesmen coming thence for four hundred years. Upon the decline of the Roman power there appeared upon the scene the Visigoth. From the beginning of the fifth century, or, to be specific, 409 A. D., for three hundred years Spain was a Gothic or a Visigothic country.

In the year 711 Taric landed at the foot of Rock Calpé with the vanguard of the Arab army, and, dividing his forces, overran the peninsula. Successive reinforcements not only made the Arabs masters of the peninsula, but so rapid were their movements that they crossed the Pyrenees, penetrated France under Abder-Rahman, and were only broken at Poitiers by that Hammer of Christendom, Charles Martel, in 732.

The Saracenic conquest is one of the most familiar events of history, and with the Moorish occupation which ensued, furnish those materials for romance and for study from which

one can hardly break away. The story of a race giving to Europe the sciences of medicine, chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, and reviving the philosophy of Aristotle is certainly interesting. But the classics, the fables, the arts and the sciences, in the main, certainly took another route. The Arabic numerals were originally Hindu, but were introduced by the Arabs into Spain in the tenth century and thence into Europe; not into England till as late as the fourteenth century.

The contribution of the Arab to civilisation, after the advent of Mahomet, should be more specifically defined than has yet been done. I can only suggest the lines on which it should be done.

With the conquest of Egypt the Arab took over the accumulated Greek learning of the thousand years since Alexander's occupation of that country, and possessed himself of all the written records of literature, science and art. The Arab was in no sense the author or inventor of these. He simply, emerging from his desert, took and used the work of others, whether material or intellectual, as he did in all his subsequent conquests.

Next, moving to the westward, the Arab possessed himself of the Carthaginian cities, with a Roman civilisation whose extent and magnificence we have only recently had the means of weighing. And next he entered upon the enjoyment of one of the oldest, richest and most valuable and lovely portions of the Roman Empire, Spain.

His advance northward and eastward from Arabia, more rapid still, acquired the riches, the remains of art and the poetry of the Syrian, the Persian, the central Asian, and, lastly, that of the Valley of the Euphrates, whose Caliphate became at last the radiating centre of the religion. It was reserved for one of his apt pupils, the Turk, to usurp and hold the Eastern Roman Empire. Thus the Arabian gathered up and made conspicuous the riches of a continent, and created

a romance second to none, not even to those of the great Asiatic conquerors.

The art of decoration which we call Arabian was not native to Arabia or to the Arab. He and the Moor blended the arts of the conquered peoples in a scheme of line and colour which gives richness and elegance to architecture.

But in estimating our debt to the Arab race, we must look back of the era of the Moslem, and acknowledge that his service was that of a carrier or distributor; but that we have to seek elsewhere for the original sources of learning, of art and literature than in Arabia, in the sense that we are indebted to Greece for art, literature, philosophy and science, to Rome for law and political science, and to Persia—and we know not how much further eastward—for the art of colour and line, of decoration in a word, that makes our modern life so rich, warm and luxurious.

But these are merely incidents. The point which is most impressive is the enormously long time during which the Moslem, Arab and Moor, held Spain—almost eight hundred years. That is longer than England has been England, longer than France has been France, or Germany, Germany.

The Moslems must have had as good titles as any people in Europe; as good as the Visigoths, let us say. They were not tenants to be shown the door by the oppressed "Spaniard." Something quite in the usual way happened. This was the long series of Visigothic and native Iberian and Saracenic wars, resulting in the military defeat of the Moorish power. In 1492 their last army crossed the same strait that the Arab had crossed so long before, and Spain became Spain.

Spain matured quickly, and has been in decay for two-thirds of its five hundred years of national life. She was the favourite daughter of the Faith, because the richest, having come into her rights with the New World as a dowry and plenty of wide seas to roam in. She fills the most terrible page of history with her zeal for souls and silver. She was an apt

pupil of that master of the sword, the Saracen, and that master of savagery who so early knew it was a duty to kill a people who disagreed with his opinions, the Israelite in Canaan.

But, to resume. The defeated Moorish army could not carry with it the cities, the palaces and the mosques. The Moors left the smiling fields and the snow-capped mountains that fed the Guadalquivir. They left also most of the people who occupied the lands, and who were gradually absorbed and lost in the sweep of the new times. And who drops a tear over the expulsion of the Moors, and the destruction of the most beautiful civilisation Europe presented at that time? The expulsion of the Moriscos, a century later, could have been only partial, however hardly it bore upon the most wealthy and prominent Moors. The number of Moriscos expelled is stated by Fiske at 1,000,000, of whom 200,000 died on the way. Why this expulsion demands in vain a part of the sympathy of the world which is given to the Jews, is accounted for by the difference in sympathetic spectres; for multiply the agony of the Jews by four, and the degree of suffering would be proportionate.

Involved in this story of the Moors is the story of the Jew, and closely involved in it, too. One trouble was, dear reader, that they did not discriminate quite clearly in Spain between Isaac and Ishmael, that one was a Sacred man while the other was Profane. Some think that the "expulsion" of the Moors from Spain in 1492 was its ruin. Others are sure that the departure of the Jews was the cause of its ultimate decline. Those who are so certain that Spain lost so much good blood when the Jews departed as to cause her decline, may find relief from an overburdened conscience by a simple reference to chronology; viz., the expulsion of the Jews was in 1493. The discovery of America was in 1492, and the immense accession of power and wealth which resulted was all *after* the expulsion of the Jews. The next hundred years or so are the period of Spain's greatest power and celebrity. Some might ask, irreverently, if this celebrity and wealth was not a result of the

departure of the Jews. The Jews had come into the country at various times from before or about the Christian Era to the date of their expulsion. It was one of the countries where they had prospered and multiplied. Before this, in the seventh century (see the Council of Toledo, 633 as a fixed date, and the Massacres of 1412), they had suffered at the hands of the Church. But history unerringly points out the fact that the Jew was on the side of the Moslem, though the Moslem had expelled the Jew from Grenada in 1066. Their social and race affinities, their culture, their learning, their habits and pursuits, made this sympathy a matter of course. Is it any wonder, then, that when the final struggle with the bearer of the sword was over, there should have come a day of reckoning with his kinsman, friend and ally, although he only bore the purse? After the Moslem was conquered, the expulsion of the Jews was determined upon and carried out—the fate of war—and in a few succeeding years the expulsion from the whole Pyrenean peninsula was complete. Part of them escaped to Portugal, part to Poland, part to Turkey (the asylum of oppressed religionists!), and part to the Low Countries; many took ship for Italy, many for Africa.

The strange part of it is that Europe did not treat all the Northern Arabs alike, and send them out of Europe altogether. It is accounted for only by the fact that Europe had the older, Jacobean, Northern Arab's religion and book, and could not quite bring itself to keep the book and send the men away. There was always, too, the hope of converting the unconvertible that restrained them; but the miracles of grace were few, so the Jews remained in Europe.

But this is only one part of the story of Spain. We cannot read over any part of the story of the triumph of Ferdinand without reading the story of the triumph of Isabella. She shall have the honour of introducing the Inquisition into Spain. Pope Sixtus had in 1480 been so complaisant as to authorise the victorious sovereigns of Spain to nominate certain of the

clergy, discreet men over forty years of age, "to make strict inquisition into all persons of heretical depravity." In their search after heretics, they of course found the Jews only partially converted, if converted at all. This sad state of things grieved the good Dominicans; and as it would doubtless be gratifying to God to have his institution purified, and to Christ to have a few Jews killed, and to the pious to have the proceeds of the confiscation that went along with the burning of the bad people, the work went on briskly. The Jews were banished from the Kingdom of Spain; but the Inquisition stayed. Looking back, it seems a little as though the Philosophy of History had worked badly. One has to shudder so much in reading Christian history that perhaps the details might better be allowed to rest, and we to be allowed to resume our philosophic attitude.

If the Jews suffered as much as the poor devils of Europeans under the infliction of the theocracy, they are entitled to the commiseration of a shuddering world.

How many Jews were driven out and how many remained in Spain may never be ascertained. The probable number who left Spain is 160,000, some think 200,000, but it is evident many were left, for the Inquisition was busy with them for two centuries after, and story and travel are still. George Borrow, in his book, "The Bible in Spain," found Jews, and believed in their concealed wealth and often exalted positions.

The Jews have been banished not only from Spain, but from many other countries and from numerous cities. They were sent out of Navarre, as well as three times from France itself, from England, Italy, Austria, and Poland, from the Papal States except Rome and Ancona, and from the cities of Genoa, Vienna, Prague, Cologne, Worms, Mayence, and many other places, and restricted in their residence in numerous other countries and cities. They remind one of the good Jesuits in Europe, Japan and China, who were so many times dismissed because of their loyalty—to Loyola.

It will be found that the persecutors of the Jews were not exclusively Christian. The Muslim banished the Jews of northern Africa and of Spain at times, especially in what is known as the Almohade persecution, about the year 1146. Omar, the second Caliph, in 640 banished all the Jews from Holy Arabia. They were persecuted in Persia and Babylon and in Egypt. In 1172 they were driven out of Yemen.

Arab jealousy of the Jews is not new, as is shown before the birth of Mohammed, when the Sovereignty of the Jews in the Himyarite Kingdom of South Arabia was broken up in 530, after an existence of thirty years.

There are two terms which seem to many to explain the difference in looks, bearing and condition of the Jews in Europe. The words Sephardim and Ashkenazim imply, in the superstition of some essayists, that the former are the nobility, the descendants of David, while the latter belong to the common class. The term Ashkenaz once denoted sons of Japheth of the north of Asia, and in time came into use by the Rabbis to designate the Jews dwelling in the north and east of Europe. The other term alludes in some way to the "Sepharvaim" in Babylonia, probably designating by analogy the exiles from Spain and Portugal.

Many of the exiles went to the Polish and Turkish countries, and how were they transformed into Ashkenaz? We cannot tell, but we know how fictions grow.

The exiles also went to Holland and became merchant princes, but that is not precisely nobility. The Jews of Spain and Portugal were better off, richer, more cultivated than elsewhere; but the descent from David is exceedingly problematical; it must come from the word Judah, Jews, the leading tribe, the one not lost, and wandering, as we have seen before. It is sad to find, in such an exalted society, that the Jews explained each other not always generously or justly, as we see in the reply of Pinto of Portugal to Voltaire when he assailed the Jewish claims. We must, on the whole, lose this aristocratic

solution of the difference so marked in the looks, condition and status of the Jews, and resort to those homely reasons that we call climate, habit, association, and all the others that have given the Jewish people its great variety of features and condition both good and bad.

The Spaniard may have lost a great industrial value by not retaining all the industrial population, but that seldom weighs with men—there are other considerations which outweigh that, such as internal peace, and the desire for a kingdom or a state with homogeneous elements.

The existence of the Spanish power is marked by events much more cruel than the expulsion of the Jews, but we take them with much less romantic feeling. The war in the Netherlands was of a magnitude of cruelty we can hardly comprehend, and yet for some inscrutable reason it does not rest upon the conscience of Europe so grievously as the expulsion of the Jews from Spain.

Milman admits, with a candour which is unconscious of giving away his clients the Jews, that "Whatever they were in other lands, in Spain *they were a people within a people; they were a state within a state.* The heads of the community, whether princes or rabbins, exercised not only religious but civil authority also; they formed a full judicial tribunal in criminal as well as ecclesiastical affairs; adjudged not only cases of property but of life; passed sentences of capital punishment. Many of the hostile statutes of the Kings and the Cortes aim at depriving them of this judicial power; they are to cease to have judges. Even as late as 1391 they put to death, as unsound, Don Joseph Pichon. It was only at this time, under John I., that they were deprived of this right."

This was indeed what Milman calls the Golden Age for the Jews in Europe. Golden, indeed, is the age when "a people within a people" can put to death a citizen because he is unsound! This could hardly be done in America to-day, though a certain people within a people can deny a man burial

in ground purchased by him while living, because he is unsound! This was the case of a man in a New England village; so his wife buried him just outside the fence, close up to the holy ground, and is awaiting the resurrection, or the moving of the fence, perhaps hopelessly, for she is poor. Such is the theocratic power.

The Jews were very useful in Spain in many secondary capacities, such as trading, tax-gathering, and carrying information. That the Spaniards could forego their services and society seems inexplicable to many sincere souls, and yet—and yet Spain actually sped the parting guest! And besides, but for this expulsion, history would have lacked its most hypocritic illustration.

No nation yet has ever invited the Jew to stay longer. Perhaps we can put our finger on the very central, sufficient reason for this—that no people likes to have in its borders "*a people within a people*" or "*a state within a state*"; that no political institutions are long safe when there exists separate political or ecclesiastical pretensions.

Pretenders who cannot convince always have to move on. It is the law of human society. We need not admire the intolerance of the Spaniard, but we can understand, perhaps excuse it. By the side of the intolerance of the Jew it was a passing fancy.

CHAPTER XXII

Persecuted Europe

To speak of the presence of the Jews in Europe requires a good deal of self-restraint. It is a case where sentiment and rhetoric ought to be subordinated to scientific, historic investigation; yet the reverse is the rule.

The essayist on Jewish topics makes an *ex parte* plea for the Jew in Europe which makes the various European peoples look very cruel and ungrateful. According to him, the principal occupation of Europe in the Middle Ages was the persecution, robbery and murder of Jews. It is time for some kindly disposed person to make a plea for Europe—persecuted Europe.

In behalf of suffering Europe, one would like to inquire what right the Jews had in Europe? What did they do? How did they behave? Why did they not like the Europeans, and the Europeans them? Were the states of England, of France, of Spain, of Germany, under any obligation to the uninvited people? Were the Jews there for that familiar reason that modern governments recognise as a good excuse for interference with other nations—missions to the heathen?

To him who does not nurse that particular superstition, the Jew in Europe is not a very large subject. In the first place, the European people had what they thought was another religion on their hands; one that involved the very existence of the national developments, and which, in fact, assumed to be the source of the national development.

Taking a large view of Europe in the Middle Ages, one sees that he cannot judge it by any knowledge he may have of the present century. The Middle Ages were the birth throes of

the future; it was the time when the human being of the era of Europe was extricating himself from tradition, and becoming a free political factor. But looked at from the rhetorician's point of view, his chief occupation was in harrying poor Jews and in fleecing rich ones; to his mind there were no public revenues except from levies upon Jews, no money except Jewish money, no learning except Jewish. This is all imaginary. The plain truth is that the various peoples of Europe were in a formative state, and the important questions were the same as everywhere under the conditions of struggle and social change; they had to maintain life, and to carry on their organisations. We must not let ourselves be deceived by the terms Empire and Kingdom, as though there was a settled and final civilisation. Emperors were elective and Kings partly so, and divine right was not yet a dogma.

We must reflect that the affairs of Europe lacked all such financial appliances as we have in modern days. Business was mainly done on the system of exchange of products, barter. There were no banks, no bankers, except in the sense that merchants sometimes were merchants of money—had money to lend. Nothing marks the difference between the Middle Ages and the present century so deeply as the presence of the bank, and the money in use in business now and its absence then. That the Jews, having money, were hated, is natural; for there are only two things that produce real hatred—money and religion—and the Jews were supposed to have much of those roots of evil and contention.

The ruling people of Germany and France in the Middle Ages did not look upon themselves as persecutors; they did not suppose they were furnishing tear-stuff for this age. They were busy building cathedrals and castles, houses, roads, and public works; they were jousting and warring and making love songs, and protecting innocence—that innocence that was shut behind castle walls, while the honour of their multitudinous sisters outside the walls was not worth, to the man-at-arms, the purchase

of a thistledown borne upon the wind. The common people of the European states were occupied, not with the Jewish Question, but with the problem of keeping the wolf from the door, as has been the case in other parts of the world.

The problem of the human race seemed quite a simple one in America two hundred and fifty years ago. It was much simpler still in Europe in 1492, when a whole half world was accidentally discovered; or in 1493, when Pope Borgia gave away to Spain half a world, about which he knew as little as he did about heaven—and had as much right to give away or withhold. And it was simpler still when Marco Polo first told his wonder stories in Venice in the year 1299.

It will serve a good purpose if we can bring ourselves to a broad view of the human race as slowly emerging from low conditions to refined, civilised ones; but we must take care that we do not view the different races as one in culture and achievement at the same moment. The mistake of the historian has been in presuming that the human race was not susceptible of different kinds of culture; that its advance must be on lines sanctioned by some race already advanced and established in its governmental, religious, or artistic ideas. To a Roman citizen it seemed impossible that any civil relation besides his own could be of much value. The Greeks styled all unrelated peoples barbarians. The Hebrews swept the whole human race, themselves only excepted, into condemnation. No doubt the Chinese, three thousand years before this era, felt as sure of themselves as the Japanese do at the present day; the world of India thought they had speculated finally on existence before the Greeks had speculated at all, and the Sumerians thought Bel the highest name of Deity. The same things took place in all the arts; for when in the beginning of this century people began to see that China had a development unlike that of Europe, it was inexplicable. This pride of race has taken on strange forms, as when the Jews thought they were better than other people simply because they happened to have cultivated

literature instead of art, and religion instead of morals and the science of government.

The Jews came into Europe for quite common and usual reasons; bringing with them as narrow a conception of the human races, of God, and of philosophy as any nation at all advanced ever had, but with the advantage seldom taken account of, that through the Roman and Greek developments their ideas had gone before them and been adopted. The masses of the people of Europe, of course, had no learning, no schools. There was no education except in very restricted circles. The few universities and schools were merely nurseries for priests and dialecticians. Scarcely anyone else could read or write, and of course no one else ever read a book—for books in the modern sense hardly existed. The striking fact that it is only about four hundred and thirty years since the first book was printed in English, and less since the first one was printed in England, is a fact sufficient to show this. But it was the same all over Europe. The masses of the people heard nothing about history or about the nations of the world, or about any science. They heard, in fact, little but what was given out by the priest through the churches. This state of ignorance may have been bliss; there may have been going on with all this a satisfactory existence among large numbers of people, but history itself is full of their poverty and misery, of their struggles toward participation in the political framework. It is full also of the struggles of the mind to emancipate itself from the tyranny of dogma, and the absolute rule of a sacerdotal body whose guide was its own ignorance and whose motive was its own perpetuation.

The invention of printing has proved to be the worst enemy the sacerdote has encountered, and one might stand upon the supposition that this alone had done the work which we see evident in the nineteenth century. But it is not that alone which has been potent in the production of this age; it was the discovery that there were not only great continents of land

peopled by human beings, but that there were vast aggregations of people existing, with arts and literatures and moral laws and religions only explicable to the mind of Europe by a thorough revision of its whole philosophy of man, and of the laws which govern the existence of the world. The work of the missionaries to these lands has not been wasted; it has been useful in the education of the people of Europe and America into some knowledge of the world.

It is almost impossible for the man of to-day to conceive of Europe otherwise than as it is—the Europe of three hundred and fifty million souls, with its vast accumulations of pictures, of books, of splendid buildings, of universities, and of schools; with its vast industries and its stored-up wealth; with its laws protecting life and property, and its growing recognition of the individual and his wants. It is impossible not to feel that all this must have gone on from very early times. And yet we must face the disagreeable fact that it is only in very late years that men in Europe owned their own heads, had any protection for the fruit of their labours of any kind, had a right in fact to their wives and their children. It is only a few years since men had any right to their own consciences, and from the time when pure intellectual abstractions were of so much more importance than men that men were burned at the stake, instead of burning the abstraction!

There is one thing about the Middle Ages hard to find out; and that is, how many people there were in Europe at any given time. The science of census-taking was undeveloped, and we are on as uncertain ground here as we were in Judea. The population of the whole Roman Empire in Europe, Asia and Africa has been estimated by Mulhall at fifty-four million souls; by others variously sixty, seventy, and as high as ninety millions. The total armed forces, on sea and land, of Augustus have been estimated at four hundred and fifty thousand.

It is not likely that Europe in the early Christian centuries gained much in numbers. Italy, as Rome did, declined in

numbers. Rome is said by Beloch to have had nine hundred thousand people in the year 14 B. C. At one moment she had declined to seventeen thousand, according to Gregorovius.

The successive passage of the Ostrogoths, Visigoths, Huns, Vandals, about southern Europe indicates but feeble resistance. The swath that Attila cut twice in the fifth century through Europe indicates scarcely any effective organisation. That a small German tribe, the Vandals on the Baltic, could have made its way to the conquest of Spain and of Africa and the sacking of Rome; that another small German tribe, the Ostrogoths, could have taken over into its hands that bauble, the last sceptre of the Western Empire—indicates that Europe had but small military organisation, or else that this last event only foreshadowed that more important one, the Holy Roman (German) Empire.

When at last Pepin and Charlemagne made the map of western Europe look more coherent; and when, later, Otto imposed conditions that fused the Kingdoms of Italy, Germany and Burgundy into the Holy Roman Empire—the map becomes worth studying. But no one can, even at that early date (955), say what a census of Europe would have divulged. We shall have to wait two or three, or even four or five hundred years, before we can count the houses (as the manner of taking the census was, and then multiply by about five), and get anywhere near to an enumeration of any value.

The population of Germany in 1400 is estimated by some at 4,000,000; of Austria, including Switzerland, at 2,000,000; of Poland in 1300 at 1,000,000, in 1500 at 2,500,000; of Turkey in Europe in 1500 at 3,000,000; of Hungary in 1500 at 1,000,000; of Greece proper at 500,000; of Scandinavia at 2,500,000; of the Netherlands in 1450 at 2,000,000; of Holland in 1450 at 1,500,000. Italy in 1275 is thought to have had 7,000,000; in 1550, 13,500,000. Spain is estimated in 1482 at 7,500,000—that is, the mixture of people, Iberian, Roman, Gothic, Moorish and Jewish. France—using France as a general term, for the

boundaries constantly changed—is set in 800 at 8,000,000; in 1328, according to Guillard, 9,975,052; in 1515 at 14,000,000; 1599, 16,000,000; in 1699 at 19,669,320; in 1772 at 23,665,000; in 1850 at 35,697,651.

We can ascertain the population of England with more exactness. At the date of the Norman Conquest (1066) it is put at 1,200,000; in 1346 (just before the Black Death, which reduced it nearly if not quite one-half) it was 2,500,000. At the date of the Armada, according to Froude, it was 5,000,000. We may call the population of England in the Middle Ages 2,000,000. It is hard to conceive of London as having in 1631 only 130,178 people, yet Thorold Rogers is authority for the fact.

The above figures are not to be regarded as statistics in the modern sense; they are only estimates, from various sources, of probable populations. We should have to add to these figures Lithuania and Russia; a difficult problem. Giving a wide margin for these countries and for the moving peoples, one can see that Europe at say 1328 had some fifty or sixty millions within its geographical bounds: that would be about as many as the German Empire of to-day contains; not as many as Russia has of pure Russians; not as many as the United States counts.

One can measure the distance traversed in five or six centuries by the fact that England and Wales have now 32,000,000, all Great Britain together having 41,000,000; that France has 38,000,000; Germany, 56,000,000; Russia in Europe, 100,000,000; Austria-Hungary, 47,000,000; Italy, 32,000,000; Scandinavia, 13,000,000; Spain, 17,000,000; Portugal, 5,000,000.

It will be an easy inference from the impossibility of ascertaining the indigenous population of Europe in the Middle Ages, that it will be alike impossible to ascertain the number of those exotic peoples who were not, though perhaps resident for centuries, accounted as a part of the nations; the doctrine

that the birthplace and not the blood fixed the nationality not yet having become known and binding.

There does not seem to have been a Jewish Question in the first thousand years of the European era (as there was not one in the Roman Empire), except in Spain. We find little of early Jewish occupation in Spain, and there it was soon overshadowed by the Arab conquest. There are some slight traces of the trouble in Italy, and it is asserted that Jews were in the German lands at an early date, Milman thinks the fourth century.

Of course there are always hovering about all countries the ghosts of "the ten lost tribes of Israel," but we can hardly afford space to lay that spectre again in these practical pages.

How many Jews there were in all Europe at the time of the discovery of the Pacific by the Portuguese, and the opening up of America by the Genoese discoverer, it will be impossible to say. They were mostly in the cities, or on the roads on their various errands, and were not widely distributed on the land, as were the native peoples.

The numbers of a people who differed so widely from the native citizens in appearance and habits would naturally be exaggerated, as we know is the case in this century. The Jews were mainly in southern and eastern Europe. If, as seems possible, there were many Jews in various parts of the world at the date of the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A. D.; and if the population did not largely diminish, but maintained itself in the Greek Empire, in Persia, in Babylonia and Arabia, in Egypt and North Africa—it is not unreasonable to presume that there may have been at the year 1500 considerable numbers in all the countries of Europe; mainly in Turkey, Lithuania and Poland, and small communities scattered about Germany and Italy. Possibly there were one million, not counting all the imaginary ones killed by the reckless historians.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Ghetto

Though it is clear that Jews had resided in England in early Saxon times, it is said that the Jews were invited into England from France by the Normans, after the Conquest (1066); and fulfilled the purpose for which they came, trade in money and in articles of luxury, and the practise of usury and profit-taking, against which among Christians there was a religious feeling. It is estimated that there were some sixty thousand Jews in England at that period.

When England committed that one great breach of political hospitality in 1290, and expelled the Jews, there doubtless underlay the action valid political reasons. The residence of the Jews there had lasted for nearly two hundred years. Their deportation could not have been from sheer cruelty. The Jews had to some extent an acknowledged separate political existence in England; they were not subject to the ecclesiastical courts, as other people were; they were permitted to be money lenders and to take usury, as others were not. They were a compact brotherhood; not merely another nationality, but another blood. England was in a deeply religious frame of mind; she was in a formative condition, just about to grow into a great power. We can see that the presence of an alien people was an irritation; and when we see also, if we will, that it was a corrupting power through its gold, and an ecclesiastic power within an ecclestiastic power, we can see why it became an act of statesmanship to exclude the Jew.

The readmission of the Jews to England is attributed to the liberality of Cromwell, but it appears that he did not enact any

formal measure; and that the Jews began to re-enter England in numbers only under Charles II. The number of Jews in England has never been large, and is at present not much over double the estimate of the number excluded in 1290.

Though the question of the Jews in France may be a separate one, it should be viewed in connection with that of the Jews in Germany. Boundaries were constantly changing. Rulers changed oftener than territorial lines. But that rich and beautiful interior land lying between the two countries, and common in the ties of blood to both, was the scene of most of the trials that the Jews passed through. Here, as in Spain and England, they encountered the ecclesiastical as well as the secular powers.

The centuries beginning with Pepin and extending down to 1394 were never without the Jewish Question. The Jews were expelled from France three times and exiled finally in 1394. The tales of the wealth, the luxury and the power attained by the Jews in France are numerous and amazing; according to these romances, if nothing had ever interrupted the course of trade and money lending, all the wealth of Spain, France, England, Germany and Italy would have been in the "Coffers of Israel."

It is asserted that at one time the "Jews owned half of Paris," and at others that they had a mortgage on half of Paris. This is more likely, because a spectre generally takes a mortgage rather than the fee to real estate. The expression reminds me strongly of the reports now emanating from the active brain of the Essayist, that the "Jews own more than half of Berlin"—the tale of the Middle Ages relocated.

Perhaps we can get some light on this question of Paris by citing a passage out of a recent History of France. "In 1438, in Paris 24,000 homes were empty, and the streets were so deserted that wolves came into the city. During a single week in September, 1438, they devoured forty persons." So the time of the occupation by the Jews could not have been

the Paris of our day, but one of a period far different from that—a period of war, of poverty and want, of crime and of distress; a period easy to prey upon.

One concerned with the question of the Jews in Europe must constantly guard himself against the supposition that the Europe of the middle or even the late centuries was at all like the civilisation to-day. That Jews suffered is true—everybody suffered.

Some authorities in France were friendly, some hostile, to Jews. One cannot fail to see that the very same questions rose there as elsewhere. An alien people connected with Christianity by an irritating bond, yet despising it; an alien people seeking to live by interior laws of their own, and yet intimately connected with the country by trade and by money; a foreign people skilled in many ways which the French people had not learned—there could be only one result: jealousy, hatred, revenge. The Church at times protected the Jews; but behind the open local church or the local bishopric loomed that fanaticism that kills.

Probably no such page as that of the Crusades will ever again be turned in European history. The robbery and slaughter of the Jews is only an incident of it. The Crusades had their springs in two sources: the contest between the Saracen and the European for the possession of the Mediterranean and of eastern Europe, and the chivalric notion of dispossessing the infidel of the Holy Land. In most minds, too, the Jew was a brother of the Saracen, and so an object of antipathy and suspicion on account of his racial affinities. This soon ran into a fanaticism of the common people. Milman says: "Of these and other bands of enthusiasts, the first and most easy warfare was against the Jews, the murderers of the Son of God. On the Moselle, the Rhine, at Verdun, Treves, Mentz, Spires, Worms, many thousands of that unhappy people were pillaged and massacred."

The Crusaders doubtless wanted to weep over Jerusalem

I do not see why anybody wants to weep over Jerusalem. Jerusalem is not a very old city. It was never a large city, not splendid, nor interesting. It had no art, no architecture, no libraries; no great national event ever happened there, except its destruction—that "indestructible city" that has been captured and destroyed seventeen times!

The only reason why Christians should weep over Jerusalem is the very one that provoked tears from the great One who wept over it—because of its being wholly unlike the ideal city that the Prophets dreamed of!

But the best result of the Crusades was the importation into Europe of many of the classics of literature, and a knowledge of art; and, above all, the broadening of the European mind in its view of history, of civilisation and probably of religion.

There are many who believe that the taking of Constantinople in 1204 by the Crusaders and by the Republic of Venice, and the consequent transfer of many of its treasures to Europe, was the cause of the great artistic and literary advance of Europe; and by some it is believed that it was the cause of the Reformation, by the dissemination of the knowledge stored in Eastern libraries and dwellings. Just as, to use a homely illustration, a man of mature years and experience recently remarked that he owed his escape from the narrow theology of a New England farmhouse in which he was born to the accident of there being in it a copy of the Iliad, which he read in his boyhood, and which proved to him that there was another line of development than the Jewish.

If anyone is disposed to consider the sufferings of the Jew in France as exceptional, due entirely to social hatred of the Jew and not to religious barbarism, he must recall for a moment that incident of the murder of a hundred thousand Frenchmen by their own kinsmen on St. Bartholomew's fatal night. He must set in array also the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which three hundred thousand Frenchmen lost their rights and were forced to expatriate themselves. In 1307 the Knights

Templar were entrapped, arrested, tried, burnt by Philip the Fair, and their estates being confiscated, fifteen thousand families were ruined. The Hundred Years' War of France was no anodyne, but a birth pang lasting from 1328 onward.

He must see also how easily the heads of Englishmen fell from the block in England, and how well heretics burnt. Burning heretics is a better measure of the barbarism of Europe than persecuting Jews. We must not forget, either, those smaller tyrannies, and the persecutions and exterminations of Moravians, Hussites, Waldenses, Albigenses and Netherlanders, and the conversion of heretics (to orthodoxy and ashes) by fire, fagots, racks, pincers, thumb-screws and starvation. Nor the burning of one hundred thousand witches in one recent century of the Holy Roman Empire. We must not forget how, even in late centuries, the good Jesuits have been suspected, hunted and banished from nearly every country in Europe. Why do we not weep over Jesuits as we do over Jews? But religious intolerance is the same everywhere; in Europe, in Palestine and in Nestoria. Nearly all the blood shed since the world began has been shed upon some religious pretence, or by some religious pretender, or at least by its derivative, some pretence to divine right to rule—all a transparent usurpation.

By counting the cathedrals in France and Germany, one could almost put his finger upon the places of sorest distress for the Jews. But it must be said that the men who sat in the episcopal chairs furnish the only relief to the dark picture. Bishops often gave asylum to Jews. Mostly this for a very worldly reason, that the bishop was also a great secular potentate and had his inestimable Jewish banker. Still there can be no doubt that the bishops were often better than the organisations they served, and that many delighted in the humanitarian doctrines of Galilee, which were never entirely submerged in the delusions of dogma and the exigencies of dominion.

The German emperors, too, endeavoured to protect the Jewish communities, and to do justice between all classes; but their authority was intermittent and far removed.

There is one word most in fashion now when the Jews of Europe are spoken of—The Ghetto; though there is not now a Ghetto in existence, even on the "East Side" of New York, where so much of Israel is concentrated. This late term, unknown in English till recently, originated in Italy; though that practice in which it originated seems to have begun in Germany, with the Bishop of Speyer, who assigned a special quarter for the Jews of Speyer, for their protection from the populace.

There can be no question that the reasons for the institution of separate residence quarters for Jews were mixed; good in the beginning, bad in the end. Each country had its own term—Judengasse in Germany, Judenstadt in Prague, Judaria in Portugal, Carrier in Provence, Ghetto in Italy; but one country copied another.

The separation of the Jews was hailed as a solution of a very difficult problem. It was not so universally tyrannical, so ingeniously cruel, as the decree (in the time of Pope Innocent III.) of the Fourth Lateran Council of 1215, and thereafter adopted by other Church Councils of Europe, compelling every Jew to wear on his clothes a piece of yellow cloth, or other mark, by which he might at a glance be known as a Jew.

Shakespeare's Shylock, or Scialac as his name was properly spelled in Venice about 1600, wore a yellow turban, or as Bacon described it, an orange-tawny bonnet; whereas in other parts of Italy his co-religionists usually wore a red hat.

In the fifteenth century the separate Jewish quarter had become not only the general but the legal dwelling-place for Jews. A good authority says: "In Italy the first Ghetto was established in Venice in 1516, in Rome in 1556, decreed by Pope Paul IV. The Ghetto thenceforth became common. The other cities followed quickly—Turin, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Mantua, Beneventum, and Naples."

Church Councils legislated on the Jewish Question. The Council of Valentia, 1388, defined where Jews might live. They were classed with the Saracen, and must be confined to the same limits. The General Council of Basle, 1434, decreed that Jews must be separated from the dwelling-places of Christians, and as far as possible from churches. The Council of Milan demands the institution of Ghettos everywhere.

The Judengasse of Frankfort is perhaps the most celebrated of all; it was thence that the Red Shield of Finance came. The Judenstadt of Prague is perhaps more romantic, if not as well known as that of Frankfort. The Trastevere in Rome, and the Judengasse in Frankfort, existed till recent times. The middle of the nineteenth century hardly saw an end of Ghettos, as the end of the nineteenth century did not see the end of the social disabilities of the Jews, though nearly everywhere Jews have attained political and mercantile rights.

My reader will not have expected anything save a refreshing hint to his memory of the sorrows of the Jew in Europe in the Middle Ages. The story of woe is open to everyone. Details are accumulating under the searchlight of the present. The evidence is overwhelming that the Jew in Europe suffered.

But when we admit it all, we still have the question left for answer: Why? What is the cause of this detestation of the Jew—this universal, world-wide detestation?

For the fact stares us in the face that the Jews as a rule, the intervals being rare, never have lived in peace in Asia, Africa, or Europe, with the peoples among whom they were domiciled. The reply of course is that he was an exceptional man—God-employed.

To the people of Europe the Jew came into Europe uninvited, for his own purposes. He had no other errand. He was not a missionary. He had no message. He had no affinities with the rising peoples. He had contempt for them. Sympathy for their aspirations and for their sufferings was absent in him.

With no apparent errand, no message, why did he come? Simply to get a living. The people of Europe took that view of him, and estimated him at a money value. He came to partake of the organisations for life and progress in Europe. But he came wearing a badge which he claimed marked him as the chosen man of the God, whom the European man believed had become his God by adoption.

This is a lofty claim. It is dangerous to be "superior" to the people among whom one comes. If it had been true, the various European peoples would have recognised it. Did they do so? On the contrary, they saw no evidence of superior purpose, or worth, or probity; they only saw evidence that they had better look out and guard themselves against the sharpness and greed of a race trained in all the cunning of trade, a part of an old civilisation against which they could not oppose a defence.

When we ask ourselves whether the Jew was a tolerant man in the Middle Ages, we should turn to the story of the rarest intellect that the Jewish blood ever produced in Europe, Spinoza. Born of the "Sephardim" emigrants, settled in Amsterdam, Spinoza reasoned on the basis of modern conceptions till he found that Judaism could not satisfy his intellect. He was denounced, tried, and excommunicated. This is what the ban was—but no, I forbear; it is too cruel to quote. But the whole is easily accessible to the inquirer; and besides, one need only turn to the thirteenth and the twenty-eighth chapters of Deuteronomy, and dozens of other passages in the Pentateuch, to find the original of the curse—the pattern mould of all the curses in Church and State.

And this is enough. It tells not only what the Jewish intolerance was capable of, but it tells much more—what the Jewish intellectual condition was, under the then most advanced, rich and settled conditions of the race.

The Jew has been so long domiciled in Europe that we forget he was a foreign man of another race. We have taken his Bible

and his religion over so complacently that we imagine that in the crucible of time his blood has been fused with ours, and that his passion has made him sympathetic with us. Not so. The gulf that separates races is bridged in only one way. Religions, opinions, common pursuits, are powerless. Even the religion of Jesus could not make anything but a Jew of Paul; and Europe has never been able to make anything of the Jew except in a few cases, to make him a Jew with a little alloy—to turn about a famous *jeu d'esprit.*

The word "superiority," which constantly appears in the modern accounts of the Jews in Europe, is a little offensive. It implies too much. Superior skill, superior learning, superior experience, are all admissible. But a superior race! We should protest. Perhaps the Europeans did protest. No doubt the Jews had learned much in the centuries of movement from country to country, were accomplished in many ways that the new people of Europe were not; but he would be a hardy essayist who placed the Jews of Palestine, or Babylonia, or Africa, above the men of Europe. He would be a hardy man who thought the Jewish race "superior" to the world-conquering Spaniard, the chivalrous and empire-making Frenchman, the valorous, romantic, idea-making German, or the Briton who put a lever under the world. The rise of a Jew into eminence is always considered a mark of the superior blood of the race, as though it were frequent and disproportionate to other races. In fact, it is remarkable, not for that reason, but because it is so rare an occurrence as to be almost a phenomenon.

Perhaps we may get relief from these intolerable questions if we ask ourselves what were the ideals of Europe, how did they differ from the ideals of the Jews? Possibly they were not inferior ideals; possibly there was an instinctive sense in these developing masses, that there were passions more enchaining than avarice, pursuits greater than trade, occupations more ennobling than even "banking," something "just as good"—

as they say nowadays—as circumcision. To some men the singing of the sword was music; to some, the soughing of the sea; to some, adventure and discovery opened new vistas of life; to others, new poems, new and entrancing stories; to others, the new art of music, supplementing the effort of literature to convey emotion and express the highest feeling. And there were, too, the new philosophies and the new sciences, the intellectual life advancing to heights and values now so familiar to us of this day that we feel they must always have existed.

I do not know that the cathedral was an act of faith, but it was an act of that mysterious endowment of the mind called the artistic. And art manifested itself anew in the fresh fields of the Western World in disregard of the gems of the peddler, as we see in that language of line and colour by which we express our affinities with Nature—the great landscape art which arose in the fifteenth century and calmed the world by its nobility and sweetness.

One can fancy, too, that above the sweet sound of gold ringing upon the counter there rises a note or two of poesy: when with Dante at Ravenna in the year 1300 was struck the first note of that book which some think as great as that of Ezekiel in Babylon so long before; or, not to be invidious, those notes of Petrarch at Arezzo in 1304, which some think as good love songs as the single ones of the old Testament called Solomon's, by that scribe who generously gave him the authorship of the Canticles.

When one begins after a long course of horrors to read about Europe from another point of view, he begins to see that poetry and art and chivalry were somehow native to the Aryan, and that he did not think trade so vital as it is thought to be to-day. One feels that having his feet planted on the soil, and his heart lifted by the creatures that lived around him on the earth, in the waters, and in the sky, the peasant of Europe, were he even villein or serf, were he feudatory or freeman, or member of the artisan guilds, felt that his life was better so than buying

and selling slaves, or even gems, and that his contempt of the Jew was not misplaced.

For one must acknowledge that the Jews were the slave traders of Europe; they had the whole trade in their hands, it is proudly said. They not only bought and sold captives from the South and East—which of course we know was legitimated by the Scriptures—but they bought and sold white Christians. That was going a little too far, was in fact not in the bond.

The Jews, with their African and Oriental connections, knew how to get rich stuffs and gems for church altars; and then, at times, bought them back from unfaithful priests at a bargain. They were the "merchants" of the Middle Ages. But after all, it was the money lending at interest that most marked out the Jew for obloquy.

In good faith the Christian had adopted what he supposed was a law of the Hebrew book against taking "usury." The taking of usury was sinful; and indeed, the taking of profit in trade was religiously despised. Indispensable as usury seems to be to progress, Christians had to forego the exercise of it. That the Jew had no such scruples in the face of his own Scriptures marked him as a vile man. That he took, for example, 33 per cent. per year, is said to have roused Savonarola's rage, and led him to the institution of pawn shops in Florence for the protection of the poor of the city from the murderous rates of the Jew. The same thing happened all over Italy, it is said. One thing appears clearly: the Jew had a conscience, but it was not for general use; it was a ceremonial conscience.

If the Christian had read his Old Testament a little more intelligently, he would have seen that the Hebraic law did *not* forbid usury, but only taking it from a brother, the other Hebrew. This is a point often overlooked in the Old Testament—which was made by Jews, of Jews, for Jews, and for no other purpose whatever.

In concluding this chapter—the sun shining brightly, and

the world apparently going on indefinitely—I am not so despondent about Europe as I was at the outset. And I do not feel as guilty about the Jew as I thought I should. There is one mercy the Jews experienced that they ought to be thankful for—they did not fall into the hands of Calvin, and have their intellects twisted out of shape beyond recognition by even their Creator.

And the Europeans allowed them the use of their own Scriptures, and offered them the New Testament besides! It has been one of the most persistent of questions why, after the "fulfilment of the Messianic prophecies," the Church could not convert the Jew. He remained an unbeliever. I should say that if the majority at the Council of Nice in 325 A. D. had been with Arius, the conversion of the Jew might have had a Christian solution. But no Jew, without the strongest inducements, could have seen his ideal Messiah in the Messiah of the dogma of Nicæa.

But the principal reason why I think that in the occupation of Europe by the Jews, their suffering was not general, and that the modern accounts are in a very large measure fictitious; that life on the whole was not only tolerable but good—is, that they remained in Europe, and are there yet, in such numbers and in such important relations that it necessitates new chapters on the same worn topic.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Problem of Races

In America men take lightly the questions of race, of occupations, and of living. Not so in Europe. There seems to be a feeling in the countries of Europe, unaccustomed as they are to any positive immigration, that there is a menace to the means of livelihood, or to the rate of wages, or to the established trades, in the migration of the Jewish people from one country to another. This feeling is fostered, if not invented, by the Press, and is kept alive by exaggerated statements of the numbers of the Jewish people ready to migrate.

There is here, as well as in the business world, a failure to realise the enormous increase in population of all the European countries in recent times, and the comparative insignificance of the Jewish population. People are still calculating on the basis of the Middle Ages, in more ways than one. Like one standing before the show window of a city jeweller's shop, who sees the fair gems reflected and re-reflected in the mirrors at the sides till all the mines of Golconda appear to be heaped up before him, so the imagination reflects and re-reflects the Jew and his talents till the world seems to be nothing but "Israel."

It seems to be forgotten that of the less than 2 per cent.—the proportion of Jews to the whole population of Europe—not one-tenth of 1 per cent. have any wealth, any skill in any arts, any influence, any progressive life or intellectual growth. Seven-eighths of them are in the Dark Ages so far as ideas are concerned—certainly religious ideas, or intellectual pursuits, or culture, even *Haut Finance* or the machinations of "Dreyfusism."

It is only a spectre that disturbs the mind of Europe. But this spectre seems to hypnotise it.

This idealised Jew has such mysterious powers that scholars, antiquarians, archæologists, and historians, in their explorations, walk around Judea, and speak the word Hebrew softly, as though the Jew could blow up the whole Christian world at a touch at any moment, not by processes of ordinary dynamite, but by superior cerebral skill or adroitness. This "Israel" is feared because it "wanders, undying, through the centuries"; and it is detested because it will not be converted into any other form, but persists in being foreign to all countries though invading all. The Englishman fears its wealth, the German its quick brain, the Austrian its commercial gifts, the Parisian its boldness on the Bourse, the American its good digestion, and all distrust a ceremonial conscience. But the world will know nothing real about the Jew until it considers the incontestable facts that he has no home; that he has no government behind him to take his part; that he is only a waif in the world. His country is gone beyond recall, his city is in limbo, his hope of a return to it a vision—the baseless fabric of a dream—leaving not a wrack behind.

A very simple question may prove useful in this emergency. If this wonderful mental outfit, this capacity, persistency, "immortality," is a fact instead of a superstition, why has the Jew suffered; why with all these advantages has he wandered; why, in a word, has he not conquered the world instead of being conquered by it, and, as it appears, being enslaved by it?

Is not the answer a simple one? Namely: that this branch of the Semitic race, though specific, interesting, and in some respects extraordinary, did not rank with its contemporary nations as a power of the first order; that artistically it had no standing; that in literature it rested upon a few names; and that philosophically or scientifically it rested not at all. When we compare its record with the peoples of its own time to whom we owe these things, we find but one great intellectual effort to

its credit. And we have substantially the same answer to make as to its modern career—its rank is not of the first order.

Some other considerations ought to quiet the apprehensions of patriots respecting the possible overplus of Jewish people in any one land; namely, that there is no original, central "hive" from which this people are to come, no overcrowded home country to push out from, no political or national organisation to furnish the motive power, no manifest destiny of an existing nation giving direction to the social forces. There is honey in all directions, in all lands, for these busy bees, but no storehouse to which they return. Were the 8,000,000 Jews concentrated in that sterile little land we visit with so much pleasure and so little sense of proportion, there might be some result to fear; for they could not exist there for twenty-four hours. They would have to "take lodgings in the adjacent villages," as the accomplished Milman sapiently suggested that the "3,000,000 pilgrims" did in the days of Jerusalem's (imaginary) size and splendour.

The world will know nothing about the Jew until it realises the somewhat pathetic, somewhat humorous fact that the wonderful things said about him are yet to be done. They have never been; they are imaginary, as imaginary as the destruction of the countries of the ancient world by Hebrew prophecy.

And we never shall know anything about the Jew till we know what he too well knows, that all the promises of material dominion, power, greatness, pleasure, are unfulfilled and unfulfillable; till we know that the poet dreamed or invented all these "promises," and that the Jew has missed the real meaning of them; for the "City" the poets sing of is not Jerusalem, but the City of God in the Imagination.

Jerusalem was not the fair and benevolent city we imagine; we forget "that she slew the prophets and stoned those who were sent to it, beating some, crucifying others." When we

read the glowing images of the Babylonian dreamers, we forget that there was never any peace in Jerusalem, from the first day of David's occupation till this day. Probably never within the same compass (not even in Geneva) has there been developed so much of those bitterest products of the human heart, intolerance, arrogance, contempt and hatred which make the lustful sins of the other cities of antiquity scenes of idyllic peace, virtue and liberty, and pleasing by contrast. To call the real Jerusalem a City of Peace is a bitter sarcasm. It was only peaceful, like many another rock, before it was ever occupied. Life must have been intolerable in it in the days when the Sanhedrim ruled; and everybody ought to have been glad when it disappeared, as everybody ought to be glad if the dozen perfectly useless sects now quartered there could be sent home, and leave the ancient rock in peace once more.

A part of the dislike Europe has for the Jew comes from the fact that his ancestors constituted a social state at which it shudders; and what it most fears is, that the success and preponderance of the Jew would entail a state of society resembling that of Jerusalem. Ezekiel when he was in his Babylon did not feel so, for he laid out a New Jerusalem in which the restricted ideas could be lived. Modern Zionism does not differ greatly from Ezekiel's vision; but a return to Zion has practical difficulties, such as the absence of anything whatever to do there—except to weep, and to dream, and the Jews do too much dreaming where they now are.

No, my reader, you are terrified at the prospect of the coming of a Jewish state there, or here, in which you are to be incarcerated. You have an instinct of fear: fear that you will in some way lose that accumulated sense of existence which is yours, the romance of it; lose romantic love out of it; lose the beauty of your art and of your literature—that poetry in it that is so vague and elusive and yet so enthralling. You fear that the heroisms and accidents by flood and field, the adventures of life, the chances of it, which make it ever new

and ever interesting, will pass away, be regulated by one dreary pretence of divine law. You want a little glory, to have the heart beat fast and strong, as it sometimes beats now in our day, as it has beat in the vast, endless spaces of time in the breasts of vast numbers of beings ever renewing their lives in our Earth everlasting.

I pray you, Ezekiel, not to shut us up in any Jerusalem, new or old; and St. John, too, let us have more room in the next world than in your New Jerusalem, which holds only 144,000 souls—and mix the nationalities a little more justly!

O Israel, do not "return to Jerusalem—you would be lonely there. Your friend Hiram of Tyre is long since gone. Rezin of Damascus is dead. Your liberal friend Cyrus no longer reigns. Pekah does not now live at Samaria. The Queen of Sheba no longer visits Jerusalem, she is raising coffee in Mocha. The Pharaohs are out of business. Tadmor is only a heap of Corinthian columns. Jericho is in mourning for Herod. Joppa is too far for an afternoon seaside resort, though there is a railroad connecting it with Jerusalem. Damascus is in Unspeakable hands. Egypt, since its destruction by the Older Prophets, was desolate until the English discovered it in 1882, and made it a Christian winter resort by bombarding Alexandria. You used to be so happy there; but you cannot get the friendship of the present rulers. Babylonia is uninhabitable since your Prophets (and Time) so gradually and kindly destroyed it (how it will grind Jeremiah the Prophet who destroyed it, to learn that the Germans are building a railway down the Euphrates, which will restore Babylonia to fertility and usefulness!). Athens is only a marble quarry for the English. Corinth is no longer Corinthian, nor is Cyprus Cyprian. Tarshish no longer has any trade; and Rome, having abolished the Arena and become only a Bureau of Religion, no longer has any demand for you as a spectacle.

No, do not go. The Bedouin, your kinsman so many times removed, is hovering about the Holy Land, ready and willing

to rob you of your money and your traditions. There are in Jerusalem itself more kinds of Christians than you have ever seen gathered in one place, and more jealous, quarrelsome ones than are to be found in all Christendom itself. No; stay. You might not like the Zangwill if you saw him, and to read only Nordau might lead you to again paint the world black. No, Zionism will not do. And there is a stronger reason against Zionism than the jesting one why you should not go. You cannot. It seems to you that money can do anything. But anyone who indulges in the fancies that the Zionist puts forth, that the Great Powers will guarantee such a state, should remember what the guarantee of Armenia is worth, what the moral backing of Macedonia is worth, and then how little Europe cares for Jews as Jews.

One of the most curious suppositions of the case is that the nations wish to create a new factor, another power; that anyone on earth, even a Jew, believes that such a new factor, if erected, would make for peace, would in fact do anything but make for new entanglements, rivalries and wars. To suppose otherwise is only a part of this baseless Jewish superstition, the most hare-brained one in the world.

But, speaking of it as a political question, and if the Sultan's objections could be overcome, who is there so optimistic as to suppose that Russia would permit a Jewish State to be erected within the field of its future authority? And who would prevail upon the German people to let such a state be erected in a country which must form in a sense the beginning of its great scheme, the railway down the Euphrates? And then there stands Great Britain, with its system of protectorates from Cairo to the Indus and its ever-widening interests, which would never consent to a new power, much less a guaranteed one.

One of the most eminent Jewish bankers has recently, in a letter, pointed out that the emigration of all the Jews from Russia would be impossible owing to their numbers (and the unwillingness of any country to receive so many), and that the

only remedy for the present distress in Russia is in the force of public opinion, brought to bear upon the authorities of Russia. This is good sense, and in line with the results in other countries where illiberal laws have been repealed and where the social ban is gradually wearing away; in short, with the modern doctrine of Nationality.

It has been recently declared that the Russian Government would oppose Zionism; that from having once been favourable to it, when it promised relief to Russia, it is now found to be a menace, by creating a powerful moneyed organisation which serves as a propaganda, stirring up revolt instead of being an aid to quiet and voluntary emigration.

And now in these last months it is announced that Turkey has refused the Zionist Palestine, and also that the colonisation of East Africa is not feasible. The author of Zionism is dead, and soon Zionism itself will be no more.

The recent attitude of the *American Hebrew* publication, that "Christendom" ought to indemnify the sufferers of Kishinev for their losses, is another indication that the Jew considers himself a separate party to whom the world is indebted. Bringing before the world the truth about the autocracy of Russia is one service that we must give the newspaper credit for—a service lacking in the Middle Ages.

It is doubtful if all the police force and all the armies of Europe combined could drive the Jews back into the Holy Land, and to go voluntarily would be a living death—unless with the intent related of a Parisian Rothschild, who, when asked if he was in favour of Zionism, and if he would himself "return" to Jerusalem, replied, "Yes, certainly, but I should want as soon as I arrived there to be appointed Ambassador to Paris."

I doubt if any country has ever been revived by bringing back the descendants of the past generations. No Carthaginians, no Tyrians, no Khitans, no Parsees, no Basques, no Celts can ever "return."

But one of the things said most frequently is that the Jew *persists;* that in spite of a hundred obstacles his race characteristics remain fixed; that there is a miraculous preservation, and that it is evidence for his claims of superior parentage and destiny.

It is a mere assumption that the race is persisting; that it is at all what it was two and a half or three millenniums ago, or even a few centuries. The race has been greatly modified by intermixtures. There are more strains of blood in it than there are crosses in the palms of our hands. The type is not the same anywhere—except in the comic papers.

Dr. Isidor Singer, the editor of the *Jewish Encyclopædia*, is an unimpeachable authority on the Jewish side of the question; and his statistics, in a recent letter to the New York *Sun*, are a deadlier blow to this complacent spectre of Jewish race purity—one of the most unsubstantial of all the race of spectres with which the ancestry of the ruling civilised religion has peopled the world—than anything which Gentiles could assert. Listen to him:

"In Austria there were from 1896 to 1900 yearly 5,923 marriages between Jews, and 130 mixed wedlocks; in Hungary, during the same period, 6,684 Jewish and 448 mixed marriages took place. The capitals of both countries are the storm centres. Thus, in Budapest every fifteenth Jew marries a Christian woman, while already every fourteenth Jewess is wedded to a Christian. In Germany in 1903 there were 3,831 marriages between Jews, 497 between Jews and Protestants, and 138 between Jews and Roman Catholics. In Prussia proper—here with Berlin as the natural centre of gravitation—there took place from 1898 to 1902 yearly 607 marriages between Jews, and 212 mixed marriages; i.e., every sixth Jew and Jewess married out of the faith and race. In Australia, England, Italy, France, Sweden and Denmark mixed marriages are of every-day occurrence. In Copenhagen in the years 1880–91 they formed 35 per cent., in 1892–1903 45.6 per cent. of

the Jewish marriages. Although the 5,189,000 (1897) Jews in Russia, the 811,371 (1900) Jews in Austrian Galicia, and their brethren in Rumania, Bukovina and the Orient, still represent the firm bulwarks of old-time Judaism, the colonists going forth from them to Great Britain and her colonies, and above all to the United States, are already close to the danger line, as the Pastor-Stokes marriage demonstrates."

Nothing could be better for the Jews or the world, nothing more inevitable for any race; but its contrast with the conventional awe-stricken utterances over Jewish "persistence" is grotesque.

George Borrow, in his "Bible in Spain," fifty years ago, made a panegyric upon the nobility and the beauty of the Barbary Jew, with a side light upon the Briton, that is worth transcribing.

"On the morning of the next day I was seated at breakfast in a large apartment which looked out upon the Plaza Major, or great square, of the good town of Vigo. The sun was shining very brilliantly, and all around looked lively and gay. Presently a stranger entered, and bowing profoundly, stationed himself at the window, where he remained a considerable time in silence. He was a man of very remarkable appearance, of about thirty-five. His features were of perfect symmetry, and I may almost say, of perfect beauty. His hair was the darkest I had ever seen, glossy and shining; his eyes large, black and melancholy; but that which most struck me was his complexion. It might be called olive, it is true, but it was a livid olive. He was dressed in the very first style of French fashion. Around his neck was a massive gold chain, while upon his fingers were large rings, in one of which was set a magnificent ruby. Who can that man be? thought I—Spaniard or Portuguese, perhaps a Creole. I asked him an indifferent question in Spanish, to which he forthwith replied in that language, but his accent convinced me that he was neither Spaniard nor Portuguese.

"'I presume I am speaking to an Englishman, sir?' said he,

in as good English as was possible for one not an Englishman to speak.

"*Myself.*—'You know me to be an Englishman; but I should find some difficulty in guessing to what country you belong.'

"*Stranger.*—'May I take a seat?'

"*Myself.*—'A singular question. Have you not as much right to sit in the public apartment of an inn as myself?'

"*Stranger.*—'I am not certain of that. The people here are not in general very gratified at seeing me seated by their side.'

"*Myself.*—'Perhaps owing to your political opinions, or to some crime which it may have been your misfortune to commit?'

"*Stranger.*—'I have no political opinions, and I am not aware that I ever committed any particular crime—I am hated for my country and my religion.'

"*Myself.*—'Perhaps I am speaking to a Protestant, like myself?'

"*Stranger.*—'I am no Protestant. If I were, they would be cautious here of showing their dislike, for I should then have a government and a consul to protect me. I am a Jew—a Barbary Jew, a subject of Abderrahman.'

"*Myself.*—'If that be the case, you can scarcely complain of being looked upon with dislike in this country, since in Barbary the Jews are slaves.'

"*Stranger.*—'In most parts, I grant you; but not where I was born, which was far up the country, near the deserts. There the Jews are free, and are feared, and are as valiant men as the Moslems themselves; as able to tame the steed, or to fire the gun. The Jews of our tribe are not slaves, and I like not to be treated as a slave either by Christian or Moor.'

"*Myself.*—'Your history must be a curious one; I would fain hear it.'

"*Stranger.*—'My history I shall tell to no one. I have travelled much, I have been in commerce and have thriven. I am at present established in Portugal; but I love not the people

of Catholic countries, and least of all these of Spain. I have lately experienced the most shameful injustice in the Aduana of this town; and when I complained, they laughed at me and called me Jew. Wherever he turns, the Jew is reviled, save in your country; and on that account my blood always warms when I see an Englishman. You are a stranger here. Can I do aught for you? You may command me.'

"*Myself.*—'I thank you heartily, but I am in need of no assistance.'

"*Stranger.*—'Have you any bills? I will accept them if you have.'

"*Myself.*—'I have no need of assistance; but you may do me a favour by accepting of a book.'

"*Stranger.*—'I will receive it with thanks. I know what it is. What a singular people! The same dress, the same look, the same book. Pelham gave me one in Egypt. Farewell! Your Jesus was a good man, perhaps a prophet; but . . . farewell!'"

Again in that strange record of colportage in Spain, Borrow makes Mendizbal say, "What a strange infatuation is this which drives you over lands and waters with Bibles in your hands."

But to resume and return to the later world. The Jew of to-day is certainly not beautiful—to those whose fancy is something entirely different. We do not conceive of the Jew as physically noble, or powerful, or enchanting. The reverse is the popular conception—except in novels. Of the ancient type we have absolutely no portrait. We must consider for a little that all the delineations of it (even those of Moses and Abraham) are pure imagination—and mostly clothes at that. Of Abraham we have numerous pictures in many a gallery, in many a book. In these he is a tall, dignified, white-bearded man in a turban, who wears a long white garment with a girdle; a modern Bedouin, in fact, only with Jewish piety instead of Moslem depicted in his dark countenance. Benevolence radiates from his countenance as it did when he dismissed Hagar with Ish-

mael, provisioned for a long journey with a pitcher of water. Only the Arab horse is absent, and the camel is not apparent. In all probability, Abraham was a short man with a black beard (though it is hard to recognise Faith with a black beard) and a shepherd's tunic of skins; and it is probable that he rode an ass, or went on foot. It is strange that none of our painters have given us a picture of Sarai. Hagar only seems to have lent her countenance to art, perhaps because not quite of the blood. And as for Moses, I also have a fancy that being brought up in Egypt, he wore a red and white garment, such as we see in the Egyptian paintings. No one has ever seen a picture of a real Michael Angelo robe in any of the Egyptian tombs. We know with some accuracy how nearly all the other ancient people looked, but the Hebrew never sat for his photograph.

And we must say, too, that if the Jew has persisted, it has not been a fruitful persistence; he did not conquer some vacant lands and re-create a country. He wasted his time as a Rolling Stone. And when we come to the real question, Does his race or type persist more, has it persisted longer, than other races and types? we have to say, No. We only happen to romance about this. Nothing persists like races.

As Emerson said, if we could see far enough we should understand. Bred as we have been, it is almost impossible to look back of the Bible story of origins, though we know that the account is a barrier against a view of the race in the least true or adequate. As the professor of Old Testament exegesis recently taught, "The story of Eden is not historically true; it is even ridiculous, so that we cannot believe it; but it is religiously true, is merely a religious parable."

If it is a parable it is not *true* either, his critic might say.

Both Erman and Maspero declare that the Egyptian Fellah of to-day is essentially, in character and appearance, the Fellah of Ancient Egypt. Here then is a "persistence" which doubles in extent of time the Israelite. The Arab of the desert is

probably of the same type as the Ishmaelite of the extinct world; if so, he is much less changed because less intermixed with other races than the Jew of to-day. He is a more handsome, and a vastly healthier type of man than the Jew; for there are signs in the latter that social exclusiveness is making a change in his physique not desirable, certainly not attractive. The sands of Arabia would be a healthful change from the shops and the bourses of Europe. The probability is that the modern Jew, unlike the older Jew, has been cross-fertilised too little; that his nervousness, his irritability, his lack of grit, of physical force and persistence, his wire edge, is the result of the seclusion from fresh elements, and the great broad law that Nature has laid down that blood becomes poor from want of "selection," and bad by heredity. Pure blood racially does not carry with it any certainty of good blood hygienically. The pure blood of the Bedouin has the pure air of the desert to sustain it; and yet at that the life of the Bedouin does not average as long as the mixed life of the European.

But does the Jewish race persist, comparatively speaking? The Tartar and the Turk can be traced farther back than the Jews, if not as far as the Israelites. The men who sang the Dawn five thousand years ago are yet singing the Dawn in India.

The Chinese, by contrast, may be said to be the only persistent people on earth—they are the only people who have maintained a stable government and a fixed order of society and morals, and who exist to-day, for—some say—five thousand five hundred years.

The present Japanese dynasty dates from about 660 B. C., a continuous rule; not only that, but the Japanese is an unchanged *type* of man, much less intermixed than that people which began their career in Palestine at about the date the present dynasty began to rule.

A recent book with a show of authority says that Korea has a history of five thousand years, and that the Koreans are a mixture of Aryan and Mongolian bloods.

The Hellenic peoples are much older than the Israelite; the Jews were contemporary with the best age of Greece; and yet there are now as marked Greek countenances in the world as Jewish countenances among the Jews. The Phœnician preceded the Israelite by more than a thousand years. His descendants are mingled with the bloods of northern Africa and of Syria which still survive.

In a valuable "History of Literary Persia," Mr. E. G. Browne, of Cambridge, England, says: "The Persian language of to-day, Farsi, the language of Fars (modern Persia), is then the lineal offspring of the language which Cyrus and Darius spoke." The Medes preceded the Persians, and an inference of fairness will carry the still existing Persian back beyond the age of Moses; and the era of ancient Iran is lost in the preceding centuries. And it is to be observed that the Greek language has persisted from ancient times, and is the basis of the vernacular of modern Greece; while its neighbour tongue, the Hebrew, lives only as a dead language—as our fellow-countryman the Irishman would say—only he now says those things out of Ireland.

It is quite likely that the Russian is as old as the Jewish development—that is, the development of the Slavs who inhabited the country between the Baltic and the Adriatic and northward; we do not know how they have changed in type much if it all, but types seldom vanish wholly.

The Roman Republic began before the Jewish nation was visible as a political organism; and there can be no comparison between the antiquity of Etruria and the Israelite of the invasion of Canaan. These people survive in the Italian and especially the Tuscan of to-day.

And, coming nearer home, some now believe that the Celtic race was the base line of the white occupation of western Europe, and is historically traceable to a remote time. The Celtic tribes conquered Rome in 390 B. C., which is about the date of the beginning of the Jews as a definite factor in the East.

They also moved eastward and eventually settled in Asia Minor, founding what we now call Galatia. The union of the Celts with the Franks produced the most brilliant nationality in Europe. The pure Celtic type is only now slowly disappearing in Europe. It survives in Ireland, Wales, Scotland and Brittany; but it is plain that its day is over. For this there are sentimental regrets, poetic laments, and gentle melancholies, but few heart-burnings, except artificial ones to cover alien purposes. It is not a vital question. Just so the Jewish nation has existed to some purpose, but is expiring, will be slowly dissipated, at length intermingled in the general current. There need be no heart-burnings. There will be no loss.

It is useless, and false too, to compare the death of a nation to the death of a human being. Why delude ourselves with such ideas? It is the living human being that is dear, not the dead wall of Jerusalem. Those pious visionaries who go up every Friday and weep against the insensible wall at Jerusalem are nursing a delusion. It *is* a dead wall.

I wish the Jew would not weep; but, if he must, that he would not "lift up his voice." He has God on his side, and yet he weeps. He has the written promises, a mortgage on the universe, and yet he weeps. He has longer life, more children, and better health than others, and yet he weeps. He lifts up his eyes on Canaan and all lands are his, and yet he weeps. He weeps in Babylon and in Jerusalem. He weeps all over the modern world.

Why care so much for race fixedness? Petrified races are no better than petrified skeletons. The world's progress and happiness depend on the development of races by admixture, selection and change. Let us take an example of this idea. We would not rejoice at the re-entrance upon the world of action of the Briton. But with the Briton as a basis, what has happened? The Roman infused a trifle of his blood into the veins of the Briton, into his speech a few Roman words. Next the Saxon imposed upon this mixture the gift of his body and

his tongue. Next the Dane enriched both; and finally the Norman knight rode in with his chivalry, his manners, and his rich, glowing speech. To-day this composite race rules the world, and its literature and its ideas are the world's delight. What a masterstroke it would have been to have "Chosen" the English.

The people of Europe do not philosophise well, or they would know that the history of Israel is in the past; that there can never be a return of it, that the Jew is a survival, a living remnant, never to be reckoned with as a nation or even a religion. The average European does not philosophise well because he has so long been philosophising only with that primitive, limited philosophy of the Jew. The philosophy of the Jew is not adapted to modern needs. It passes away. And the Jew also passes away, outrun in the race of life, distanced in the struggle. He will be absorbed in the mass, and the Jewish Question will be no more.

The great social law now operating, the great intellectual law now in full tide, the new and imperative political law that the place of birth and residence fixes the nationality, will dry up many of the fountains of tears, and the sources of imaginary misery, which have dominated our reading and thinking.

CHAPTER XXV

Statistics and Spectres

To connect Statistics and Spectres may seem paradoxical. But this is notably a statistical age. The Jewish Spectre has had more statistics than was really good for his continued existence. Thus statistics are made to assert that the "natural increase" of "Israel" is greater than that of other people; that his "persistence" is greater; that he is not so subject to "disease," though living in unfavourable conditions. These things are said to be "remarkable," and by the enthusiast to be "marvellous." But this is dangerous to the statistician. For, given these exceptional conditions, the figures work the wrong way.

The Jewish people of the world are estimated by some at 7,000,000, with a probability of 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 more at this date. The whole population of the world being some 1,500,000,000, the proportion of Jews is about one-half of 1 per cent. Leaving out the Asiatic and African peoples, the proportion would be only about one and one-half per cent. In this light the immunity, persistence, increase, and longevity do not appear. It is only the spectral Israel that has these qualities. Eight millions seems a large number of people, a formidable force if concentrated. But in fact it seems large only because it is regarded with superstition, and believed exceptional. Let us conjure with statistics for a while.

The Saracen, insignificant and powerless up to the year 622 A. D., conquered the Eastern World; and the Arab, as he came to be designated, is now found not only in Arabia but in

Africa and scattered about Asia. Arabia itself possesses an Arabian population variously numbered at from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000—no real census is possible, but it greatly exceeds the Jewish population of the whole of Europe.

The Ottoman Turks, starting as a small clan, within historic times, are now in great numbers in central Asia and Asia Minor, exclusive of Turkish kin, and control a very large number of other peoples occupying a large and important territory; the population of Turkey (of various bloods) being stated at 24,000,000.

The Hindu peninsula and Burmah, taken together, have now some 360,000,000 people; China, toward 400,000,000; Japan, 43,000,000. One of the smaller countries of the Oceanic world, Java, has 21,000,000; Australia and New Zealand, lately savage lands, have a white population of 4,500,000. Greece proper has a larger population than in the ancient days, 2,500,000. Spain has 17,000,000, though she has for two centuries been in a decline. Italy has 35,000,000 (besides large numbers of emigrants residing in North and South America); an immense increase of population over any former time, even the best days of Rome, when, according to good authorities, she had only 6,000,000 in the Augustan Age. This Italy, with its 35,000,000, has thriven notwithstanding all the wars, invasions, destructions, diseases, and corruptions; with probably as bad governments, up to recent times, as any European country has ever suffered from. France, notwithstanding its losses of territory on the Rhine, and its ruinous wars, has 38,000,000, and rules colonies of 21,000,000. The territory now called the German Empire has 56,000,000 (more than all Europe in the Middle Ages), and its people are scattered all over the world in innumerable pursuits. Belgium alone has 6,000,000 industrious people; the Netherlands at home, 4,450,000, and "Netherlands and Colonies" some 28,500,000. The three Scandinavian countries have about 13,500,000 at home, and 1,000,000 in America. The Empire

of Austria-Hungary has 47,000,000 souls—as large as all Europe in the Middle Ages. Rumania and Servia now have 7,472,000. Switzerland has 2,993,334 within her borders. The Banker of the World, England, with Wales, has 32,000,000; Scotland, 4,000,000; Ireland, nearly 5,000,000; the small islands, 147,870; making a total at home of 42,000,000 for Great Britain; and, with the Colonies and possessions, there are said to be under the Empire's rule over 450,000,000 souls on a total of 11,157,213 square miles. This is the true "miracle of the ages." Of course it is impossible to say how many pure Englishmen there are on the globe, but we are certain that there are enough to make the "marvellous rate of increase" of Israel that we are asked to believe in, rather colourless.

But if one is in search of marvels, perhaps Russia affords the best example of a "marvellous rate of increase," and one which gives pause to a careless statistician. The Muscovite, beginning somewhere near zero at an undetermined date—according to Mulhall having as late as 1480 only 2,300,000 souls, with the Mongol to contend with—has had such an overwhelming rate of increase that he now has a population in Europe of 100,000,000, half of them entirely homogenous, with less mixture by marriage, immigration, or conquest than any other people in existence. The last census gives Russia, of native and subject peoples, in Europe and Asia, 129,000,000. The Russians had a vast unoccupied territory to expand in; they had little to contend with except on the west, and their ventures into European affairs were only brief experiments. This most expansive people of the world shows what may be done by a race when left free from extraneous influences. Russia's government was not undermined by a foreign religious organisation, the Greek Church having separated from the Roman before this great era began; and it has been easier also, on the whole, for her people to increase than if distracted by too many appliances of civilisation. The statistician is on indis-

putable ground when he asserts that "Russia's birth-rate exceeds that of any people of Europe."

It is hardly necessary to say that the colonisation by the English race of the United States is about as "marvellous" as is necessary, covet wonders as we may. The population shown by the census of 1900 is 76,000,000. It is estimated that the proportion of foreign born, by the census of 1900, is 15 per cent., and taking out these, there remains a "rate of increase" since 1790 second only to that of Russia.

Perhaps the most profitable thing for us to do, at this stage of our inquiry, would be to look at the Semitic populations as they exist at the present day. What are its nationalities, what the aggregates? Where are they, and what their future prospects in the world? There is a feeling that if the Jews themselves are not very numerous, there is a backing of kindred people liable to re-development at any time, and likely to reassert themselves strenuously. There is a vague conception abroad that the whole Mohammedan faith is "Semitic." Nothing could be farther from the fact. Of the 176,000,000 to 200,000,000 variously credited to the Mohammedan faith, we must lay out of the account the Turk, the Hindu, the Persian, the Black, and the Malay, who contribute so largely to that faith.

The following table of Bartholomew's, though the terms in use in distinguishing races are the common ones, instead of the finer distinctions which modern science seeks to adopt, will give a general view of the relative populations of the world:

RACE	NUMBERS
Indo-Germanic, or Aryan	545,500,000
Mongolian, or Turanian	630,000,000
Negro and Bantu	150,000,000
Semitic, or Hamitic, including Jews .	65,000,000
Malay, or Polynesian	35,000,000
American Indian, N. and S. America .	15,000,000
Total	1,440,500,000

The reader will note that the Semitic is classed with the Hamitic. The latter are generally Mohammedan, and are classed as a white race. Under this term are classed the Egyptians, the Berbers, and all the people of North Africa not of Negro or unmixed Jewish blood. The description by Mr. Heli Chatelain, in "Century Cyclopædia of Names," is so valuable, and the subject so obscure, that the reader will be obliged by its quotation here.

The Hamites are "a race generally counted with the white race, together with their Semitic neighbours and kinsmen; but in which, from the earliest times, three varieties (a pale and a red haired, a reddish, and a dark brown) have been distinguished. The blond type is found among the Berbers; the reddish among the Egyptians and Bedja; the dark brown, or black, among the Somal, the Galla, and the Fulbe or Fulahs. In these three the admixture of Nigritic blood is evident. The earliest civilisation of mankind (that of Egypt, to which all the others seem to be directly or indirectly indebted) flourished among the Hamites of the reddish type in the Lower Nile Valley.

"The Hamitic family of language is generally divided into three such groups: the Libyan, or Berber, spoken from the Canary Islands to Egypt; the Egyptian, comprising the old Egyptian or Coptic, with its four dialects; the Ethiopic, including the Bedja, Dankili, Somali, Galla, Agua, Saho, and Bilin.

"The Ethiopic is also called Cushitic or Punic. Later the Fulah cluster has been added by some of the preceding, as prevailing Hamitic. Owing to ethnic and linguistic mixtures with Negroes, it is impossible to draw a clear line between Hamitic and Bantu-Negro languages and tribes. Even the Hausa and Hottentot languages show traces of Hamitic structure. The Hamitic languages are sometimes called semi- or sub-Semitic. In eastern North Africa they are intermixed geographically with the Semitic; in western North Africa, the Semitic are superposed on the Hamitic."

But with the inclusion of all the populations given in the tables of Egypt, including the Soudan and Abyssinia, of Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, and of Spanish Africa, with all the known Arabs—both those fixed in Arabia, and those in the Euphrates countries and floating about among the blacks of Africa—together with the Jews of the world, it is impossible to find 65,000,000 Semitic and Hamitic peoples all together existent. The number is probably a very careless guess. The true number is more likely to be under 45,000,000 than over.

It seems like going back to the early ages of the world (and of this book) to quote Sayce's "Early Ages of the Old Testament," but it is only fair that the Semite as well as the Hamite be described, and this is how it reads, also taken from the same authority:

"The true Semite, whether we meet him in the desert and towns of Arabia, in the bas-reliefs of the Assyrian palaces, or in the lanes of some European Ghetto, is distinguished by ethnological features as defined as the philological features which distinguish the Semitic languages. He belongs to the white race, using the term 'race' in its broadest sense. But the division of the white race of which he is a member has characteristics of its own so marked and peculiar as to constitute a special race—or more strictly speaking, a sub-race. The hair is glossy black, curly and shiny, and is largely developed on the face and head. The skull is dolicho-cephalic. It is curious, however, that in central Europe an examination of the Jews has shown that while about 15 per cent. are blonds, only 25 per cent. are brunettes, the rest being an intermediate type, and that brachycephalism occurs almost exclusively among the brunettes. It is difficult to account for this except on the theory of an extensive mixture of blood. Whenever the race is pure the nose is prominent and somewhat aquiline, the lips are thick and the face oval. The skin is a dull white, tans but does not redden under exposure to the sun. There is, however,

a good deal of colour in the lips and cheeks. The eyes are dark like the hair."

The Semitic peoples are probably less in number than the Hamitic, and if separated, the Semites would stand fifth in our list, and would not comprise more than 2 per cent. of the total estimated population of the globe, and not over 5 per cent. of the estimated number of Aryans now visible—and most of them in census-taking lands.

The two white races contended for the mastery of the Western World. There is an antipathetic barrier between these two great divisions which never is forgotten. Persia, Syria, Carthage, Rome, Sicily, Spain, have witnessed the struggle for supremacy. If the gleam of the Semitic arms in the past still blinds us to the question of the present or final mastery of the civilised world, we must look prosaically at the tables of population instead of sentimentally at the tables of the law.

I have used the terms Aryan and Semitic in the usual manner, without the qualifying words which science applies. Of course the true sense of the terms is one of language rather than blood. The Aryan and Semitic groups of languages are distinct, but the hopes once entertained of making language a complete test of race have passed away. The configuration of the skull, the colour of the hair and eyes, not similarity of speech, make the recent scientific test.

We now know that a large admixture of darker blood has taken place with the Aryan race, in Greece, in Italy, in Spain, and elsewhere, that a large admixture of blood exists in modern Europe; on the other hand the linguistic similarity still holds Europe together as one race.

Lewis H. Morgan, still an authority of distinction on the families of the earth, says, "By what combination of stocks the immense mental superiority [over the Semitic and what he calls the Uralian] was gained, we are entirely ignorant." He says, "The Aryan family unquestionably stands at the head of the several families of mankind. Next to the Aryan stands the

Semitic, and next to the latter stands the Uralian [comprising the Turk, etc.]; and they are graduated at about equal distances from each other." Morgan lived before the revelation of Japan and of China, which may necessitate a review of his estimate.

There are those in Europe who look for a revival of the Arab rule in the Mohammedan world; but there are so many evidences of the determination of the Great Powers of Europe to parcel out the lands of the weak races among themselves, that the greater probability is that the Moslem world after the decline of the Faith will become only a—Regret of Mahomet.

There are few subjects about which there is so much popular misapprehension as about the number of Jews in the world. The general reply to the question, "How many Jews are there in the United States?" is "Oh! there are *millions* of them." But the United States census does not take cognisance of the Jews as a separate nationality; the people of the Jewish faith are classed with the nationality with which they come as immigrants. The whole question is one of guesswork, hope, fear, and that shiver the spectre always gives. At the present moment the whole number in the world is a matter of conjecture; it is comparatively small, and yet there is an apprehension of vast numbers. This is wholly unwarranted by the facts.

The Smithsonian reports of 1888 made by Joseph Jacobs, who is elsewhere cited, estimate the total number of Jews in the world at 8,000,000. More recent estimates are respectively 9,000,000, 10,000,000 and 11,000,000. If either of these are the facts, they make a rate of increase for "Israel" that looks rather poor, if one dates back to the fall of Jerusalem, where the prodigal statistician Josephus could spare 1,100,000 to be killed out of a possible total of 50,000, and have just as many left as there were before, according to all accounts!

If one goes back to the 3,000,000 Hebrews of the Exodus story, it is still worse. And if one goes back to Adam and calculates the number of "those other people," as Esdras calls the

rest of the human race, the comparative ratio must be discouraging to those who think the Higher Criticism is impiety.

There is a fault somewhere, either in the statistics or in the beliefs. Indeed, statistics and beliefs are both troublesome—but it takes superstitions to make statistics work well.

There was an estimate by M. Fournier de Flaix, as see the *American Association Quarterly* of March, 1892, which places the aggregate at 7,186,000. The *American Jewish Year Book* for 1900 places the number at 11,723,947. This is probably not an increase in actual population in twelve years, but an estimate from the general stir in the world of this race. Even if the number last cited is correct, a comparative census estimate makes it look insignificant as a world-question of either race or religion. The above-quoted estimate of M. de Flaix says that in 1892 the people of the globe were classed religiously as follows:

Christian	477,080,158
Confucian	256,000,000
Hindu	190,000,000
Mohammed	176,834,372
Buddhist	147,900,000
Taoist	43,000,000
Shinto	14,000,000
Jewish	7,186,000
All Polytheism	117,681,669

We see at once that the Jews comprise but one-half of 1 per cent. of the people of the world. They are principally lodged in Europe, Africa and Asia, and have perhaps 500,000 very much scattered, as said before. According to the estimate of the *Jewish Year Book* for 1900, the United States had then 1,058,135; and the world, 11,723,947. The latter figure is probably much exaggerated. The religious statistics give the membership of synagogues in the United States, 1902, as only 143,000 souls. If 1,058,135 is correct as the total in the United States, it would constitute 1⅓ per cent. of the population. Their numbers are

rapidly increasing by emigration. Probably half of them came from Russia and eastern Europe within the last few years, and thus reduced the estimate there somewhat. It was formerly estimated that Russia had, "within the Pale principally," 4,000,000; and now it is said there are 5,000,000; a growth from several centuries' residence and from the partition of Poland, which was the principal source from which Austria and Russia acquired their Jewish population in the past, unless we look further back to the absorption of Lithuania. Of course, Rumania with its 260,000 and Servia with 35,000 were once part of Turkey, which country was hospitable to the Jews when all Europe was unfriendly. If Russia has 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 Jews, that is 4 to 5 per cent. of her European population; and as they are not agreeable to the Russians, though possessed of all the virtues and talents, they form a veritable Jewish Question.

Turkey, the hospitable, seems to have only one-fifth of 1 per cent. of Jews, although she has the Holy Land within her borders; the talent of the Jew for staying away from the Holy Land being remarkable.

Holland, the nursery whence came the English Jews of modern times, has 2 per cent. of contented, industrious, and to all appearances welcome, Jews; the process of amalgamation and assimilation having gone further there than elsewhere.

But we come now upon some very curious statistics. Great Britain—including London, where the greatest mass of money is gathered together—with her 42,000,000 people has, according to statistics, only about 70,000 Jews; possibly now, owing to recent emigration from Russian Poland, 100,000, and these principally in England—three-sixteenths of 1 per cent. of the population. Austria-Hungary, with 1,600,000 Jews to 47,000,000 of people, has 4 per cent., the same proportion as Russia, and of course it has also a Jewish Question. The German Empire, with 56,000,000 people, is said to have about 600,000 Jews (a *bonne-bouche* from the acquisitions of Frederick the

Great in the eighteenth century), not quite 1¼ per cent.—not a very serious question unless the Jews sit in all the Professors' chairs, do all the Banking and own all the Real Estate, at which the German might complain.

France, the very home of equality, of speculation, and of Eugene Sue, had only 76,000, by statistical accounts, perhaps 100,000 now—about one-quarter of 1 per cent. of her population. Italy, once the very home of the "Industrious Artisan" from the Holy Land, has now only 40,000 Jews, one-eighth of 1 per cent. of her total population. Switzerland, the land of freedom, has one-fourth of 1 per cent. Scandinavia, next in height of education to Switzerland, has only one-eighth of 1 per cent.

It has been remarked, and the above figures tend to show, that the Jews are most numerous among the least advanced and presumably the weakest nations; that they do not and cannot compete with the older, stronger and better-equipped nations, such as Germany, France, England and the Latin countries. Their great success in America may be partly owing to the extraordinary opportunities our rapid growth and inexperience have opened; and it may well be surmised that the rate of increase will not continue, now that the trades, the professions and the merchandising have all come to a stage of settled classification.

None know better than I how the reader frowns upon statistics, and how the above pages will be skipped. Therefore I will set here a sweet reward for all this medicine, whether swallowed or unswallowed—how Dante explains all these ups and downs in the world:

"'Master,' said I to him [Virgil], 'now tell me further; this *Fortune*, on which thou touchest for me, what is it, that hath the goods of the world so in its clutches?'

"And he to me, 'O creatures foolish, how great is that ignorance that harms you! I would have thee now take in my judgment of her. He whose wisdom transcendeth all, made

the heavens and gave them their guides, so that every part on every part doth shine, equally distributing the light. In like wise for the splendours of the world, He ordained a general ministress and guide, who should ever and anon transfer the vain goods from race to race, and from one blood to another, beyond the resistance of human wit. Wherefore one race rules, and the other languishes, pursuant to her judgment, which is occult as the snake in the grass. Your wisdom hath no understanding of her; she provides, judges and maintains her realm, as theirs the other gods. Her permutations have no truce; necessity compels her to be swift, so often cometh he who obtains a turn. This is she who is so set upon the cross, even by those who ought to give her praise, giving her blame amiss and ill report. But she is blessed and hears this not. With the other Primal Creatures glad she turns her sphere, and blessed she rejoices. But now let us descend to greater woe. Already every star sinks that was rising when I set out, and too long stay is forbidden.' "

To resume the study of statistics after our interlude, I am seriously inclined to doubt whether large birth rates do not really belong to an earlier, so to speak, a Patriarchal and a Harem stage of the world; not to this age, when woman is scarcely property, and has some other object in life than serving her lord. Marriage ideas, customs and results are subject now to such scientific study, that we know how fallacious it is to reason on the development of the races without putting into the account something besides morals or religion, something besides race even; without considering ideals, the stage of the mind's development and the thousand circumstances that modify and control.

There is something more important to our study than any of these things. The birth, marriage, health and death statistics are valueless. The comparison is made with people totally unlike, the only similarity being the accident of contiguity. The comparison is not made on lines comprehensive

enough to be of any use; what might be true of one locality, in one period, might be false for another period. The large general view, as we have seen, is a large answer to the small view.

It is the death rate among the Jews of Europe that seems most convincing to the essayist. He asserts with great vigour that the death rate among Jews is less in their various localities than among the people, their neighbours, and this notwithstanding their disabilities; though Mulhall's statistics prove the direct opposite. Now we must first lay aside most of the "disabilities." The Ghetto is no longer obligatory; poverty is decreasing (the essayist is in rather a curious box here, when he tells us in one sentence how prosperous and rich the Jews are, and in the next how abjectly poor and miserable); the discrepancies, except in Russia, are rapidly vanishing. The difference between the death rate of Jews and other Europeans, if it really exists, must have some other cause.

In Europe and America, as we well know, the people are employed in a great many different ways. Let us indicate a few of them, and the inference can be drawn by anyone who knows that the more dangerous forms of work are avoided by the Jews. It would be more dangerous to life to be a railway employee than to be a passenger; more dangerous to be a miner than to handle the finished product of the mint; more destructive to life and limb to dig coal than to burn it; more wearing and destructive to the life of men and women to produce all the food of the world out of the ground each year, or chase it on the plains, than to bargain for it. Nearly all vocations are more wearing than buying or selling money, or even selling Eastern fabrics or gems. I am inclined to believe that people who are not soldiers or sailors, or fishermen or miners, or prospectors, or herders, or ditch diggers, or college men, or who do not look with fondness on dangerous employments, as do some, would be apt to cheat death to some appreciable figure. They are pretty sure to cheat the statistician, too.

Perhaps if the Jews were put upon an equal, exact parallel ndustrious and social status with the peoples with whom they hance to reside, the alleged differences would soon vanish. But these are mere speculations. We have in reality few eliable government statistics upon any of these points.

In any estimate of the value and position of the Jews in Europe or America, notice should be taken of their temperance, nd of their self-restraint in the grosser forms of living. It is ounted as a proof of their superior wisdom, if not of their noral worth, that they do not drink strong alcoholic drinks to xcess. That on the contrary is proof of a very natural fact—hey do not want to drink. They are a Southern people, and o Southern people drink to excess, with of course individual xceptions. Drinking is mainly a matter of climate, not of rinciple. All Northern peoples drink strong stuff, until by ntercourse with the South they can get something better. t is the same with the eating habit. The judgment of men on hese topics has been misdirected. It is not the bad heart that ats and drinks grossly, but the Arctic Zone. The mistake is nade in being born in regions that freeze up—and in staying here after being born.

A large part of the superstition about the physical immunity nd persistence of the Jews as a race comes from the vague otions of their dietary rules. It is believed that Jehovah put n interdict upon certain animals in very ancient times. Later was a religious duty to avoid meat which had been first ffered to idols, though the Jewish Priest derived his support rom meat offered, and not consumed, at the altar. These ate years the word "Kosher" is appearing so often in the ewspapers, that it must form the chief dietary distinction etween the meat that the Jew will consent to eat and that used y the careless Gentile.

The Kosher meat is said to have the blood of the animal rained off under religious, official eyes, in obedience to the ommand in Exodus not to eat the blood thereof. This loses

its point somewhat in the fact that all modern "butchering" does the same. The only difference is that the commercial butcher has no religious pretence; he lets his customers ask their own blessings. Diseased meat is also not Kosher; nor is it legally salable by Gentiles either.

What self-denial do we witness in the Jew who travels so extensively and who lives mostly in great cities? He is the most exacting and luxurious of men.

But the chief meaning of Kosher is a ceremonial, not a dietary one. Kosher etymologically is "lawful," conforming to the requirements of the Talmud, not Trefe, unlawful. The current understanding "clean" is merely an example of the identification of religious with natural law. One authority says, "The difference between lawful and unlawful lies in the observance or departure from certain Talmudic ordinances concerning the knife used for slaughtering, its shape and the like." And so we find that Kosher is an early religious pretence in modern society, but mostly for the poor and those unenlightened by modern habits.

There is a superstition that the Jews not only do not need the hospital and the dole of charity, but that they keep out of the jails. But it has been stated that the records of the Elmira Reformatory show the inmates to be about 10 per cent. Jews a very large disproportion against them, if true. And the newspaper reports of the last few years are full of accounts of Jewish crimes.

After all, "Israel" does die. He does suffer disease like the homely and ordinary human being.

There is a passage in the report in "Vital Statistics" in the United States census of 1890 (there is no report like this in the census of 1900), which may be of some service in clearing the mind of the delusion that the Jews are exempt from disease—a matter much discussed in the Middle Ages. It says:

"If the data as to births and deaths reported from the Jews in the United States were correct, they would indicate that the

birth rate among them is decreasing, and the death rate increasing, with prolonged residence in this country.

"From these figures it will be seen that the Jews have suffered a relatively greater loss than their neighbours by death from diphtheria, diarrhœal diseases, diseases of the nervous system, and especially from diseases of the spinal cord, from diseases of the circulatory system, urinary system, bones, joints, and of the skin; while their mortality has been relatively less from tubercular diseases, including consumption, scrofula, tabes and hydrocephalus, than the other peoples with whom they are compared."

But the report adds: "The latest summary of conclusions with regard to the vital statistics of the Jews in Europe is that given by Mr. J. Jacobs in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, Volume XV., 1885–86, page 26. Mr. Jacobs concludes that Jews have a less marriage rate, less birth rate, and less death rate than their neighbours, and this corresponds with the results obtained for Jews in the United States. Mr. Jacobs's data are derived mostly from the poorer classes of Jews, among whom marriages take place at an earlier age than in the surrounding population; while the figures given in this bulletin relate mainly to Jews in easy circumstances, among whom the average age at marriage is somewhat greater than it is in the average population."

In other words, there are no data covering any wide field of observation. The only available statistics are narrow, special and inadequate, instead of comparative and valuable.

In fact, we know as little about Jewish vital statistics as we do about the relation the Jew bears to his surroundings in Russia. When one advances a little way beyond his natural sympathies in the investigation, he finds that Russia is generally a lenient master under normal conditions, which it is true are now disturbed, and that the probability is that the disabilities from which the Jews resident in the western provinces are suffering are partly self-imposed. It is quite within the

bounds of general experience that they make themselves offensive to their neighbours there as elsewhere—ceremonial righteousness does not appeal to the heart.

Those of us who were brought up in the American religion, who "experience" religion and use the church only as an expression of our convictions, have no idea of what a ceremonial religion is, into which one is born, and one which leaves the conscience otherwise free. Thus we cannot understand the Hindu races any more than we can the Latin races. We cannot understand an "Established Church," or a "Faith" that is inherited and ceremonial. Hence we are not in a position to unravel the affairs of European politics or of Russia; and we hardly understand the Jewish Question, I fear. One key to it is that there are hatreds in Europe about religions. And religious organisations are the most stubborn things yet invented; the most enticing to the ambitious, and the most attractive to those who crave an intellectual life in distinction from one of labour. Religious hatreds no doubt exist in Russia, which has an ancient church of her own of which she is jealous.

A commentary on the attitude of the Russian people, not the Synod or the Ministry of the Interior, may be read in the report of the committee on the subscription for the sufferers by the Kishinev massacre, in 1903. Of the 906,000 roubles sent, over 570,000 came from Russia itself. Of the remainder, America contributed 218,000, leaving 118,000 from other countries not as sympathetic as the United States.

But it behooves us to be careful in any discussion of the Russian question. Russia is the country about which we know least, and about which it is easiest to be oratorical. It will not be long, however, before we shall have access to exact knowledge about the Jews in Russia, through Professor Subotin's book, "The Jewish Question in its True Light," printed at St. Petersburg in 1903, the statistics for which were compiled by the now famous and lamented Ivan Bloch, the father of the

Hague Peace Conference. His work of five volumes, with 140 tables and 350 maps, unfortunately perished in a fire, with the exception of a few copies. But the statistics derived from them by Professor Subotin, a member of the Pahlen Commission for the study of the Jewish Question, says that the Jewish population is 4,874,636 out of a total of 42,526,590 persons within the Pale. That is, the Jewish population within the Pale is now more than 10 per cent., instead of the 4 per cent. based upon the former estimate of 4,000,000 in the whole of Russia with its 100,000,000.

The Pale was created in 1843, restricting Jews to residence in fifteen governments out of the fifty in Russia. The report states that there are few agriculturists in the Pale; that about 50 per cent. of all the merchants are Jews, and that foreign commerce is much indebted to them; that the Jews are valuable as artisans and as workmen; and that the majority of Jews are not exploiters but exploited. In the face of this the Pahlen report was rejected, and the "question" is just where it was before its investigation.

One thing is certain, however—the necessity for immediate, constant, charitable help; for Dr. Isidore Singer, to whose article of August 19, 1903, in the New York *Sun*, I am indebted for the above information, says: "According to the statistics collected by the Jewish Colonisation Association, not less than 132,855 Jewish families, numbering 709,000 persons, were obliged in 1898 to apply for the relief known under the name Moeschitim; according to the statements of Borodosti, 33 per cent. of the 150,000 Jews of the rich mercantile city of Odessa are absolute proletarians, who do not know to-day whether they will have bread to-morrow." Added to these assertions, it is stated that as the Jews are not allowed to buy, own, or cultivate land, the cities within the Pale are congested with them; and we can see that the Jewish Question in Russia may not be one of religion or of racial prejudice alone, but, as this article says, one where the weak are oppressed by the strong,

as it is asserted that Mr. Bloch believed. It is evidently not a case for rhetoric, for or against, but for such an appeal to justice as many citizens of the United States thought it their duty to sign, after the Kishinev outrage, and for calm consideration on all sides.

And yet we do not forget that no modern nation can long tolerate a nation within a nation, a people within a people, or a church within a church—the real reasons underlying the Jewish Question in Europe and America.

CHAPTER XXVI

Journalist, Professor, and Idealist

The reading world has been supplied for several years with new books about the Jews in Europe, with a shower of magazine articles, with information in the newspapers, until one would suppose that all other topics—wars, sciences, literatures, and arts—were to be superseded by the "outshining" of this race in the benighted and unhappy European world.

But this is one of the modern discoveries, this mine of pathos and fountain of tears. Nothing is so effective as to drop a piece of eloquent prose over the Jew. Hear the beautiful figures of speech of Leroy-Beaulieu:

"The Bible bears witness to the national Hebrew genius; the poetry of Genesis is equal to that of Homer, and Isaiah is as original as Pindar. If the inflexible Hebrew genius is inferior to that of the Greeks, this is not due to the fact that it rises to less lofty heights, but that it branches out in fewer directions, and has infinitely less variety and shading. The Hebrew genius was all of a piece, like the bare rocks that loom up far off in the desert. In this respect, there could be no greater contrast than that which exists between the modern Jew, so supple and agile, and his remote ancestors, the Beni-Israel. Now, what we have in view is the modern Jew, the Judaism of to-day, that has issued from the Ghetto and the Talmud-Tora; and not ancient Hebraism, the fierce lion of Judah, which neither the smiles of the Greek gods nor the swords of the Romans could succeed in taming."

The above is adventurous literary criticism; but let it pass. What the author says about the modern Jew is more enter-

taining. Here is not the Wandering Jew of Eugene Sue, but the Flying Jew of Leroy-Beaulieu.

"But very few generations have passed since, at the signal given by France, the black gates of the Ghetto and the bolted portals of the Judengasse have sprung open; and already a large number of French, German, Austrian, English, Italian, and even Russian Jews, not content merely to inhabit our cities, are invading the chairs of our universities, the stages of our theatres, and even the platforms of our political assemblies. This unexpected rise of a race so long repressed was so rapid that many beholders believed it to be a sort of national revival, such as Europe has welcomed in the case of more than one people in this nineteenth century. A number of these newly emancipated have boldly tested their powers in our arts and sciences. They were like birds just liberated from their cages, so swift was their flight; they were seen to dart from twig to twig of the thickly branched tree of our modern civilisation, as though none of its parts were beyond the reach of their wings. This fact is, in itself, of great importance. How can we, in the face of it, be made to believe that the Jew is not adapted to our civilisation, or that a law of race has made an Oriental of the Semite, and doomed him to remain simply a spectator of our Occidental civilisation?"

I feel how splendid this rhetoric is. It is almost as refreshing in its naïveté as the prattle of our native authors in the early ages of this book.

The essayist is fond of quoting Disraeli, that the Jew was making the intellectual conquest of Europe. That means that a man with a superior cerebral development and an ancient culture, and with a nameless but vast authority, suddenly released from physical restraint, was going to rule Europe. This was a serious menace. How far has this dream been realised?

Of this race, by descent, were Disraeli, Lassalle, and Marx, in politics. Put aside for a moment the question of whether

these men did rule; there is another far deeper question. Were these men a Jewish gift to Europe, or a European gift to Jewry? In other words, were they not a European product —the result of European conditions, European liberty, equality, culture, and political achievement? Were they in any sense originators, creators, or authors of European conditions? The Jews were not the creators of English liberty. They did not make the Revolution in France. They did not unify Germany or Italy. They have not made liberty in Russia or in Austria, though they are more numerous there than elsewhere. Is there a single national movement, a single national era, to their credit? None. "But then, there are so few of them." It is the *per capita* statement that troubles people. They are getting too many things into their hands in *proportion* to their numbers, is the cry. Is it a very large proportion that out of a population of, say, 75,000 Jews in England during two hundred years, one man of Jewish extraction should be prime minister, or another mayor of London? When we come to the facts in the case, Disraeli was not a Jew; he was an Englishman of several generations, and used the English prayer-book. He might have been a good Jew had he not been a Christian, born in England. He observed no Jewish ceremonies, and had not the slightest connection with the Jewish people or faith; and for this reason, if no other, he was no true Jew, as Jacobs says of Spinoza. He had a superstition about races, but all his obligations were to the English. Disraeli was no democrat; he sided with the aristocrat, the man of wealth and society. Probably the superstition of the supernatural drop of blood in his veins will debar him from his rightful human place in English history; but he did splendid service to his country in reanimating the fainting heart of Imperial Britain, sapped as it had been by an unripe liberalism. And he held the mirror up to the predatory priest and to the hereditary noble of the day, in a strain of satire and with a wealth of description we shall not see again. The romance of races and of societies appealed

to his exuberant fancy; and to him religion was inherent in human nature, and divine and universal, and not the dole of some ephemeral power, however certified or consecrate.

It is often said that Gambetta was a Jew. It may be that he had traces of Jewish blood, as many of the ardent young men who flocked to Paris from the south of France had mixed Italian, Spanish, and other bloods in their veins. Gambetta was a Frenchman of southern France, who was no more a Jew than Disraeli. And the same of Lassalle and Marx—they were German, a result of German conditions.

It sometimes appears as though for a person of any note needing an authentic family geneology, the easy way of explaining his career was to call him a Jew. Thus the rich and sagacious Jews of Holland, "Sephardim" by family, are supposed to supply the English market with money, nobility and poets. The English have not yet had their final struggle with the Italian clericals for civil existence, and so the Jewish Question is there also in its academic stage; but their turn may come any day, as it has to the French, in both these subjects.

I find in the long list of European statesmen, in the most active centuries of the world's whole existence, no man of Jewish extraction (let alone the question of his really being a Jew), who remains in the esteem of posterity as a man of the first rank. Nor do I see in the record of any contribution to the political fabric anything of marked use, or merit, made by a Jew.

It is said that some Jewish aspirant in Austria said, "If we can get hold of the Press, we can conquer Europe." By the Press he of course meant the newspaper.

It is popularly thought that the Jews have already taken possession of the press and have thereby taken the control of Europe. The news-collecting agencies are said to be theirs, and many papers to be controlled by them. There have been many rumours about the Paris press, assertions and denials; the denials based on the position of the Dreyfusard papers not being accepted as final because of the acknowledged venality of

he whole press, with a possible exception of two. The rest re anti-Semitic, or Semitic, for purely commercial reasons.

If the German press, or the Austrian, is largely controlled by Jews, the character of it as seen by Bismarck is such as to take it out of the category of newspapers and put it in another, well described by that statesman as "The Reptile Press." It is not an honour to either Jew or Gentile, for it is almost wholly in some sort of service for pay, as must be the case where its existence is at the mercy of government caprice.

Statistics, 1904, show that the press of Germany numbers only 8,000 papers, all told. France has 6,600; Great Britain, 9,500; Spain, 1,000; Italy, 2,700; Austria-Hungary, 2,900; Russia, 1,000; Switzerland, 1,000; Holland, 980; Belgium, 956. Japan has 2,000; Australia, 800; Canada, 883; the United States, 22,234; all other countries, 1,000. Total, about 60,000. Thus it will be seen that the newspaper is becoming universal; but as to Europe, that there are fewest newspapers in those countries where there are the most Jews! This is a sometime paradox which I do not insist upon. Besides, the idea that the press "controls" the public is only another superstition. The modern newspaper is only a new form of merchandising.

If the statement that the Jews have control of the European press is of the same character as that made by the Sage of Toronto, "that they (the Jews) are fast getting the American journals into their hands," it is very poor indeed. No one can tell exactly how many men of Jewish extraction are in minor positions in newspaper offices in the United States; but the five or six daily newspapers known to be owned and controlled by Jews, out of the 2,400 daily papers, are an insignificant fraction of the whole. (This statement does not of course include the avowed and technical Jewish newspapers printed either in Yiddish or English.)

This fraction, however, appears to some to have set the pace for journalism in the United States. The freedom of the press from censorship was achieved in England, and then here, on

the ground that it was to be a "public press" for the consideration of public matters; *not* a vender of news, nor a private business for a limited number of men, for their own pecuniary advantage. Curiously enough, the press now has the freedom, while the public has the censor. The newspaper has descended from the moral platform on which it was supposed to stand, but no one is yet ready to advocate the suppression of its freedom.

The advantages derived from a free press are so manifest, the spread of news is so important, and the services of the newspaper are so apparent, that the future of the press becomes one of the most complicated questions of modern times. Probably the wisest, if not the only feasible plan, is to let the newspaper go on without restraint (all libel laws have been nullified or defied) to its own destruction or its own reform. The latter could be accelerated by the appearance of the government as the responsible publisher of the important news of the day, in an impartial manner, as its other business is now conducted, and then by gradually extending the system to the different States, and to the courts and schools.

It is far beyond my power to analyse the schools of Europe. The general assertions slip and slide so easily over the field, that one feels as though he were reading anew the list of Jewish worthies in the Middle Ages, who, according to the Jewish superstition, "introduced" and "translated," and made accessible to Europe most of the science, or the art, or the literature of antiquity—via Arabia and Spain! We may still hope for the existence of "Aryan" professors at Oxford and Cambridge, Aberdeen and Glasgow, and London, and in that galaxy of colleges at Paris, and in the universities of Berlin, Leyden, Heidelberg, at Lund and Upsala, at Milan and Madrid, and even at Vienna.

But it is the "invasion" of the Professorial Chair in the universities of America that seems to arouse new fears. Those have not yet been commercialised, though some of the Amer-

ican universities come very near the department-store plan, where one can get a mental outfit from the Books of Moses down to the newest and sweetest thing in yesterday's fiction. What I am reasonably sure of about this "invasion" is, that it is of the same spectral character as the newspaper invasion. There are doubtless many scholars and teachers of Jewish blood in the United States. There are reported to be, in the United States, 473 Universities and Colleges of Liberal Arts, with 15,000 professors and instructors, with a membership of 169,000 scholars. Unless the census should be made to show the facts, private research would be fruitless in making a statistical table, but a systematic effort by printed requests to ascertain the number of professors and instructors of Jewish blood in more than sixty of the leading colleges and universities, brought answers to show that fears as to the security of the professional chairs in them are mere superstitions—like all the rest. Columbia University has five professors of Jewish blood, faith, or affiliations, in the three chairs of Rabbinical Literature and the Semitic languages, of Political Economy and Finance, and of the Romance Language and Literature, one in the chair of Comparative Literature, and one in the Department of Astronomy. New York University, with 212 professors and instructors, and 2,025 students, has one, a professor, in the chair of Chemistry. Yale, with 307 professors and instructors, and 2,785 students, has one, an instructor, in Russian and Rabbinical Literature. The University of Pennsylvania, with 275 professors and instructors and 2,500 students, has five professors, those of Hebrew, Classical Philology, Mathematics, Political Science, and Pathology; and three instructors, of Pathology, Law, and Veterinary Science. Syracuse University, with 169 professors and instructors and 2,000 students, has three professors, those of Semitics, Medicine, and Surgery; and one instructor. The University of Nebraska has one or two instructors. The University of Cincinnati has three, the professors of Law, Anatomy, and Surgery, and four instructors.

Northwestern University at Evanston, with 322 professors and instructors and 3,200 students, has the honour of leading in this assault "on the chairs of learning": it has seven professors and eight instructors. Of these, thirteen are in the chairs of the different departments of Medicine, one of Commercial Paper and Trusts, and one of Elementary German. Union University has one professor, or instructor. The University of Michigan has one, and one or two assistants. The University of Kansas has one, an instructor; Wisconsin one, a professor.

This completes the tale of the positive reports of the professors and instructors of Jewish blood. But most of the reports write the word "none" against the question, and Harvard and others declined to answer.

The above statements, of the leading schools only, are not to be taken as final, but merely as indicative of the true state of the case; for they show how reckless are the assertions that "the Jews already fill many of the chairs of learning."

With the possible exception of one, there are no Jews of great mark, or influence, or celebrity, in our schools. We can say that among the thousands of Educators in America, among whom are a great number of remarkable men, the Jewish occupation of the professional chairs is not much greater in average amount than their occupation of our "abandoned farms." To be sure, there is a colony of farmers on the rocks of eastern Connecticut, and one in New Jersey; but the influence of these colonies on the wheat crop is a very fair comparative statement of what the influence of the aggregate occupation of professional chairs in America amounts to, considered statistically, and as a percentage on the whole.

If we look for evidence of intellectual activity in literature, outside of the occasional essay on current topics in the periodical and of the newspaper editorial, we shall find one Jewish poet of much depth and passion; but in the hundred years of American productiveness, the per capita test works against

Israel. The early emigration to New York, to Rhode Island, to Maryland and Virginia, was from the higher classes of Jews of Holland, and was an element of value in the country: sane, and reasonable, and law-abiding. The intellectual activity is now mainly in trade, finance, and legal-political occupations. The prominent rabbis and lawyers of New York and Chicago are of the late European derivation. It is in Europe that we must find, if we find at all, the scholars, the thinkers, and the writers, about whom we hear, yet about whom we lack convincing statistics. No doubt there are industrious and capable scholars in various fields of learning, and they have been of service to Europe. But of what service?

We must again apply the negative process, and say that the world is not indebted to the Jew for any of the inventions which mark the last centuries as phenomenal. The art of printing from movable types is not his. The basic sciences in magnetism and electricity are not his, for he did not invent the electro-magnet. The arts of telegraphy, or photography, in all their wonderful developments, are not his invention. Nor was it his to invent the cotton-gin, the reaper, the sewing-machine, the typewriter, and the hundred other appliances to lighten the labours of man, and to produce from the earth and the sea the things that men now esteem necessary to comfort. The discovery of the application of steam, with all its numberless derivatives, with its power to liberate the human being, and give him the world as a country when formerly most men were chained to one spot of earth, is not his.

I do not see that the world is indebted to "Israel" for any of those tangible things which have revolutionised it. He has contributed nothing to Europe but himself. Nor do I see that European art owes any debt either in its inception, or in its long and splendid history, to the Jew—except as an occasional model, and as a patron. The European art of painting is a native achievement. The minor names of Israel, Worms, and Ley, and a few others, can make no difference with the

general fact—explain it by heredity or religious ban as one may—that the Jews have made no contribution of moment to the art of painting.

Of architecture, none can be more certainly native and distinctive than the Gothic. And classic art owes to the Jew nothing. The same is true of the various phases of Saracenic architecture and ornaments. Of the minor arts that filled Europe with precious things, before the entrance of Indian, Persian, Chinese, and Japanese marvels, we may say that they were also indigenous, the product of an awakening consciousness in the native mind.

In music, the case is not so clear. The names of Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Meyerbeer, Joachim, and Halévy, meet the eye in every dissertation on the genius of the Jew. The modern art of music sprang up in Italy, and was brought to its greatness in Germany by other names than those. The great musical natures that produced the music of Europe were of its own soil and its own race. The Jewish race has contributed no great master of composition. There are many men of talent as composers and executants; yet genius has so far been denied the race in the field—excepting to Svengali, of course.

It is only in the dramatic art that we may here use the word genius. Rachel and Bernhardt are among the possessions of the French stage. The list is not long. I run the risk of seeming ungrateful when I qualify it by saying that these women did not spring out of pure Jewish surroundings. The question is: whether heredity or environment is the controlling element in the composition of the Jews of Europe and America?

There is a certain current of romance running in the writing of to-day that asserts the mission of "Israel" to be, if not invention, literature, or the arts, "Peace." In 1878 Isaac Perière asked that the function of arbiter of the nations be intrusted to the Holy See, "the Pope to establish a line of demarcation between the ambitions of the different powers, between France and Germany, between Austria and Italy."

This writer forgot the lines of demarcation that the Pope printed all over Europe, in former days, in red. Another Jew, Joseph Salvator, wished that Jerusalem might appear as the ideal centre of humanity, the Holy City of *novum fœdus*, or compact of alliance, between the peoples. Another wishes that Jerusalem become the seat of the Holy See, and yet another that Jerusalem be adopted as the International Meridian. These propositions would relieve France and England, and more truly Italy. But alas, they are dreams—real dreams, that never come true.

It is here, in the United States, that the most definite proposal has been made. A New York Rabbi, in the *North American Review* for May, 1895, considering the disturbed state of Europe, proposed that the Great Powers should restore Palestine to the Jews, and what would be more difficult, the Jews to Palestine, and constitute the Jews at Jerusalem a Supreme Court of Arbitration, to which the six powers should refer all international questions. It is a proof of a pretty well-settled superstition when a community can read such a proposal and keep a straight face. It affords, too, the best measure of the egotism of the Jewish scholar of to-day that I know.

But there is one indication in this light and easy proposal that we ought not to pass lightly over; the Rabbi is becoming acclimated. The air which has developed the Puritan into a man who cannot speak without a humorous allusion, or eat without a funny story even his natal Mayflower-Day dinner, may in time lead even the Jew to take a humorous view of life, and take even himself less seriously. The saving sense of humour is what he needs; and, added to that, the study of one simple scientific fact, that this is no longer a Hebrew-centric, but a Helio-centric world.

This desire of our brethren to rule is the old vision of the reign of justice, of truth as its guide, of happiness as the lot of all men. It is not an Israelitish conception; it springs in the human mind spontaneously, though the Talmud did say:

"The world subsists on three conditions, Truth, Justice, and Peace."

But how may it be? Is there a race with such actual probity that it can be intrusted, by agreement of all, with power? Is probity so scarce? Is it unknown in public affairs, in commerce, in banking rooms? No. Individual probity is the basis of our political and our business structure. I do not doubt that it exists among the Jews, and it is only the spectre that has it not; but I can see no evidence of its being an exclusive attribute. It inheres in a Peabody, a Morgan, a Lawrence, just as in a Montefiore, a Schiff, or an Altman.

The Jew is not yet accredited. If the suspicion of him were recent, local, and occasional, we might soon see its reason for being; but when such suspicion is long continued, general, and we may say universal and by common consent, we must conclude that there is some reason for its besides prejudice. Is it, in their eyes, the sign of their own incorruptibility that they hold themselves as a separate party in the business of the world, and that taking the long end of a bargain becomes a kind of duty to their own superiority, merely a social reprisal? It is no more, no worse in fact, than the idea so quietly accepted by the modern world, that the Western nations of Europe have a right to impose trade on Asia and Africa by virtue of their superior civilisation; to exact unfair treaties of weak peoples on account of an excellent Christianity; to invade countries, to march through them, and on the slightest pretext kill large numbers of "natives," solely on account of an inextinguishable and immense thirst for geography!

We must take into account all these foibles of races, when we sum up Jewish characteristics. For there is no doubt the Jew considers his commission to be the oldest, if not the sole one; he roams about the world as though he believed himself its natural heir. But we do not so consider him. The traditional reason for the world's esteem perishes rapidly. The Jew must take his place in the scales and be weighed with the law's

inexorable, sealed, and certified weights, as other men are. It is not religious tradition, but moral worth, that the weights ask an account of, and that is, like other men's, variable. Certainly there is among them no better private morality than among other men in like circumstances; those who are in ways to know most of immorality in the active circles of business life in the United States, think least of Jewish personal morality, rate it lowest in fact, putting it on the ground only of personal prudence, not of principle.

In the world of material things, where the modern Jew is most feared, I cannot find that the Jews have been creators, or anything more than partakers, of a movement in population and wealth that is so vast as to be yet incomprehensible; but always a partaker, not a creator. In money speculations a Barnato is surpassed by a Rhodes, a Hirsch by the wizards of American railway fortunes; and compared to those men in America or England who have taken possession of Nature's products for their own use, the gambler on the Bourse is only a child playing marbles. It is stupid not to see that the Jewish financial houses are but poor and passing, beside those Imperial or National systems which afford the stable foundation of the vast operations of commerce and of governments; and beside those corporate systems now so rapidly settling into the world's uses.

We can see if we will that those vast transactions in finance in its true sense, of commerce, and production of all kinds, whose numerals would be inconveniently crowded if stated in a line on this page, are not, to any appreciable degree, to be passed to the credit of the Jews.

And I cannot see in anything that has been said or written, so far, any marked benefit that the modern Jews have conferred upon the world; that they are the authors of any science, of any invention, or any art; and I cannot see anywhere that they have done anything more than to glean in the prodigal fields of modern life, and admire themselves vastly for doing

it. They show an unequalled egotism which has been well nourished by the superstition of Europe; a superstition that, believed, makes all history foolish, and the human race itself but the useless by-products of an artisan.

They lack most of the elements that stir the pulse, lift the heart, or ennoble the mind. To reduce the world to their level would be a misfortune which would require again several centuries to overcome and rise above.

I am sure they have just as much right to the pursuit of life, liberty, and business, anywhere in the world, as any other people under like circumstances. But I do not see any reason why, even if the ancient Jew did at one time perform a special service to religion in the world, the modern Jew should have the credit of it. We do not hold the modern Greek in particular esteem for the part the ancient Greek played in civilising the world. And the "Dago" too is under the heel of the Celt in the rough work of the world.

I do not see that the real Jew (not "Israel") surpasses others in business; for it is only when measured accidentally, and under special circumstances of the development and growth, or decline, of other peoples, that he is superior. If anywhere, it is in the lighter work, like merchandising and banking.

Their success as merchants and traders is always made an argument for their superiority to other people among whom they live. As an argument, it has a certain analogy to the fact that not even the English, the French, nor any of the native races of the East Indies, can cope with the Chinese in trade. And it is stated that neither in the West Indies, nor on the Isthmus, nor in South America, can the native population successfully compete with the coolie in either labour or trade. Comparisons of this kind are always invidious—and, as in the case of the Jews, subject to circumstances of climate, habit, and of supply and demand—in other words, the circumstances of necessity, predilection, and choice of occupations.

There is a European proverb that runs: "The Jew is no

match for the Greek in trade, nor the Greek for the Armenian." His reputation in business cannot be on account of his intellectual superiority, for he is in European history only a mediocre and secondary man; not a producer, but a participant. Only very rarely does his race produce anything notable or valuable, though he toils well and honestly. It cannot be in the agony Europe has passed through with the blind forces of political struggle, for in them he has had no originating part.

I do not find that the modern Jew is, more than others, the author of the great humanitarian movements, the pride of Europe; nor among the idealists who were the creators of those ameliorating institutions that are its reliance, though a Montefiore was benevolent and gave wisely and well, and a Hirsch lavished one hundred millions of his gains upon his poor brethren, and though the Alliance Israelite Universelle is among the admirable efforts of the Jews of the cities to aid their weak and poor brethren. The Alliance was begun in Paris in 1860, and has branches in other cities to aid distressed Jews in their emigration.

I should not think of holding the Jew of to-day responsible for the Old Testament (or even the Talmud). He is as far from the authorship of either as I am, and he is no more to blame for it than I am; much less is he to blame for the Old Testament having been considered inerrant, infallible, and verbally inspired "from cover to cover."

CHAPTER XXVII

Wealth and Commonwealth

Many people believe that the banking business is the highest occupation of man. But there is a story told that indicates another ideal. I do not vouch for its truth, but it serves a purpose. There was a spectator of the Battle of Waterloo—this is the first half of the story—who, as soon as victory was declared for the British, hurriedly took ship, paying down much gold therefor, for London. Arriving there before any news of the battle had reached England, Nathan Mayer, for such was his name, took his place by a familiar pillar in the Exchange, with a dejected appearance which expressed his patriotic fear for the fate of the struggle in Belgium—coupled, no doubt, with those mysterious intimations of disaster that the Stock Exchange broker knows so well how to set afloat, and began selling the British Funds with all his might. Strange to say, while this sacrifice was going on, numerous other brokers were industriously buying the Funds at panic prices, commissioned by the same person who so piteously and dejectedly sold. When night closed upon the scene of the financial Waterloo, it was found that the outgo of the upturned and piteous palms was not as large as the influx of the fingers that had raked in the bonds of the panic-stricken multitude, and that these last so much exceeded the first that it constituted the beginning of that power which is said to be the "arbiter of the finances of Europe," the Rothschild family.

The other half of this story is that at the Battle of Waterloo (which was merely a prelude to that of the Exchange, let us say), there sat upon a bay horse all day an Englishman born

in Ireland, then called Arthur Wellesley, forty-five years of age. He did not look dejected; he did not even think of "selling 'em short"; he just sat there, and when the trying moment came, said: "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" At night he had the bonds of France, not England, down, speaking commercially—as one must speak to be understood at this day.

In those days, not so very long ago, men liked those military things; but the ideal now seems to be the Battle of the Exchanges.

I do not know how much the combined capital of the Rothschilds may be; I only know that the name carries with it about as much superstition as the name of Moses. The multiplication table is the basis of it. We know that within a century the men of money dealing have sold government bonds, dealt in securities and made drafts without ever having made what is called in business "a statement." We know what the great banks of Europe have in capital, and in trust, but with private merchant-bankers the imagination has free range.

The Jews in Europe stand, in the popular fancy, as the originators of "banking," just as it was long asserted that they originated the science of "bookkeeping." We now know that both banking and bookkeeping were a part of the common civilisation of the people of Sumeria long before the advent of the Semite in the delta of the Euphrates. The system of money and exchanges in India is as old as that civilisation, and the same may be said of China. Banking was a part of the business fabric of both Greece and Rome, being done both by deposit and written checks; and the "exchanges" over the Mediterranean countries were as animated as they are in modern business. The earliest European bank of a semi-national character was the Bank of Venice, which grew out of a loan of 150,000 silver marks by merchants to the government in 1160; for which the Republic issued its scrip bearing interest under the conduct of the Monte Vecchio. Hazlitt in his erudite work on the Venetian Republic, whose long existence (421

to 1797 A. D.) is perhaps the most wonderful in the history of republics, gives a full account of the development and growth of the system of funded debt above mentioned, of exchange based on its great commerce, and of the integrity of the coinage which circulated all over the known world; as we know when we remember that most tragic coin, the ducat. The Bank of Venice, first known as the Monte Vecchio, then as the Monte, then in 1580 as the Monte Nuovo, was the bank reconstructed in 1712. Hazlitt remarks that there were in the fourteenth century numerous banks belonging to private individuals where money could be deposited or borrowed at interest. The beginning of modern banking at Florence was about 1413, but was confined to individual bankers, among whom the Medici family were the most notable. In England in the seventeenth century the banking system was imported, seemingly from Holland, and was a union of bankers and goldsmiths.

The Bank of England began in 1694. Banking in Amsterdam seems to have been founded in 1609. The Bank of France was founded in 1800, and by 1806 had become a stable institution. Some authorities give John Law the credit of inspiring, if not actually founding, the banking system of France, but more especially of the system of interest-bearing bonds that now forms the greatest feature of modern finance; the debts of governments alone being $34,633,164,166, to say nothing of the bewildering mass of other issues.

To understand the change that has come over the business of the world, we must consider the capital now visible in the great national financial organisations. According to very fair authority, the total is six thousand millions of dollars ($6,000,000,000), or in other words, if that notation is preferred, six billions.

The above includes the National banks of the United States, of which there are five thousand, with capital and surplus combined of over one thousand millions; but it does not include the list of 6,923 other banks, 585 trust companies, 1,157 savings

banks, and 854 private banks, with a total of "resources" of $8,542,839,386—eight and a half billions of dollars. The business of the clearing houses for banking transactions in our cities in 1904 was over one hundred thousand millions of dollars. A statement respecting "Wealth" in the United States, made by the *World's Almanac*, reads as follows: "In 1850 it was $7,135,780,000; 1870, $30,068,518,000; 1900, $94,000,000,000." By this it will be seen that the United States is making immense progress; that now it is worth as much as, if not more than, Solomon in the days of his highest glory!

It would be impossible to state the amount of real wealth of the world in lands and houses, in civic works, in mines, manufactures, roads, ships, stores of materials of all kinds, in fabrics, and in all those stored-up treasures which nurse and keep alive the imagination, and minister to the progress of the race in its intellectual upward flight.

It is much easier to measure the productions of the United States than of Europe. The lavish soil of America turns out every year simple crops reckoned in pounds and bushels or in cash, as one chooses, that can be stated—a contrast to the great diversity of Europe. It is stated that the United States, in the year 1901, produced in minerals of all kinds, including gold, silver, copper, coal, iron, lead, and petroleum, a value of $1,286,717,612. The value of the farm crops of the United States in 1901 is stated at $4,739,118,752. All these figures remind me, by some strange mental association, of Josephus. But I do not think that his descendants produced many of these things.

Of the wicked weed there was produced in 1899, 868,163,275 pounds, and of cotton in 1902 enough to make a net to entangle all the statisticians of the world—10,701,453 bales, and a bale is 500 pounds, so that we can still revel in high figures—say 5,350,726,500 pounds.

These few figures do not cover the total products of the farm and orchard, or of the sea and the wilderness, said to have been $20,000,000,000 in 1903, nor the sum of the manufactures of

1904, stated at $15,000,000,000. These figures are only suggestions, and only give a hint of the vast industry of a great people, a large part of which is labour in the household, never taken account of.

I have an idea that all these products, the figures of which you have glanced at, and of course not read, are the work of the Gentile hands. My gentle readers may laugh at them as much as they please; they are not sacred. Neither is the vast railway system, some 206,885 miles long, with its side tracks and siding, making in 1904 a total of track of 286,262 miles. This system cost, it is said, $15,000,000,000—fifteen thousand millions—more than half as much again as all the gold and silver produced since 1492. And the traffic earnings of this system amounted in 1904 to $1,900,000,000. This and the vast shipping industry, I may add, are carried on by laymen, and are often profane.

I have noticed the fallacy in the arguments of some of our easiest-talking statesmen, that money is wealth; and I have also noticed a certain inattention to the meaning of words in some of our most rapid newspapers. Perhaps I can best illustrate the former by saying that if you will give me the grain crop, I care not who has the money. The misuse of the word "finance" is common and misleading. The financier is not a money changer, however expert, nor even a money lender, however sagacious; much less a speculator or broker in stocks, or a banker, however solid and foreseeing. A financier is he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. The English are the great "financiers" of the world, as we see in the development of India, and later of Egypt. The Jews have never been financiers—they are merchants in money. Money is a mere incident of finance. The great financier is he who develops the resources of a country so that the income is increased and the whole problem of national well-being solved. The great financier is he who in difficult times, of war or disaster, institutes measures that sustain the business life of a nation,

one who provides the means to sustain the national expenses. Burke said that a financier is "one who is charged with the administration of finance, an officer who administers the public revenue, a treasurer." I should say that, outside of the strict meaning of the word, it might be applied, not to those who buy and sell paper certificates, but to those who created the railroads, dug the mines, built the factories, made the combinations of capital (not money) on which paper certificates rest—when they rest at all.

In this view of the word, I should not call the Jews of America great financiers, or financiers at all. The Jews among us have not furnished any great finance minister like Chase, or any great banker with the comprehensiveness or the idealism of Morgan, and certainly no great master of material production or construction like Thompson, Scott, and Hill; or of merchandising, like Rockefeller; or of manufacturing and vending, like Havemeyer or Carnegie. This list may seem invidious; it is only of conspicuous names, and might be indefinitely extended.

There are houses of the most undoubted probity and wealth with Jewish membership, connected with the European houses and banks, which give them great facilities in exchanges and the marketing of securities; but they are mainly in New York City, and play a comparatively small part in the aggregate money transactions of the United States. And as the United States will soon become the financial centre of the world, the importance of the Jewish bankers, who are mainly agents of the foreign banks and merchants, on whom we were once dependent, will cease.

The Jews in business in New York and other cities may be "very rich," in the former use of the term, but when we come to use the words "very rich," we refer to those late-time miracles of American wealth which make the creations of the Book of Chronicles the merest flight of fancy. It seems strange that the wealth, the open and known riches of the masters of real finance in America, those who might be designated as

the miracle workers of the century, does not seem miraculous to us. It is only the spectral that people wonder over; and compared with the real wealth, the Jewish holdings are as thin as a spectre.

I have cited all the foregoing figures to enable us easily to see that the fault in our thinking about Jewish wealth, in Europe and America, lies in failing to see that the Jewish gain is only a part of a tremendous general gain, so great that our minds do not grasp the whole of the facts. Just as when, the other day, the new growth of Ecclesiasticism was lamented as a danger to liberty, a sagacious man said: "But you forget the enormous rapidity of the gain of free thought; and that in the whole result, it renders Ecclesiasticism insignificant."

It is supposed by superficial observers that the merchandising of this country is fast passing into Jewish hands. The traditional Yankee trader may be diverted to other pursuits which he considers more ennobling, and yet he can still keep a country store. Let the other occupations cease to entice him, and he will again enter trade with a skill that will prove distressing to his adventitious rivals. The Jew only gets ahead while the Yankee is looking the other way.

It seems to me that we need not pay quite so much regard to the Jew for superior workmanship along a few lines—a very few lines indeed. It is no more strange that he should have the training of the hand, the countenance, and the brain, to trade and money making, than is that discipline that enables the nomad of Asia to bring the most charming patterns from the rudest of looms; or that makes the Japanese produce with ease what we with our unaccustomed hands cannot approach; or that enables the Chinese to open a kiln out of which stream colours which Mother Nature herself can only suggest.

I do not know that the Yankee can compete with the Jew in some occupations in the way the Jew is willing to work and to live; but he has retained a considerable share in partnership with various other peoples of the manlier occupations of the

country. The Jew does not push out very much to our abandoned farms; and perhaps he will leave the country places to the indigenous inhabitants—except the watering-places with their hotels.

There are some rich, many poor, Jews; the average is very low. For, instead of being the "richest man on earth," he is probably the poorest—poverty is his perpetual rule. If anyone has seen for the last few years thousands of so-called Russian fugitives—Jews out of the Pale and Poland—flitting along the wharves of New York in this time of the great immigration, he could make a mental average of the wealth of the Jew. It is not a victorious army, but a body of pitiable, furtive ghosts escaping from injustice—and possibly running into a worse despotism, for no one knows when the exigencies of party will say "move on."

I suspect that the Jew, anon abject and pathetic, anon arrogant and assertive, really stands, staff in hand, trembling for his fate everywhere; for that wave of intolerance and passion that sweeps over the world draws not the line at the ideal and abstract rights of man, but at the facts of racial affinity, sympathy and religion.

When we essay to work definitely about the Jewish Question in America, instead of about a distant and historic Semitism, we find that when divested of superstition it is not nearly as difficult a question as we imagine. For, first, there is a limit in the number of Jews to come. Second, there is a limit to the capacity of the Jews in New York to care for their brethren. It is said that there are now, in 1905, eighty thousand (80,000) unemployed immigrant Jews on the East Side. Hopes are entertained that they can be distributed into other cities, but this in other cases has proved a fallacy. Immigrants distribute themselves, or cease to arrive. Third, there were fourteen hundred (1,400) Jews deported, not allowed to land, at the port of New York, in a single week lately; showing that the rules for examination are being drawn more and more closely.

It is also to be noted that a bill has been introduced in Congress excluding the coming in of over 80,000 from any one country in any one year.

It is said that there are now 750,000 Jews in and about New York City. This number is the result of special causes, is not a normal condition; and the influx is, for many reasons, not likely to continue. It will make a voting power which seems likely from present indications to be used before long. One alarmed publicist writes that "New York City will soon be controlled by Jews; then the State will be in their power—after that the United States Government."

That the votes of Jews, in combination with either party, might elect a mayor of New York is quite possible. But the city does not stand alone; it has a large and decided anti-Jewish voting strength in the State at large. Neither does the State of New York stand alone; it has the United States behind it, which controls immigration. The situation is not so dangerous as when, half a century ago, Irish immigration alarmed the country. That element was more aggressive, more ambitious, and as large in number. It was, besides, backed by a foreign power whose hierarchy controlled it absolutely, a feature happily absent in the case we are considering. And another feature is the lack of political organising faculty in the Jewish race, which, though idealistic and imaginative, has from the first been overweighted with individualism—an individualism interesting but barren, from which no political or national results of any size or moment have ever flowed. Yet as good sense and good nature allowed the influx of a large part of the population of Ireland, until the economic balance was adjusted there and the tide ceased, so it may be with the immigration of this period. The causes of this large influx of people may cease to operate.

At one time the Germans seemed to be too numerous for our political safety; yet as they were widely distributed, and also as they occupied the land, the total number has been happily

assimilated—as has the Scandinavian, and for similar reasons.

The total number of immigrants since 1820, mainly from Europe, is stated at 20,000,000; thus one-quarter of our population being foreign-born.

But the United States is now a Commonwealth, not an accidental aggregation of States; it has the right among nations of a separate political organism. Acting as such, it excludes the Chinese; and it may become its duty to the organised political, social and industrial body to draw the lines of exclusion elsewhere than at the Asiatic, in cases which may arise.

The United States will have, in that matter, to contend with the idea that as America was a joint discovery of the European peoples, they have an original, irrefragable right of settlement here. But that idea seems about to have a new Monroe Doctrine applied to it—the interest of the United States itself.

The importation of all the Jews of Russia has been discussed as though it were only a question of ability to raise funds for their passage. The "rights of man," not the magnanimity of the Americans, have been assumed to be the only question involved. But such a movement has been declared impossible on other grounds. And the probability is that if the large immigration continues, exclusion acts for self-protection will have to be applied, the fitness of the immigrant being the test.

And it is time that we tell the truth and look candidly at the reason why the Jews are not welcome; namely, that they come here to be Jews, not to be Americans. No one can question the value, the fitness, the respectability, or the desirability of those families of Jewish blood who settled in this country, both North and South, in the earlier years. Neither will anyone question the value, to our experiment of a new republic, of a large number of educated and intellectual men who have come in later years, nor the integrity and intelligence displayed by the Jews in business and public affairs and on the school questions

of our time. But they have not elevated the tone of society or the bar, or the exchanges. There has come over the world an avidity for gold, a spirit of speculation, a passion for sport, which is alarming; but these sordid, corrupting currents may be original and not imported, and it may be that everywhere, in this country and in Europe, the Jew is only an apt pupil.

It is best to let the Jew speak for himself on the social aspect of his case; and I append an extract from a letter written from Long Branch to the newspaper, *The American Hebrew*:

"It is the unanimous opinion of competent observers that the 'Branch' is awfully dull this year; so, in fact, are most of the seashore resorts near New York. But with this state of affairs, we have nothing to do. We are interested, however, in the men and women who make up the summer population of these places, many of whom, if not all, are of our flesh and blood. It is strange, indeed, and interesting, to study these men and women, these prosperous Jews. How different they are from the ambitious, energetic, nervous Jew of the Ghetto, whose every movement is so fascinating to the student of humanity! The Russian Jew of the lower East Side may be said to represent the nerve force; the German Jew of the summer hotels seems to portray our physical self—the sensual side. The one, raw, active, bursting with a latent force that means progress; the other, phlegmatic, self-satisfied, self-conscious, a type of the 'successful' man of the past century. One lives in the future; the other is living the present.

"Of all the hundreds whom you meet on the porches and in the dining-rooms, few impress you with the fact that they are striving for an ideal. To live to-day, and live well, seems to be the common note. All seem to be singing the same tune. Men and women, all well fed, gorgeously attired, plump and round, these folks seem to show no desire to establish another Brook Farm, where simple living and high thinking shall be the keynote of existence. To live high, and do as little high

thinking as is consistent with social requirements, is a motto that need not be written in bold type so that all may read it."

The dynamic value of the Jewish immigration of the last ten years is small. It has added little to the force of the country; is, in all probability, a burden. It is an industrious but not industrial addition to our problems. And in the aggregate we have from it no better private, or any better public morality, and we sell not better or less fraudulent or adulterated goods. We have not fewer but more sweat-shops. We oppress the poor not less, but more; have more strikes, panics, riots and dangerous social conditions.

If our manners were growing more refined, our amusements more ennobling, our cities more safe, and the masses in them more dignified in their daily rides, we might attribute it to the advice and example of some of our recent acquisitions; but we cannot do it, for it is not true.

The word Hebrew is latterly being applied to so many things, that the inference is strong that a process of separation instead of assimilation of distinctive organisations of co-operation and merger, is rapidly taking place.

The recent attempt of several wealthy and influential Jews in New York—constituting a modern Sanhedrim—to pull down a state officer, is a mistake in tactics which throws light upon the situation. The question springs naturally in the mind of students of history: When will this new power—a power within a power—be demanding not only the dismissal but the death of offending persons, as of old? This mistake is recognised by several Jewish writers whose names are well known, and who know that the social river separating the races has not yet been bridged. Dr. Isidor Singer states the case in a manner which renders it unnecessary for me to say more. The remarks of Dr. Krauskopf, a learned Rabbi of Philadelphia, which he quotes, are of deep interest. A careful perusal of them, which I use as I find them in Dr. Singer's article, is worth while, for

it is a valuable and significant utterance and ought to enlighten both sides.

From Dr. Krauskopf:

"'If the world continues ignorant of the real nature and real teachings of the Jew, there is little evidence of the Jew's making conscientious and persistent effort to show himself and his faith and ideals in a favourable light to the non-Jew; on the contrary, that he has lived a social life that could not but show him in a most unfavourable light, kindle prejudice, and draw hatred and contempt upon him.

"'Wherever he settled, there he allowed an artificially created minutiæ of ceremonies and rites and observances and customs to enforce a barrier between himself and his fellow men of other faiths. Unlike other people, who gradually adopted the customs, habits, speech, diet and dress of the nations among whom they settled, though continuing true to their own faith, the Jew made his religion restrict his every concern and relationship of life. It dominated not only the province of heart, soul and mind, but also that of stomach, dress, association, industry. What others could wear, he could not wear; what others could eat, he could not eat; what others could enjoy, he could not enjoy. Everywhere he demanded exceptional treatment—special exemption and provisions, separate schools, separate courts, separate rules and regulations.

"'Thus he thwarted his world mission, becoming a self-separating and unassimilative foreigner in the land of his birth or of his adoption. With his own hand he has tortured the ethical religion of Moses and the Prophets, that was given to him for a blessing, until it became to him a curse. With his own hands he fastened shackles to his feet, built prison walls about himself, and barred his way to national and social fraternisation with his fellow men.'"

Dr. Singer comments:

"Where lies the cure? Only in the teachings of progressive Judaism, which, alas! for the last few years, i.e., since the very

leaders among the signatories of the Dewey petition have laid their heavy hands upon the Jewish pulpits of Fifth Avenue and its neighbourhood, has become the Cinderella of the Jewish community of New York. And what teaches this progressive Judaism? Nothing more and nothing less, in modified form, of course, than Jesus and St. Paul had in their minds when they started on their careers as reformers of the 'Pharisaic' Judaism of their days—the abolition of the ceremonial law. Listen to Dr. Krauskopf: 'Let the modern Jew free himself from a religious ritual that separates him from his fellow men and drives him into a Ghetto of his own creation. Let him free himself from the chimera of a Messiah, who will as little come in the future as he has come in the past. Let him rid himself of the delusion of a return to Palestine, that cannot offer him half of the advantages of civilisation that he now enjoys. Let him worship in his synagogue in accordance with his convictions, as other people worship in their churches in accordance with their convictions. But outside of his synagogue let him live and strive as do other people. Let the flag of the country in which he lives be his only flag, his country's interests be his only national interests, his country's welfare the goal of all his patriotism.'"

This is excellent; but what we really most need to know is, what the Jewish faith is and what its ideas are, and at the same time get rid of our superstition about what it was, or what we suppose it to have been.

No doubt the Rabbi could tell us, too, if we would only listen, the truth about the Old Testament; he not being afraid, as we are, of his Scriptures, for he knows who wrote them, when they were written, and why. He knows, too, the tale of theocracy, and is no longer deceived by that false dawn of heaven. He has also done with the fiction of the "divine right" of kings, and is a democratic man. It can be said with a feeling of real admiration, that philanthropy among the wealthy Jews is not a mere name, but has substantial and beautiful results to show

in our cities. And if we have patience for a few years, the Jewish Question in New York will adjust itself; for the Jews of the lower East Side will be more than half converted into Americans when they get their hair cut.

There is one aspect of the domestic Jewish problem that has been overlooked. The *Jewish Year Book* for 1900 estimates the number of Jews in America at 1,058,135, which is 1¼ per cent. of the estimated population of 80,000,000, and shows that the burden of Europe and America is being equalised. It also states that the membership of the Synagogues is 143,000, consisting of 135 Orthodox and 166 Reformed Churches—together, 301 congregations. In other words, the membership is only about 15 per cent. of the whole estimated Jewish population, so that the Synagogue is not much larger than the Syndicate—if we take the newspaper reports for the latter.

This shows that Judaism as a cult, not as a race, in America, is as innocuous as Unitarianism; that among an advanced, liberal, prosperous people the Meeting-house and the Synagogue are not the prime concern. It is rather the school, the political and economic questions, and the practical work of philanthropy.

The advanced, well-conditioned Jew knows too well what a theocratic government is, and perhaps stands to-day in New York and other cities as a voting barrier against the swift-coming wolf of Ecclesiasticism now visible over the edge of our land. For the Atlantic Ocean is black with priests passing to and from Rome, excited by this prize which they think so nearly within their grasp.

As a psychological study the Jewish race is interesting at this moment. Masquerading in fine German or other names selected by themselves in recent years, or forced on them by officials, in either case under compulsion, they retain enough of their original first names to serve as birth marks, and the surnames are often as revealing. Mentally they are intuitive and perceptive, acquisitive, ready, excitable, daring, fitful,

suspicious, individualistic, and fanatic, in distinction from reasoning, calculating, slow, calm, dogmatic, steady and united in aim. Will the air of America intensify or will it dissipate these traits, or modify them by mixture? Will a better social status than the Jew now enjoys make him feel more responsible to society for his appearance, or his manners? Will he be less bold as a speculator, take fewer risks, be less audacious and contemptuous, after he has a better social position to guard, or has more fear of loss of caste or station than now?

But if there is, as is popularly supposed, about this man a certain selfish, sordid, material, this-world, not spiritual atmosphere, is it his fault? Has the Jew lost faith in the fine professions of Christianity, so glaringly discrepant in its performances, and resolved to govern himself accordingly?

I cannot help again saying about our modern era that the civilised world has agreed, or is rapidly coming to agree, that it is neither consanguinity nor religious faith, but residence, which fixes a man's nationality. This land of ours is making the fairest and noblest experiment ever tried on earth, to create and maintain a nation of equal rights, equal privileges, and of common weal. But no people of any strength can or will long tolerate a nation within a nation; a political authority within a political authority; courts within courts, no matter if they are called ecclesiastical; or schools within schools, no matter if they are called religious. And the safety of the new-comer in the United States, the land where alone he has an equal chance, depends upon the above most modern, but most abstract and original, principle of the human race.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Influence upon European Thought

We are often asked to believe in some occult and mysterious influence the Jews have exercised upon the development of European thought.

The debt which Europe owes to her kindred of antiquity cannot be accurately measured, because it is not tangible. Had not Cassiodorus and others preserved, as they did, the relatively few specimens of classical literature we now possess, there would have still been the traditions which descend from mind to mind, and keep alive knowledge of what Greece was, and what Rome tried to be. Many believe that classical literature alone preserved Europe from a final preponderance of Semitic conceptions, and finally shaped the course of modern thought.

But in the races of Europe themselves resided the power to germinate into their marvellous life. Had not Greece thought, had not Rome legislated, Europe would have matured the vast energies that have unveiled not only the world but the universe in part. I have no faith in the narrow theories of derived ideas being necessary to racial development. We can say with certainty that a repetition of Greece or of Rome would have been a pure waste of humanity, if progress is its law—the only explanation that satisfies the intellect and the heart of man. We need not now look back to antiquity for any models, for never have any centuries been so great as the last five; nor have they, all together, been as great as the last; never has the human heart had such deep draughts of joy—the joy of a dawning freedom—freedom of the individual; freedom of the intellect!

Whether we frame for ourselves an Italy with those twin greatest souls, Dante and Mazzini, and put between them all that intellectual struggle which illuminates the years; or whether we picture to ourselves that long agony suffered in the endeavour to make a political structure free from the fatal folds of theocratic authority in Germany; or whether we try to live over again, or die over again, the wars of France; or whether we reconstruct out of our most interior heart the very birth scenes of liberty in England—we know that this age is a ripening of Europe, not of Asia.

Someone has said that of history, men remember only that which is pleasing to narrate. But in European history, man remembers in his worst moods the dark colours with which it is stained. Of Chivalry he remembers only that it was bloody —forgetting that the soul of Chivalry lay in the joy of pouring out one's blood for an ideal. Of Love he remembers only that it is the expression of man's desires—not that it is the source of all his highest emotions. Of Religion, that it is only man's readiest means to control society—not that it is each person's invisible heritage of spiritual life from the Source of that life. And some historians still think that man must be chained to fables, instead of marching toward the future in the ranks of a constantly accelerating progress.

I long for some inspiration of the poet which might hand over to men a vision of the vast spiritual tide surging through Europe in the last few centuries. But see, how Dante could only build a new Coliseum. See, how Goethe could only place one soul in the Eternal Spaces to be regenerated. See, how Hugo could only fitfully heave the oceans of feeling. See, how Tennyson could only weave those few fabrics that clothe in sanity the wavering modern mind.

Look for yourselves. But look always at the human being, not at abstractions. See Savonarola in the fire for humanity. See Bruno in the fire for knowledge. See multitudes in the fire because they knew that only the body perishes. See Sweden

borg in his trance; Descartes, Spinoza, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Schopenhauer, in the vicissitudes and obloquies of speculation. Realise what it was that dared look at the germs as Pasteur dared; imagine what it was that gave Lyell courage to read the rocks of the earth. What a gap in men's knowledge if Laplace had not measured, if Lavoisier had not analysed beyond the simple essences of the Arab, if Newton had not weighed the universe, if Lamarck had not led the way for Spencer and Darwin, if Cuvier and Linnæus had not classified; and again, if the Spectrum had not divided one molten metal from another and revealed the material oneness of the universe; if the twin doctrines of the correlation of forces and the evolution of life from life had not let men escape from a despairing intellectual prison in which they were incarcerated on an indeterminate sentence.

In any view of the condition we call civilisation, we are irresistibly drawn to those two words, art and literature, which cover such a multitude of political and religious sins for Europe. Men take refuge in literature, or in art, when they want absolution. As force takes the direction of least resistance, men seek oftenest to express themselves in literature. It is like speech, less an art than a gift of Nature. The tongue is more plastic than the hand, maybe. And in Europe, for the first time in the history of the race, not only were all legal barriers, but all mechanical barriers that repressed literature, swept away.

The great libraries are witness that man has leave to print. Printing has produced what we call the intellectual world, as distinguished from a small intellectual circle. What its boundaries are no one can tell. It is not the literary world; it is not society; it is not the political combination; it is the aggregation of minds which, either in large or in small degree, set themselves toward the pursuit of ideas as distinguished from physical sensations, whether they be ideas of Nature in her manifold revelations, or of Art in her beautiful inspirations, or of the realms of abstract reasoning, of discovery, of invention,

or of the application of the forces of the earth to our needs.

Literature has become utilitarian too, and men now make of it a vast and complicated but effective system of exchanges—the Bourse of the mind. "Literature" is really a modern invention. We do not owe it to the Rig-Veda, which is, Max Müller says, "the most original and unique expression in human language; being thus viewed without an equal anywhere." Nor do we in fact owe it, in any but a limited sense, to Greece or Rome. If foreign debt there be to acknowledge, Europe owes most to the Hebrew and the Greek literature.

But the question on our minds, long deferred in this volume, is, What part of our literature, what of the ideas in our world do we owe, not to the Old Testament Jews, or the New, but to the Jews of Europe? There is a certain impression of literary activity in Europe and America which gives the Jewish race present importance. The question is, On what is it based? Is it an apparition, a mental illusion, or is it real?

Comparatively speaking—that is, weighing the great mass of the intellectual product of Europe in literature, in scientific thought and discovery, that makes this era distinguished as the centuries which make "civilisation"—I can find but meagre contributions from the Jewish brain. Europe may be said to owe the Jew nothing in modern times—the Jew owes everything to Europe.

Certainly, beyond the fields of philology and exegesis, or of neurological or medical studies, there is nothing being produced by the Jews in Europe worthy of much attention. We must go back to the name of Heine for the first example of pure literature which, by any comparative test, can be called even of the second order; and I sometimes think that we have allowed our judgment to be touched by Heine's frailties, just as in America Poe has been magnified.

The debt of Europe to the intellectual part of its Jewish people is for neither literature, nor science, nor even philosophy

in the modern meaning of those terms. It is, rather, in the Middle Ages, for Theosophic speculation, mystic interpretation, the suggestion of secret doctrine; and discussion whether the Old Testament is the simple historic book which at the surface it appears to be, or whether its narratives, and the Torah itself, are not the cover to the vulgar of deep esoteric doctrine intended only for the eye of the initiate.

The landmarks of intellectual activity in the Jewish nation are, in their order of production, the Old Testament, the Talmuds with its commentaries, the Mishna, and its commentary the Gemara, and the body of doctrine embodied in treatises of the Middle Ages called the Kabbalah, with an exposition called the Zohar. Mingled with these are the more personal works of numerous rabbis, scholars and enthusiasts.

The Babylonian Talmud, finished in 550 A. D., is a compendium (to quote Graetz) of "sixty-three tracts, 2,947 pages, in twelve folios," and its supplementary Mishna is in six volumes. It is thought to be, next to the Thora, the authority that has kept Israei together, has preserved the tradition of Judaism, and been the instructor of the Jewish people during the Christian ages. The Jerusalem or Palestinian Talmud has less volume; and, though the date of its completion was earlier, the schools from which it emanated were not so celebrated as those of Sora and Pumbeditha in Babylonia.

The name of Maimonides (Cordova, 1135-1204), not to try to enumerate a host of other names in religious controversy or philosophy, marks a period of great intellectual turmoil and strife among the Jewish scholars in Spain and other Moslem countries (Spain, Egypt, Babylonia, and Persia). It would be impossible for anyone not steeped in a thousand years of Judaism to estimate the importance of Maimonides to his own religion and his own people. From all I can gather, it would have been of inestimable value to Europe could Maimonides have been heard. He might have saved Europe from long

agonies of frightful misinterpretation of the Old Testament, and from the inevitable fruits of such errors.

That Maimonides was repudiated by his co-religionists, that his works were burnt, and that he passed his life in endless controversy, is only a proof that he was a rationalist indeed—a religious man who reasons.

But he created no era, he made no school in Europe. Europe groped on to her intellectual destiny—that destiny we now so fondly look upon, but which, in a thousand years more of free thought, may look as dark and uncertain as now, to us looking back, does the time of Maimonides.

Had Europe known as much about the Old Testament as Maimonides did, she might have been spared not only the delusions of false origins and authorities, but she might never have arrived at the pass where, in the last century, it has been necessary to devote whole crores of trained intellects to the task of releasing the Old Testament from its own fables. Or had she listened to Spinoza (Amsterdam, 1632–77), could she have known what he meant when he broke away from its bonds and threw the rays of his pure intellect farther than ever man had done before him toward the unfathomable problem of God, she might have been spared two centuries of doubt. But even that glorious intellect could not release Europe.

The idea that the Jewish teachers have been of one mind is one of the fallacies most evident to the student. Having no political responsibilities, no financial systems, and no governmental organisations to care for, the intellectual Jews have been free to study speculatively in their own schools, and in those of their neighbours. We see this illustrated in their close relationship with the Arabs and Moors; the familiar example of which, of course, is the occupation of Spain. We see this diversity of belief, of theory and practice, in all their history after the fall of Jerusalem.

One of the most important eras in the intellectual history of the Jews is the rise of Karaism, "The Religion of the Text"

(761 A. D.), begun by Anan ben David at Babylon. This was an attempted revolt against Talmudism and a return to the Bible as the authority for observance and faith. This controversy divided Judaism, and is only one of the many schisms occurring in that faith down to our day.

To us, with so many intellectual accumulations at our call, the influence of the mass of doctrines grouped under the name of the Kabbalah, on the Middle Ages, seems strange.

It is almost impossible to look into the mind of Europe in the age which was without the art of printing, and which had writings only in the Latin or Arabic, or Provençal, or Rabbinical Hebrew. It is difficult for us to imagine the impossibility of stopping the spread of doctrines taught by the scholars and preachers of that age. Once begun, there was no press to set a back-fire to the conflagration. All we can now do toward understanding the era is to see how its influence has passed away, or remains effective only among the ignorant, the devout, and the designing.

That effort of the Jewish mind of the Middle Ages to state philosophically the nature of the Deity prior to the creation of the universe, became known by Europe and doubtless formed the basis of many a secret brotherhood.

To use freely the statement of a Jewish scholar, in the "World's Best Literature," of what the Kabbalah says: The En-Soph (The Infinite) was above being. He was the cause of all causes. He willed to become known. The Concealed of all Concealed manifested himself by means of the Sephiroth (Emanations), in the world of Creation, of Formation, and of Action. The air surrounding the Concealed of all Concealed being cleft, the first Emanation, or Intelligence, is Nekudah (point). This point is designated Resheth (beginning), because it is the primordial word of all.

Out of this luminous point of the First Sephirah, possessing as it must the nature of the En-Soph, proceeded in succession nine others. These ten Sephiroth form the Adam Kadmon

(The Archetypal Man), by whom the universe was created.

The first Sephirah is Kether (the Crown). This existed from eternity. In Scripture it is A H I H, Ehyeh ("I am"). From the First emanated the Second, Hakhmah (Wisdom). It has a divine name, J H, the first two letters of the Tetragrammaton, Jah (the Lord). Out of Wisdom springs the Third, Binah (Intelligence). Its divine name is the whole Tetragrammaton J H V H (Jehovah). It has another appellation, a feminine one, A M or E M (Mother) or Supernal Mother, out of which the following seven intelligences were developed. This first Trinity completes the world of Creation.

From the Third is developed the Fourth, Hesed (Mercy or Love). Its divine name is El (Mighty God). It is the first syllable of Elohim (Almighty).

The Fifth is Gebhurah (Strength), also Din (Justice) and Pahad (Fear). Its divine name is E L H (Eloha, Almighty God).

The Sixth is Tiphereth (Beauty). Its divine name is Elohim (Almighty).

These three form the second Trinity, the Olam Murgash (Sensuous World)—the world that is felt.

The Seventh is Netsah (Victory or Perpetuity). Its divine name is Jehovah Zebhaoth (Eternal of Hosts).

The Eighth is Hôd (Glory or Splendour). Its divine name is Eloha Zebhaoth (Almighty God of Hosts).

The Ninth is Yesod (Foundation).

These three form the Natural or Material World. Its Scriptural name is Shaddai (the All-Sufficient) or El-Hai (the Living God).

In the Heavenly Hosts it is represented by the Cherubim and the Archangel Gabriel.

The Tenth or lowest Sephirah is said to possess all the life principles of the preceding nine. It is Malkuth (Kingdom)

and is known as Shekinah (Tabernacling Deity). Its scriptural name is Adonai (the Lord).

The ten Sephiroth in their totality form the world of Emanations.

Mingled with and illuminating these derivations is the great angel Metraton, who governs the "Active" world and by whom the harmony of the universe is caused. Christian Kabbalists identify Metraton with Christ. Among the great Archangels are Raziel, Zadkiel, Kamael, Michael, Haniel, Raphael, Gabriel, and again, in the lowermost, Sephirah, Metraton.

This attempt to create a philosophical instead of a legendary statement of the emanence of the universe from the source of all things, had, no doubt, a mighty attraction for mystic souls; and fills the mind of the reader even now, not with philosophy, but with a sublime something that he misses in the poor derivations "God," "The Lord" and "The Lord God," to which the translators have reduced the many Jewish names of the divine ones.

A few quotations from the article before mentioned, on the Kabbalah, will aid the reader. It says:

"The mass of literature and of learning which the word Kabbalah designates is abstruse and difficult; but a knowledge of it is essential to an understanding of the Hebrew thought in the middle centuries of our era, and also of its influence in Europe during the same and later periods. The fascination which the doctrines grouped under the name Kabbalah had for the mystic, the theologian, and the philosopher has hardly yet passed entirely away. The reason for this is obvious. This Hebrew esoteric philosophy sought to explain the INFINITE in terms comprehensible to men. The sublime names of God in the Old Testament awed the world, and the attributes attached to those Divine names enriched it. A study of the doctrines of the Kabbalah opened and illuminated the Bible. It enlarged the religious conception of the Christian world.

"That the pure theosophy of the Kabbalah shared the fate of other theosophies, and was prostituted to wonder-working

and to "practical" uses, was to be expected. It is the common fate of all theosophies.

"My subject divides itself into two branches: first the Theoretical Kabbalah, an esoteric theosophy; and second, the Practical Kabbalah, the various treatises on which comprise the great majority of the books belonging to the subject; and I will try to state broadly what the Kabbalah is, and indicate its various stages and the uses made of it. The word Kabbalah (also spelled Cabala and Quabalah) is derived from the Hebrew verb *kabbal* (to receive). In addition to the received Hebrew Scripture designated as the Written Law, there is the Oral or Traditional Law. The Rabbis affirm that both laws were derived from the same source, having been communicated to Moses by the Almighty on Mount Sinai.

"The Talmud declares that Moses received the Law from Sinai and transmitted it to Joshua; that Joshua transmitted it to the Elders; the Elders to the Prophets; and the Prophets to the 'Men of the Great Congregation,' who flourished from the end of the sixth century B. C. till the time of Simeon the Just, who was the last of the line, and died 300 B. C.

"The famous Hebrew philosopher Maimonides, who died in the early part of the thirteenth century A. D., gives us the names of the receivers of the 'Oral Law' since Simeon the Just.

"Thus the writings of the Rabbis, the entire 'Oral Law,' including the Babylonian and the Jerusalem Talmuds, Midrashim, etc., is designated as 'Kabbalah' (the received Doctrines); but the name is now applied to that part of tradition which treats, first, of the 'Heavenly Chariot' and throne as described by the Prophets Ezekiel and Isaiah (Ezek., i., Isaiah, vi. 1–4); second, of the Work of Creation, embodied in the first chapter of Genesis; and third, of the whole system of the symbolic interpretation of Scripture adopted by the Zohar and its commentaries.

"The Kabbalah is the technical name of the Jewish Esoteric Philosophy. It is divided into two principal parts, Theoretical

or Speculative, and Active or Practical. It was also denominated Hidden Wisdom because its study was hidden from the profane, and known only to the few 'elect' who received it by tradition.

"Separating from its principal dogmas the accretions which modern Kabbalistic writers added, and freeing it from its parasite, the pretended wonder-workings of the 'Practical Kabbalah,' we shall behold in the principal doctrines of the 'Theoretical Kabbalah' a pure theosophy far superior to the triad of the Vedas, and in many respects not conflicting with the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

"The starting-point of the Theoretical Kabbalah is the nature of the Deity prior to the creation of the universe. The Kabbalists designate him as the Infinite, without any shape or form whatsoever. He was above being. He was the nothing. Yet in that non-existent state he is designated as the Cause of Causes.

"This doctrine according to our understanding is paradoxical, since, as the Hindu philosophy has it, Nothing is made of nothing; the terms 'manifestation' or 'will' imply 'being.' The Kabbalists nevertheless affirm that he willed to become known, and the Concealed of all Concealed manifested himself by means of Emanations."

The rise of the new Kabbalistic speculations seems to Graetz to have begun at Montpellier in Provence, in the school of Meshullum ben Jacob (who died 1170 A. D.), whose opinion was held to be decisive in matters of learning and laws, whose "soul adhered to the religion of his God; wisdom was his inheritance. He illumined our darkness, and showed us the right path."

Jacob, his son, is described as the first promoter of the new Kabbalah. Perhaps most conspicuous of the names in the controversy which ensued between the Kabbalist and the Maimunist rises that of Moses ben Nachmani (born 1195, died about 1270).

No one, without devoting a lifetime to its study, can see the

vast controversy which went on for four centuries. All that is now possible to understand is that, right here, is the source of most of the superstition about the learning and the secret, mystic wisdom of the Jewish scholar. Their controversies were endless, and they arrived at no conclusion. "Israel" is not one, never has been, and never can be; because there has not been any central, acknowledged authority to interdict and suppress thought. This is its best feature. But Europe was led by these speculations and chimeras of thought into obscurantism, sophisms, beliefs in secret doctrines and occult powers, into the mazes of mysticism and secret brotherhoods, expectations of coming messiahs, and of the end of the world; which have all proved delusive and injurious.

There is one incident, or rather episode, in the story of the Kabbalah that must not be omitted, as it shows the hold these doctrines had obtained on the mind of the Jews at large. It is the appearance of the Zohar, a book which was a seeming confirmation of the secret doctrine. This book, which appeared about 1295 A. D., bore the name of one of the most eminent and trusted of Jewish Rabbis, Simon ben Yochai, of Palestine, who lived about the year 140 A. D. near the close of the era of Hadrian. This book, appearing in 1295, connected the Kabbalistic doctrines with the Jewish fathers of the second century, and gave the first-named an antiquity and authority lacking before its issue. If the "hidden" allegorical, parabolic, symbolic, mystic, interpretation of the Thora and the Hagiographa were known in the second century, they must have been then ancient, and they did not rest on modern speculation; they must be true and imperative. is the argument of the believer in the Zohar.

The Zohar (Brilliance, or Brilliant Light) was brought out with an air of great mystery, and was eagerly read, and copies were sold in all Jewish communities. It was accepted by many, doubted and rejected by some. It is now known that its author was Moses de Leon, of Spain, who was born in Leon

about 1250, died at Arevalo in 1305. This brilliant author conceived the idea of affixing the famous name of Yochai to his work to give it vogue and acceptance. In the book he states that a copy of Yochai's work in ancient Chaldee had been found in Palestine, and had been intrusted to him for publication. He produced it with all its archaic language, and found he had gained both fame and money. Orders for copies were numerous and pressing, and success was interrupted only by his death. His wife and daughter then revealed the secret, which he had strictly maintained, that the use of Simon ben Yochai's name was a trick; for De Leon was the author. Graetz harshly says that he committed a "forgery."

De Leon's book was an imposture; but it was a literary imposture, which we readily forgive in allegories, fictions, and dramas, and those pseudonymous attributions we have in Koheleth, Canticles, the Psalms, and other parts of the Old Testament. At any rate it was a great literary success, and came near obtaining permanent belief. There were large numbers who accepted it on its merits, as an explanation of Kabbalistic truth. Among these was the sect of the Frankists, the victims of one Frank, an impostor, who had used the Zoharistic belief for his own advantage in a late century. But whatever the Zohar was, it is another of the false lights that have gone out, of the dawns that have faded.

The Kabbalah shows us by one more example how in all ages the human mind seeks the esoteric in its beliefs, tries to look behind the curtain, to wrest the secret of spirit, and indeed, finally, to wrest the secret of life itself from the invisible —that secret which grows deeper and more distant the nearer we come to it!

Man creates for himself intermediaries to span the abyss made by monotheism between God and the world, as the Jew of Alexandria created for himself "Sophia"—wisdom—to enrich the barrenness of a monotheism despoiled, in the absence of mythologies, of divine personalities

distinct from each other—to make a free rendering of Renan's words.

That which was *gnosis;* that which the hermit sought in the cave; that which the martyr found in the arena; that Manicheism which Augustine struggled with in his earlier years—one of those "three religions that disputed the soul of humanity in this fateful fourth century, Christianity, Neo-Platonism, and Manicheism," as Harnack says—are only evidences of man's insatiable desire for a solution of the problems of his existence.

Gnosticism had passed slowly away by the sixth century, but the desire remained. But if Manicheism, Gnosticism, Mithraism, and Neo-Platonism had passed away, Mysticism remained. It is constant in all religious systems, and characterises the Middle Ages. It has been defined as "a word that philosophers and monks alike employ to explain the idea not merely of initiation into something hidden, but, beyond this, of an internal manifestation of the Divine to the intuition, or in the feelings of the hidden soul."

The esoteric in love, in human life, in religion, has its greatest visible exponent in that poet who thought the "pathway has been lost," and who created a new ideal in Beatrice, for his guide. It is strange, is it not? how Dante looked straight to the human being, and not at God, in his mysticism. Ah! had not Milton been blind to the human being, what might he not have said in the English tongue; more than Byron said, more than Goethe felt in his. It is the theme of the poet that lives, not his art. The Rosicrucians took up the tale of mysticism, seeking among the symbols of the religions of the world for some sign of faith in universal use which might explain the relation of man to the Infinite, and, as a lamp, guide him onward. George Fox, Jacob Böhme, and many another sought to cast off the husk, the form of religion, looking deep into the kernel. All, all came to the same end, the Human Being; which is with Lavater, "amid all his distortions, still wondrous humanity."

And now in our day our mystics take up the tale, and tell us what we all know, in our best moments, that the soul leads on the body, if we will, to heights, to distances, to joys, perchance to visions, sleeping or waking, I cannot tell. That the monists tell us that in the last essence soul and body are but one, I well know; but in the world of phenomena they are differentiated, and it is that world alone which we can know and in which we can act.

There have been a multitude of minor writers, poets, dramatists, and novelists of the Jewish blood in Europe, and a great number of scholars in various studies. Perhaps their very number is a reason for not mentioning them here. But most of the names, like those of other races, are undistinguished and undistinguishable except by the fond student of his own race. Edersheim as an exponent of Jewish life and custom, and Graetz of Jewish history, are well known, accepted and valued names. The fact is that Jewish regrets and baseless dreams are not the food Europeans have craved in literature.

It is only when a man of Jewish descent writes English literature like Disraeli, or German literature like Heine, that one listens. Heine was not alone. He was a product of his time—not his time a product of Heine. Contemporary with him in free thought were such European men as Ludwig Feuerbach, Karl Gutzkow, David Strauss, F. W. Vischer, K. R. E. von Hartmann, and Felix Dahn. Both Heine and Auerbach are primarily German, and only Jewish by the accident of parentage. Beaconsfield was no more a Jewish Jew than Gladstone. But we shall have to concede that Grace Aguilar was really of the blood and faith; and in our own day, a sweet poet, Emma Lazarus.

We have to look back, as Heine did, some seven or eight hundred years for the next poets of mark, Halevi and Solomon Gabirol. But of them, as of their compeers, we can only say that their influence upon Europe was naught. They made no poetic era, and they created no school. The people of

Europe did not join in those laments, those Regrets of Israel, that formed the basis of Jewish verse.

We cannot enter here, of course, upon a recitation of names, like Darmesteter, in Eastern scholarship.

The literary production has been so great in modern Europe, the names of authors are so many, so commanding, so overwhelming, that any comparative statement of its total with Jewish literary production makes the latter seem indeed meagre. It has to stand upon its literary trial, and the cold verdict of taste and acceptance is only rarely in its favour.

The superstition that because the Jews in Judea had the literary faculty, therefore the Jews of Europe must have, does not serve. The Greeks of to-day stand in precisely the same predicament.

A page about the literature of the present day of men of Jewish blood would be difficult to fill. By literature I do not mean the exegetical, scientific essay, or the occasional effort of the publicist on politics, but that distinct art which remains under literary laws.

Since the glamour of Disraeli has passed off, the fictions of Zangwill are put in to cover the literary hiatus. This writer makes us long to see a Ghetto (and a Heine) back again. But we cannot. We must content ourselves with a prophet. We hear the voice of the Prophet Nordau sweeping with his supernatural eloquence all the heathen literature of the day into an oven and burning it with his wrath. But no one could call his work creative literature, and it is fair to say that neither his own nor other people take him very seriously. It is that sad kind which destroys, like Tolstoi's late work, and Nietzsche's; if it is literature at all, it is like the laments of the Old Testament, local, and in a general, or wide sense, baseless.

Mr. Leo Wiener, of Harvard, has made an effort to give some account of the Judæo-German literature, which he calls Yiddish —the now popular term.

The Yiddish tongue, printed in the Jewish newspaper in

Hebrew characters, is commonly mistaken for the Hebrew language. But it is not even an effort to revive it. Turning about the famous remark of Isaac to Jacob, when the latter obtained the blessing of headship of the family by stratagem, we may say of Yiddish, that the hand is Jacob's, but the voice is Esau's.

Mr. Wiener's book gives an impression of its inaccessibility, and that it is not likely to get beyond the confines of its own Pale. There have been without doubt a large number of witty, meritorious, and discerning contributions to the European periodical and newspaper press of the last century by persons of Jewish blood. But they have not been settled among us as accepted literature, to any extent.

Mr. Wiener says that there were Yiddish books printed in Germany in the sixteenth century, and thinks that time marks the early use of the Judæo-German tongue.

It started from a necessity felt for a common medium of communication by the Jews of Spain and the German Jews living in Germany. His investigations were principally in the libraries of Russia and the other eastern European States. He makes the very interesting prediction that "It is hard to foretell the future of Judæo-German. In America it is certainly doomed to extinction. Its lease of life is commensurate with the large immigration to the New World. In the countries of Europe it will last as long as they are secluded in Ghettos and driven into Pales. It would be idle to speculate when these persecutions will cease."

Mr. Bernard G. Richards in a very interesting magazine article asks, What is the attitude of the Jews themselves toward the Jewish fiction of the day? and replies to his own question, that most of the Jews care nothing about it. Mr. Richards refreshes us with that Spectre Israel which we had nearly lost sight of, when he says that "There are a number of attitudes, as must be expected, among a people representative of so many contrasting stages of circumstance, intelligence, intellect,

culture, and position; a people so ancient and so modern, so backward and so advanced, so pious and so radical, so primitive and so progressive as the Jews are; a people so cosmopolitan and so scattered all over the world."

A people so *ancient and so modern*, so backward and so advanced, is the same spectre of immortality that we have had so often, Israel—Israel, the fiction of an imperishable person.

And there is no more striking term now in fashion than "The Ghetto," where the ambitious writer can localise any kind of pain that occurs to him, and have as much piety as he can use in the most pathetic pages of his fancy. The fact that there is not an existing Ghetto in the world makes no difference to the fictionist. Jews live where they please, do what they can, go anywhere they like all over the world, except that they cannot enter certain portions of Russia.

I do not doubt the possibility of a large, fresh, and interesting expression from the young Judaism of the time: there are numerous instances of it which our literary watchmen discover; and the very fact of the literary ferment in Russia and Poland would assure it. The natural bent of the Jewish mind is toward story telling, and we have numerous instances of the trait. But I wish we might have more of the human being of to-day, and less of the spectre of a non-existent Ghetto. And I wish our newspapers would omit the elaborate descriptions of all the old Jewish festivals and fasts, and wonderful customs, each year, as they come around; for it is becoming a weariness equalled only by the reading of the semi-annual discovery of the ten lost tribes of the house of Israel.

CHAPTER XXIX

Influence upon American Ideas

If we narrow down the foregoing inquiry to the question of the influence of the Jew in America, we shall find it small in the field of scholarship or of literature, meagre in politics, but increasing in financial matters, where the Jew has brought his Old-World connections to bear upon our ignorance of finance and economics. It is also considerable in municipal affairs in our largest city, and in the field of legal service involving business and corporations.

The Jews have taken nearly the entire control of the theatre, but avowedly only as merchants of plays; a control of the same nature as the department stores, and other trade, and some of the lighter manufacturing. As to the theatre, this is not the age of creative poesy, and one may believe that, as the theatre is now only "a good show" and not a school of morals, it is a legitimate expression of an era of luxury, of amusement, and of material production and advance.

But our inquiry relates, mainly, to the more purely intellectual questions; and we find that the synagogue, the lecture hall, and the medical profession have come into notice of late to a considerable degree. The synagogue, admirable as it is in its congregational system, giving scope for individual talent, is becoming somewhat arrogant in its treatment of public questions. It lectures the Government and the people of the United States, and weighs motives and opinions a little offensively.

This meddlesomeness is contrary to the theory we suppose that we hold, that Church and State are quite separate, if not independent of each other. The native preachers are aware

of the separation, but the exponents of the exotic and imported religions are still moving in the opposite direction, as though the old system might be revived in America.

A very little study of the Constitution of the United States would show that Church and State are separated by one small, but safely embedded, amendment—the first one that was enacted—lest some generality of the original Constitution might have expressed more than its framers intended. And that, so far from the Constitution's having "guaranteed religious liberty," as the phrase is, the Congress is, by the Constitution itself, completely debarred from having anything whatever to do or say about religion; so that the soft-footed going up and down the White House steps by the ecclesiastic is a work of superogation. And the presence of a Nuncio disguised by the appellation Apostolic Delegate is quite anomalous in our country.

The Press is in the same plight as the Church; and the vaunted "freedom of the press" under the Constitution of the United States is a delusion, owing to the same amendment. The Press, like the Church, depends entirely upon the law of the State in which it resides for its rights in the land—except where it takes them without any right whatever.

The Synagogue to many seems to be a living sign of the precedence, the fatherhood of Judaism. Christianity received its Scriptures, and its traditions, with its basic element of blood atonement, through Judaism. But, as intimated, those ideas were mixed with the ethical and fructifying ideas proclaimed in Judea by the Saviour. Strange to say, the child was father to the man; and advanced Judaism, losing its foothold, losing its altar-fire, its city and temple, in the course of time took an ethical system as a basis, as I have explained in a previous chapter, and is now Christianity in fact.

The Synagogue is old—perhaps as old as the time of Ezra—it is excellent; but it is not unchanging, for not being a part of an ecclesiastical machine, not being the organ of a theocracy,

it is susceptible of not only movement but change, and can take on the colour of its age and its environment.

It would be impossible for anyone to define the intellectual conditions of to-day; the Jews are in so many different stages of culture, and are influenced by so many controlling circumstances and considerations, are living so varied a life in the countries they occupy, that any one statement might be wide of the mark in general.

The great majority of the Jews, both here as well as in Europe, are religiously and intellectually in the stage of life which we think of as the Judaism of the Middle Ages. The status of the educated, modern Jew is a consequence of the progress of Europe and America, in science and intelligence. We must make the distinction between the Jewish tradition as a religion, with its intolerance, and modern Jewish ethics. Confusing these two things misleads us as to the place of the Jew in modern life. It is imperative to distinguish between the educated, intelligent Jew, a man of the world, and the great mass of the Jews, who are in all countries still poor, ignorant, superstitious, fanatic, and far below the masses in Europe and America in comfort, well-being, and prosperity. But the Jewish people have begun to conform to the fashion of the modern world, and to see that the ideals men must look for are to spring in the future instead of out of some sepulchre of the past. The Jew is becoming worldly, not the world Jewish; and the Protestant organisations, rapidly becoming Unitarian in doctrine, can fraternise with the Synagogue in all liberal countries, on most questions except ceremonial ones.

But, with all this, I do not see anything that the Rabbi of to-day has proffered us that is in the slightest degree new or original with him. And the mass of Jews are tied to a very distant, Asiatic mediævalism, as are our orthodox bodies to a European Middle Age, and are looking backward; neither of them being of the slightest consequence in the intellectual world, and totally misapprehending the questions now at issue.

Men do not yet understand that to experience a new idea, get a new liberty, or a new religion, it is necessary first to get the mind free from baseless traditions. This is seen in the miscarriage in most minds of the doctrine of Evolution; evolution being considered only as a new piece of machinery introduced into the old shop, while it is, in truth, a new intellectual shop—or in other words, the intellectual world born again. St. Paul extended the Jewish system to the rest of the world with a generosity before unknown, and an enthusiasm that was infectious; but he had no perception of the idea of Jesus—that Jesus had a view of life without ecclesiasticism he could not conceive.

It strikes me that the Jewish preacher of our day is coming to see how much he owes to the advent of Jesus; for the phrase, "we gave the world Jesus," is frequently heard, and his assertion that "Jesus was a Jew" has in it not only the note of patronage but of pride. This year the Rabbi said, in numerous pulpits, that Christmas is a Jewish gift; by spring he will doubtless confer upon us Easter!

But the more I examine the racial, tribal, and historical questions clustering about the thousand years before Christ and down to his birth, the more sure I feel that Christ was not a Jew, though inheriting the old traditional religious ideas in common with the Jews. The birth stories, the Messianic prophecies, and the legends about him seem to me to arise out of theological necessities, not facts. Jesus, to those in Jerusalem, was a Galilean. And I cannot but think that there was that in his blood which made him a direct, unalterable descendant of that other strain of Israel's blood always at war with the pretensions of Judah. The triumph of Joseph would be intolerable to Judah, I know, but it is the very poetry of retribution.

An examination of the question now would take us into the intricacies of New Testament legends, and the efforts of the writers of its books to connect Jesus with the Messianic expecta-

tions based upon passages in the Old Testament. These, it is plain to us of this era, can only be applied to events and hopes as different from his life and fate, or the theology connected with his fate, as any two sets of ideas could be, if measured by any standard of expression in our language.

The idea that the parents of Jesus were Jews had until recently its principal support in the story that they were, at the date of the Advent, visiting Jerusalem "to be taxed." Anyone having the least comprehension of the political divisions of the kingdom of Herod and his sons will see at once the absurdity of a resident of the Tetrarchy of Galilee and Peræa going to Judea to be taxed or enrolled; his political allegiance was not in Jerusalem, though his religious allegiance may have been so, but that also is inconclusive. It is true that the Northern (Samaritan) temple was destroyed in 120 B. C., and that Jerusalem was the "Holy City" of the descendants of Israel; but only in a racial, sentimental sense, not carrying with it political or religious allegiance. All the attending circumstances, especially the action of the Sanhedrim, show that the condemnation of Jews was the result of ecclesiastical fear, and not that of a violation of an acknowledged authority.

This taxation or enrollment was supposed to be irrefragable proof that Mary or Joseph, or both, were Jews, subject to Jewish taxation. In support of this, the very best that the English scholar, who with deprecatory gestures treads about Judea softly, can say, is that "Professor Ramsay has established at least a possibility that the reference to enrollment under Quirinus is accurate."

The probabilities are that the legend of enrollment and taxing is some eight years too late to serve for the birth at Bethlehem, and cannot be of any service as evidence of Jesus being a Jew. St. Luke, the sole narrator of the story of Quirinus, Governor of Syria, taxing the people of Judea, is the writer who categorically contradicts the story of the Flight into Egypt, by giving a circumstantial account of the days,

weeks and years of the infancy and childhood of Jesus, and the other gospels are inharmonious. The naïveté of the ideas of what went on in Judea from the year 4 B. C. to the end of September, 70 A. D., is only equalled by the effrontery of the modern Jewish scholar who claims that Jesus was a Jew. In the absence of any direct evidence, we can only consider the probabilities of his tribal descent; and the very effort to prove him a Jew, the culmination of Jewish Messianic hopes, is sufficient to convince me of the improbability of his being anything else than a Galilean of pure and Ephraimite descent. Why was the question raised at all if there was no question?

Perhaps the attitude of the Jewish scholar who mingles with us is best illustrated by the assertion of the Jewish woman orator at the Columbian Exposition, that "We gave the world a moral God." As I have said before, I think there cannot be a doubt that Europe derived its theology, and its theory of man and of existence, from the Jew, and that the ecclesiast of Europe is a legitimate descendant of the priest of Judea.

But what God does the modern speaker give? And when was he given? Was it the God of the Patriarchs, or of Moses, or of the Pharisees, of Spinoza, or of the most advanced Rabbi of to-day?

The God so ostentatiously given away is supposed to be the final expression of what is called Monotheism. Monotheism was never a complete rounded birth or revelation, but has been the slowest and most gradual and difficult evolution. And Monotheism, as we hold it now, is entirely different from Monotheism of any school of Jewish thought unmodified by Christian philosophy or ethics.

Mr. Zangwill's Monotheism, for example, occupies ground belonging to his neighbours, and is delicious in its assumptions. He says:

"If I were asked to sum up in one broad generalisation the intellectual tendency of Israel, I should say that it was a

tendency to unification. The Unity of God, which is the declaration of the dying Israelite, is but the theological expression of this tendency. The Jewish mind runs to Unity by an instinct as harmonious as the Greek's sense of art. It is always impelled to a synthetic perception of the whole. This is Israel's contribution to the world, his vision of existence. There is one God who unifies the Cosmos, and *one people to reveal him*, and one creed to which all the world will come." This again reminds me of Esdras.

The lament of the Jewish publicist over our failure to see that the Jewish race *has* a Messianic mission is tempered for us by the undercurrent of his speech, which shows us that he is not nearly so anxious about us as he is about himself; in a word, his desire to gain acceptance and recognition for himself. His seeming belief that the world must accept his Messiahship has its corollary in all religious movements which demand acceptance on peril of immediate ruin—which never comes.

No, brethren, all this sadness is wasted upon us. You do not know anything we do not know; you have no secret of life or clue to truth we do not possess; you would not better our social, political, or religious fabric if we should accept your guidance. Do not grieve over us, do not weep over us so. We know that your religion is only a minor part of your existence as ours is only an incident of our earthly life. It is, in truth, no more precious to you than ours is to us, and what we exist for is life in its entirety.

No, you are not even the salt that either gives savour or security to society, and we should know just as much about God and Righteousness without your intervention as with it.

But there is a Jew of much eminence, Dr. Joseph Jacobs, a professor in Cambridge, England, and now an editor of the "Jewish Encyclopædia," in the United States, whose historical and statistical studies are well known, who gave us a valuable monograph in the *Nineteenth Century* for Sep-

tember, 1879, called "A History of the God of Israel." This affords us a view of the rational thought of a man of the Jewish race about God, though he has not freed himself from that favourite quotation from my favourite author in the Apocrypha —that there is only a little fine gold in the mould of which this earth is composed.

Mr. Jacobs has seen that the course of Jewish thought has been modified, "cross-fertilised," as he calls it, and that the idea of God did not spring full-orbed from the brain of Abraham. This learned man says, in an elaborate historic table, which I condense, that the Hebrew ideas were cross-fertilised by the North Arabs, and by Egypt, down to 1200 B. C.; that the Israelite ideas were cross-fertilised by Canaan and Phœnicia down to 500 B. C.; that the Jewish ideas have been extensively cross-fertilised by Assyria, Persia, Rome, by Hellenism, Græco-Arabic . thought, Islam, Sufism, the Renaissance, and by Democracy.

Here we have some candid information concerning the historical conception of God in the Jewish mind. The passage relating to the ideas of Spinoza is so important to any understanding of the modern thought of a Jewish scholar, that I quote from it:

"With him [Spinoza] ends the history of Jewish philosophy; later movements in Judaism were directed toward the attainment of social status, and when that had been attained, to raise again the historic consciousness—both, the reflex results of that large sweep of European thought which we may roughly term Democracy. With him, too, culminates the long series of changes in the God of Israel. From a family deity, it had been raised into the Divine Father of All, the Creator of the Universe, and under this form had cross-fertilised Græco-Roman culture as Christianity. But 'the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges'; Israel came in contact with Greek philosophy, and was in its turn cross-fertilised by Hellenism. Jehovah was gradually depersonalised, and the world was rendered independent of Him, till, under the influence of

mysticism, He becomes an immanent principle of the universe, as the *Substantia* of Spinoza. From an *ab extra* Deity, the God of Israel had been changed by cross-fertilisation into a continuous energetic principle."

Mr. Jacobs goes on to say:

"It is natural to discuss the relation of Judaism to the two faiths which have sprung from its bosom. It has always rejected Christianity, which is utterly alien to the Jewish *Volksgeist*; but it could clearly, without loss of historic dignity, advance to the new faith [Cosmic Theism]. Whether it will take the latter course remains to be seen; it rejected Spinoza, and with him the history of Jewish thought, *qua* Jewish, ceases. The nation turned to the task of gaining a position among the nations, and withdrew from abstract speculation. But there was another reason which explains the rejection and neglect of Spinoza by Judaism, and which points to the main defect in Spinozism. *Spinoza was no true Jew;* he had not that historic sense of communion with his people's past which has been the bond that has kept Judaism alive through the ages. *Judaism is not alone a religion, but a philosophy of history.* And herein we see the main defect of Spinozism, due to Spinoza's individualistic psychology: we should see God not alone in Nature but also in History. The Comtist enthusiasm for humanity has its value in the recognition of this truth. And there are not wanting signs that the main striving of the mind of the age is towards the foundation of a philosophy of history. And when the history of the Jews has been told as it should be, *it will be then seen that they above all others have earned the title of the chosen people of God.* The great question for contemporary Judaism is whether it will continue God's work or cease to be. 'Prophecy is of all errors the most gratuitous,' we are told; but I can see no meaning in history *if the richest product of humanity*, which has shared in all the progressive movements in the history of man, shall not have within it germs of mighty thoughts and deeds."

This is a frank and illuminating view of the history of the Jewish idea of God in its numerous phases.

We see in this extract from Mr. Jacobs's history that the "GOD OF ISRAEL" was not a fixed and immutable revelation, but a constantly changing conception of God, as the centuries pass on; just as the process has gone on among the other races of the world. But to land in the phrase "Cosmic Theism" is no greater aid to the mind than to rest in the phrases Monotheism and Pantheism; and to call God a continuous Energetic Principle relieves the mind only a little, but seriously endangers Mr. Jacobs's "Philosophy of History."

It is clearly a matter of taste whether the Jewish is the "richest product of humanity," and it is not susceptible of either denial or proof whether "it is the chosen people of God"; but we can say, with feeling, that we have already had too much of Old Testament assertions and we need something beside the flotsam of antique legends made over by the Jews for national uses; we want no more theology based upon events that never happened, and which, if happening, concerned only the passing generation. All this egotism of the Jew is based upon the delusion that the Ancient Jews conferred upon the world an immense benefit; whereas it really conferred a great injury, if progress, intellectual development, and happiness are the legitimate aims of our race.

All history shows us that the human being in action has always and everywhere outrun his Bible, his Creed and his Church. He will, too, gradually change his forms of verbal expression so that he will not, as now, have to declare those events he likes, providential, and those he dislikes, accidental. And in the graver field of history he will not be embarrassed as was the writer who recently said: "Providence threw upon our shores Alexander Hamilton, who shaped our magnificent civilisation," while another said, in effect, Virginia threw up out of its soil a man, Thomas Jefferson, whose ideas of civilisation and of politics were the antipodes of Hamilton's. They

both forgot that on the same principle Satan at the same moment threw upon our shores Tom Paine, whose influence no one can yet measure. Such are the embarrassments of a chaotic speech and theory of Providence.

I do not see clearly what the phrase Philosophy of History means; but from the context, I suppose it to be the Philosophy of a Family History. The English divines in the seventeenth century made a Philosophy of History that they said explained everything; but the Westminster Confession has now broken down and goes to the scrap heap, just as the Old Testament Philosophy, with the state of society on which it was based, has become obsolescent, both containing a theory of God a sovereign who does as he pleases—when he can. And now in these last months a recalcitrant Presbyterian minister declares, with a succinctness beyond praise, that "There is no such God, there is no such earth, there is no such eternity as described in the Westminster Confession." And the universe has become too large for the Jewish book, only adapted as it is to the stage of existence of the sheikh and the desert. Nations cannot now be destroyed by prophets in the old way; the earth is no longer a wilderness with a small Hebrew oasis, but is a vast workshop.

One might sarcastically say that the most effective Philosophy of History resides in the getting away from the egotistic, limited, inadequate story of Israel; that the explanation of humanity will only be found when the whole story of man's occupation of this globe is synthesised. And it is not a cosmic story, but one about man, that most needs attention and fresh sympathetic study.

Our inherited theory of Providence, which we shrink from following to its logical conclusion, makes us profess to believe in the idea of a sovereign who founds institutions and suffers defeats; one who has, so far, lost most of the moral battles with evil, as well as nearly all the battles of might against right on the stricken field. The latter was not so puzzling when the contest was

between Christian and Saracen, as now when both sides enter their respective Christian temples on the eve of war and appeal to the same ally. And the former was not so difficult of explanation when there was believed to be a very powerful Captain of Evil in activity in the universe.

Our side of the world, which we call civilisation, has so long made the word God a synonym and convenience of speech that the emotion of reverence has departed. Kings make God an ally. Presidents enlist him, and generals detach him for forlorn hopes. In the field of politics, orators mouth his name to emphasise their patriotism, conventions (but never caucuses) invoke him, senators (but never their committees) ask counsel of him. In his name priests have a perquisite, churches tax, the ritualist as a grand opera makes a magnificent spectacle, till we cannot determine which is most profane, the ceremony or the emphatic vocabulary of the street—which is at least sincere.

There is an evident weariness in the tone of those intellectual voices which are nowadays heard about the divine existence. The metaphors of the poets as a substitute for personality, the subterfuges and evasions of the preachers, fail us. The concepts of deity as Law, Force, Principle, Substantia, even as Life, also fail us, for we do not know what these things are, we only know what they do. They are, again, only figures of speech which leave us where we began. The ideas of a Sovereign, the Great White Throne, the Court of Heaven of Job, the vast armies, rank upon rank, of Milton, and the material visions of the Middle Ages, becoming less real and not at all adequate, the intellectual world is in a serious *impasse*. In this dilemma a few years of silence from the gabble of book and pulpit might be well. We might come up against the Eternal, and then Eternity past, and then, turning our faces, against Eternity to come, in which day reverence might return and calm the world.

Let us change the object of our search—for a time—and place man, a definite, tangible object, as our postulate, the

end of our philosophical reasoning; not delude ourselves with a search for the philosophy of history or even the philosophy of thought.

Philosophy has always been a chimera, more shifty, uncertain and difficult to make stay put than even religion. The philosophers have nearly all said that a theory of "Happiness" as the basis of human action is impossible. Perhaps the popular psychology points the way to happiness based on a conception of man as primarily soul, and only accidentally, or rather temporarily, a material entity. Possibly, wearied with misapplications of the word immortality in our speech, we may speak with the Japanese Buddhists of the immutability of the soul, and gain thereby a new spiritual perception, albeit a more restricted one. And, however the scientist may decide for himself, or whatever his apparatus may seem ultimately to prove, I would, in the homeliest phrase, say that I believe we will find our account and our triumph over numerous ills —perhaps victory all along the line—in presenting ourselves to the universe soul foremost instead of dragging the spiritual in us at the end of the mortal chain.

But if we are to live under a written Constitution, a Philosophy of History, it has been more nearly constituted for us than ever before by the conclusion of science that the social, political and religious combinations of the race have been, in the inception, efforts to reach better and oftentimes ideal conditions; instead of having been, as has been supposed, revealed or final forms. With a full recognition of this doctrine will come intellectual freedom; so that, guided by reason instead of by passion, the various forms of association, or government, or belief, can be changed without wars, persecutions, recriminations, or even regrets.

CHAPTER XXX

The Tenure of Religions

The hope that modern exploration and research in the East would establish and confirm the historical references in the Old Testament has come true. But, singularly enough, it has proved too much. The people of Palestine, in the light of these investigations, simply take their place in contemporaneous history. Their relative importance becomes less with every successive discovery. Their rank in the world of learning, utility and beauty is low. They are clearly seen to have been but a small and then unimportant part of the Old World.

The name of their deity, Jahveh, comes out now with distinctness in the light of common day. The numerous theogonies, theosophies, and theologies which all peoples record, somehow fade away in the light of each modern day—as Israel's have done in this. History, art and archæology have enabled the mind of our day, to enter upon new and more enlarged, liberal and liberating conceptions of God; and made it free to acquire new and more beneficial beliefs about man, his life and destiny.

The life periods of ecclesiastical institutions are unequal, but all are plainly mortal. We have only to examine the leases of those of all history: first of Egypt, the most highly organised of any before Christianity, then of Babylonia, of Canaan as Israelitism, of India in its two best known developments, of Iran as Zoroastrianism, powerful and influential, of Judah in Judaism, and then of Greece and Rome, subordinate to the commonwealths as they were—to see that none were the heaven-sent bases of their respective civilisations, or self existent. They were passing institutions; parts of culture, development,

social associations, the fruits of ambition and the expedients of rule; not that mysterious authority, Religion, that we imagine hovers over humanity.

Religions seem peculiarly susceptible to temptations. Usually starting with some beautiful declaration of moral truth, by some genius of his race, their successive hierarchies are soon lured on by the delights of power to pretences of celestial origin, authority, and warrant, by which they seek to dominate not only the individual heart, but the life of the State. They all sooner or later fail, because they cannot maintain conclusive proof of their commission; and laymen finally see that they must deal for themselves with the problems of their earthly pilgrimage if they are ever to emerge from the frightful conditions of inequality, want, and premature death, tolerated by the selfish alliances of priest and king.

It is not too much to hope, perhaps not too much to expect, that with the progress the world is now making, religious dominations will cease, that organised religion as a separate effort of the human mind will disappear. The immense relief this would be to humanity can only be estimated by reviewing the history of the past, in which in all countries and in every age religions have been the principal burdens on the back of humanity.

Some may ask how long Judaism will last, unconscious of the fact that it has already passed away. Zion no longer exists. There is no Jewish Church; except in the sense that, like Puritanism, it exists in futile fragments. The Jew dreams of religious domination of a yesterday and a to-morrow, but never of a to-day. Judaism as a vital organism passed away when the High Priesthood ceased and the Temple perished, and has been only a regret for thousands of years.

In addition to the specific questions of our Jewish theme, other most interesting ones arise. How soon can the world rid itself of not only theocracy but ecclesiasticism? By this question I do not mean how soon can it rid itself of the sentiments of the heart, the feelings of mystery or of destiny that dwell in

its bosom, but how long will the power of ecclesiasticism last? How much longer can the Ecclesian by whatever name, by bell or book, make a penal colony of the next world; or, what is much worse, make it a material paradise as a reward for those who have sacrificed most in this life? Or, what is a much more practical question, how long will the pretence of a delegated power to govern, to tax, and to inhibit, remain operative in the minds of the mass of the people. The consequent loss of time, of happiness and of the fruits of labour, is enormous for the generality. But for the intellectual class, for those who ought to produce an intellectual atmosphere, to create a fertile world of ideas, relief from the necessity of combating the pretence of religious authority which has absorbed the best intellects in all ages will be second to no emancipation, no revolution, that has ever occurred. The human soul, swinging along in the infinite meadows of space, will at length get free; and I sometimes dream that it might begin now to consider this life as part of its heritage, free here from ecclesiastical bonds.

The end of Islam is not yet in view, because it has such vast numbers of semi-developed people within its conceded territory. It may outlive organised Christianity because less exposed to intellectual question, to the eager logic of peoples further advanced in material, physical, and outward things, than are the majority in Mohammedan countries. The successors of Mahomet converted millions to a knowledge of Allah (with his ninety-nine names describing his attributes), and incidentally killed a few hundreds of thousands; but making such lovely mosques, riding such splendid barbs, and carrying such steel that we are lost in admiration; and we are enraptured, too, with the poetry they made out of it, and the thousand and one delightful tales they told about it all. We do not forget this; but still, that sink-hole of religion and morality, Mecca, will soon become obsolete, and one less Holy City will be some gain.

The Greek Church has also a vast sum of barbarism at com-

mand. Russia carries the torch of Greek Christianity eastward as effectually as one could wish; and though it does not convert, it does the other essential thing, as we see in Turkestan, where the excellent Christian soldier Skobeleff operated, and at the assault of Geok Tepe massacred twenty thousand men, women and children for the crime of heroic resistance in the siege of that fortress, and for being Turkoman; and at Blagovestchensk, where the Russian general a few years since massacred four thousand unarmed Chinese men, women and children, for the crime of being on the wrong side of the Amur River—and being Chinese. The massacre of January 22, 1905, in the streets of St. Petersburg, only adds a new chapter to the history of cruelty, and imposes upon the Czar another pilgrimage to the Altar to give thanks to the God who gave him the divine right to do as he pleases with no reference to morality.

The Orthodox (Greek) Church had a rupture, centuries since, with the Western (Roman) Church, which was final on the question of the Filioque—whether the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father *and* the Son, or only from the Father—and there is little prospect of a reunion. We may call the Holy Synod of Russia, which manages the greater part of the Greek Church at present, a malevolent despotism—the Theocratic incubus that rides on the back of the peasant (as Tolstoi said of the whole upper class)—under the care of the zealous and tough Pobiedonostzeff, backed by a tender and credulous Czar. It therefore may last a long time, but Holy Moscow will one day have a parliament, and then it will become as innocuous as Oxford and Padua, or Salem.

We can think with complacency of the death of all other systems, but it gives each of us a pang to think of the passing of our own established systems. Of course, I do not mean that any true idea, any inspiration, any sustenance for the heart contained in it, can pass away. We have in our progress grasped the true ideas of duty and of privilege which inhere

in our European civilisation. But ecclesiasticism, as a separate power, will pass away; certainly as a power within a power it is surely fated to die. For no principle is more sure of final establishment than that no government within a government, no matter if it is sacred; no court within a court, no matter if it is ecclesiastical; no school system within a school system, no matter if it be for the reading of certain books; no allegiance taking precedence of an allegiance—can or will long be tolerated in any free and democratic country.

Within the space of two months of the summer of 1903, a multitude of eyes were turned toward Rome. To speak in a figure, the relentless camera of innumerable journalists, writers, and observers was turned upon it, so that never before has such a fierce light beat upon that throne. The mechanism of the Roman Church has been exposed, the hearts of its dignitaries unveiled; the relation of the Church to civil governments, its financial systems, and its real power, have become known to all. Its working Orders, both male and female, have been known to the world a long time; its Inquisition, its Propaganda, with its soldiers without a country, its Hierarchy, its Bureau in Rome, have been partially understood; but now we see the Papacy itself! And in seeing the Papacy we do not find the umbilical cord that fixes its birth in heaven.

The death of Leo XIII. has revealed anew the fact that the Pope is mortal; that the last Pope was as subject to death as that Peter, whom, by a strange collocation of piety and humour, the Catholics call the first Pope. We have not only seen that the papacy is earthly, but that it is political; not only is it political, but it aspires to rule theocratically not Italy alone, but Europe, America, the world. Not only does it aspire to rule, but it makes all other allegiance secondary to its own, in whatever country it has followers. To understand this, we have to pay heed to the constitution of this power. It is self-perpetuating. The Pope creates the Cardinal, the Cardinal creates the Pope. Do we understand this problem, that has long confronted

Europe, and now confronts us in America? I fear not. I can state it in a word. It is Ecclesiastical versus Civil government. It is not, as many suppose, a question of one religion versus another, of Catholicism against Protestantism. It is not religion. It is ecclesiasticism, in which you have no power of choice, selection, or election whatever—for its election comes from within itself—versus a political system in which men have a voice. The appeal of Leo XIII. to the Democracy is a jest.

The kind of democracy meant may be seen by reading the two parallel decrees of the Vatican Ecumenical Council of 1870, by which was conferred upon the Pope powers that, transferred to the Sovereign of Heaven, would put an end to the vexing question of Free-will forever. The Pope is authorised "to define the dogmas of faith and morals, which are then unchangeable in themselves, and are not rendered such by the consent of the church." This is Infallibility. The Pope is also to have "full and supreme jurisdiction" in all matters "which concern the discipline and government of the Church in the whole universe." This is Sovereignty.

These two decrees of the Bishops of the Universal Church, assembled in Council, seem a complete and final abdication of their rights and powers, by conferring their inherent and ancient powers upon a single individual. They thus created an autocracy so absolute (and yet so logical) that the intellect of the Church was stunned, and obedience followed as a consequence; and the brain of its membership, both lay and clerical, now presents a *tabula rasa*, on which the Papacy can write anything it pleases.

Leo XIII. has expressed this fact in so gentle a way that it seems humorous. In the Encyclical of 1885 he says, as to "Modern liberties": "and each believer is bound to believe therefore what the Holy See itself thinks."

Many believe that this unlimited, heretofore unimagined, autocracy carries in its own breast, in these decrees, the instrument of its own undoing.

The question we are considering is the same old war of two ideas, which has always to be fought out: One, that God founds an earthly institution for himself, and empowers priests to administer it, which is supreme over all other institutions; the other, that men found their own institutions within the broad and universal charter of humanity.

It is one of the plainest lessons of history that the power of the Ecclesia passes away when disconnected from the State; that its power is not inherent, but is derived from the consent of the government and the governed. When the Church is disestablished and can no longer persuade the State to execute its decrees, it loses its power to compel, and becomes merely a part of the social organisations. Then its further existence becomes a question of taste and affinity. If useful still, it will survive a long time; if on the whole it is not useful, it ceases to be. This is the law of human institutions. The Papal principle of *Non Expedit*—the abstention of members of the clergy, and the orders, and the faithful, from voting, which has held Italy in duress for thirty years, it is announced in Rome has been abandoned. The phrase, *non expedit*, turned about, seems to be coming into force in nearly every part of Europe, and is now adopted in France, and might also be adopted by Italy in some moment of exasperation or impatience with the slow result of time.

I well know that many think that the Church cannot pass away because it holds sacred truth. But sacred truth is not kept in a reservoir. It is not deposited in corporation vaults. It dwells in the human mind, and it varies from age to age. The Catholic Church is not a system of thought. It is a system of rule, of authority, and in these latter days, of authority centralised, so that its Bishops wear the appearance of a corps of messenger boys to the Vatican—to use the phrase of a recent reviewer of Sabatier's last work.

There are many sincere and beautiful souls, who believe that there was once instituted an Ecclesia to hold the keys of Heaven

on this earth; that from generation to generation, from age to age, those fallible hands transmit their commission; and that these faithful few are waging the only moral campaign in which there is any hope of a victory for Heaven. But this theory only makes the problem of humanity more inexplicable. These are they whose imaginations have a vision of a lovely, spotless, immaculate entity that lives irrespective of its component parts, and which would exist if all the human races should cease to live—the Church. And there are millions of devout souls, in and out of the Church, who think that salvation comes through rites, ceremonies, and creeds, and that it is necessary to have the priest in the world in order to get the truth; but that is not the lesson the history of humanity teaches. The priest's present business is not with systems of thought, not even religious thought, but systems of administration, systems of procedure and of action.

And we must not be too critical of that flock which is shepherded in Rome, nor unmindful that never were more saints made in the world in the same length of time, of its lease of power—nor more martyrs. The self-abnegation, the devotion, the sincerity, and the splendid heroism of numberless men and women of the Church are a common heritage of the world, not of the Church.

Anyone can predict with certainty the final dissolution, sad as it may seem to its believers, of such a corporation; but not by any means the date of its end. Without territory to stand upon, it yet is an autocracy with a vast population whose first allegiance is hers; a vast army enlisted for life; and it has the power of taxation reaching the conscience, and lasting even beyond the grave.

And we, my brothers, scattered sheep of the Reformation, will never be gathered within any one fold. No one can ever again assemble these scattered pieces of church into one machine. It is safest so. If I were master of the world, I would never again let one church federate with another. A single

congregation on the New England church plan, singing sad hymns and hearing sadder sermons, would not be very dangerous to liberty; but that is all I could allow. We are, in our hundred ways, in pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness. We have not yet cast enough of the Hebrew book into the Apocrypha, that waste-basket of faith. We are afraid of losing those few grains of gold the New Testament holds in its sands.

Some of our fragments of ecclesia will perish in one way, some in another. Some individuals out of our hundred denominations aspire to be absorbed into the bosom of Rome as that of a mother; some take refuge in metaphysics; some will perish on the sands of the inane International series of Sunday-school lessons. Some will hie them to a Protestant mass, having smelled dilettante Episcopal incense. And some will discover a faith in Mediævalism and Art, set forth in very bad music and very poor drawing. Some have found a refuge in an imitation of Israelitism—Mormonism, with its literary degradation of the Old Testament in the book of Joseph Smith; and many in these last days have found peace in cereals, the Simple Life without breakfasts, and many in Christian Science.

But most of our religious energy goes into humanitarian enterprises, schools and hospitals, endeavours, associations, Christian societies, and missions as our justification; and into federations for mutual help, and to the cure of those evils not yet provided for by philosophy or even science.

So much for ourselves, who have had an easy time in America. But Europe had a more difficult rôle. It had to rediscover three other continents—and appropriate their contents. It had to rediscover the arts; to recreate literature and music and architecture. It had to uncover the minerals, to till the soil, to plough the sea, to support Royalty, Nobility, and the Church (all three exempt from taxation). With all this, it had to follow Jesus! This contrariety has made many scoff; but do not laugh: it had two interchangeable but divergent Testaments

to do it on—and the Three Rulers kept a straight face. Remember that civilisation presented the powers that exploit the race with the richest mine ever opened since the world began, and that the temptation was great. And remember that the Schoolmen explained this exploitation to be loyalty, morals, and religion combined.

But the Gospel and the Imperium are plainly incompatible; and the effort to reconcile them is disastrous to intellectual integrity, as we see in Newman and others who have surrendered to authority in our day and those who stand ready to do so from sheer despair.

When ecclesiasticism passes away as a political power and as a superstition, it will leave the Human Being free to organise his social institutes according to his ever-increasing knowledge and intelligence, and to reorganise them whenever it becomes necessary—a most essential part of freedom

The "religion of authority," so fascinating to many minds of the present day, has one weak link in its chain of title. It is the impossibility of identifying, beyond reasonable question, the earthly authority with a heavenly source. The evidences of miracles, of the printed word, even of an irrefragable apostolic succession, are not convincing that a surrender ought to be made to such "authority." At the bottom of such surrender there is a certain loyalty to ideas, but a congenital disability of the imagination. For who shall tell us that when perishing by Protestantism, the only refuge is Catholicism, as though there were but two religious ideas? Just as, for example, many patriotic souls lament the failure of democracy, and can imagine nothing possible but a return to monarchy. It is only a hundred years since an entirely new idea in government was invented; a government founded on a written Constitution—a contract made beforehand in writing, which became fundamental law. Under such a novel method we have at least growth, if not liberty. This system was a balance of three powers, now grown to be one of four. We have a democratic

President popularly elected; an aristocratic Senate; a republican House; and a Judiciary with a life tenure. The working relations of these four powers constantly change.

It is not difficult to imagine an entirely new combination of powers, duties, and rights, which would solve, better than either royalty or the republic, the political problems of its day.

Perhaps Arbitration points the way—to have nothing but free courts, or free courts and newspapers. Perhaps Socialism is the method—socialism without the newspaper, for then nothing would happen. Socialism shocks the sense of the politician and the comfortable: but we must remember that the socialistic process has built a schoolhouse on every hill, and thrown in the textbooks; it carries our letters almost free, makes highways, builds bridges, lights the streets, brings the water, creates pleasure parks with music on Saturdays, preserves forests, distributes garden seeds, regulates the weather, lights the shores of oceans, protects us from wild beasts and contagion—and is almost the Gospel itself.

Those of us who have read the Old Testament remember how Samuel resisted any changes in the administration. A pure theocracy was his highest ideal, and when called upon to anoint a king, he thought all was over, his vocation gone. Yet see what happened. After Saul there were more prophets than anything else in Israel—and but for them Israel never would have been heard of. So it may turn out with our holy men. The theologian will find that Law, Government, and Economics are sciences, and are not in the same realm with theology, and that a return to religion—which dwells in the mind of man, giving it its seriousness and its deepest charm—is his best hold!

CHAPTER XXXI

The Hither Marge

Having now come to the hither marge of our long voyage of discovery, criticism and suggestion, we take leave of the Spectre Israel. And we must also make a brief adieu to that powerful genie which sprang from Israel's bosom, or his book—the Theologian. And I do not mean the person who lives among us and performs the kindly neighbourhood offices of his cloth, but he who enacts laws, proclaims dogmas, and imagines that he holds up the sky.

Had the theologian of the fifteen hundred years of his warfare with science known what was his real realm, or sphere, he would not have committed his institution to the defense of the "science" of the Scriptures. For the Scriptures nowhere rise above the level of their time. How easy it is now to see that the world moves; that people live at the antipodes; that the planets are not moved about by angels; that the sun does not move about the earth; that the windows of heaven do not open; that, in short, these things are done only in poetry, of which the Scriptures consist.

And, too, had it been known how the theologian and his theology were made, the world would have been spared centuries of fear and agony, all needless. We can see now—for example, that the Augustinian dictum which, with its sequel in Calvin and Edwards and the various Confessions and Articles, has dominated logical church thought for centuries had its origin, not in some pellucid spring of spiritual thinking but in the exigencies of a mortal struggling with Paganism, Manicheism, Neo-Platonism, Pelagianism, Donatism, Divina-

tion, Scepticism, Asceticism, Worldliness, personal human passions and problems, and an abounding literary faculty, aided by the ubiquitous shorthand writer and copyist of the fourth century, with his stylus.

Another example is in the breach between Peter and Paul in the very beginning of our system, which we now see was not occasioned mainly by a question of precedence, rank or authority, but was doctrinally fundamental; the metaphysic of Paul, an adept in the learning of his day in Asia Minor and Alexandria, bearing only the slightest resemblance to the simple brotherhood conceived of by Peter as the Gospel of Christ. But we remember that Peter was not a Jew, but a Galilean like his master.

The Theological Period, to adopt a phrase out of the science of geology, is evidently passing away out of Europe and America. What it will be succeeded by is yet undetermined. Perhaps by a period of Applied Science, or by the individual Religion of the Spirit proposed by Sabatier. Or by a consolidation of the science philosophies and religions under some new term less offensive than those which we have outworn. Or again by the school of psychology represented by Frederick Myers and William James, who postulate a Subconscious, or a Subliminal mind, making a working hypothesis of our unexplained subconscious powers, which if established might account for phenomena which, heretofore, have given superstitions their greatest leverage, and thus relieve the future of a part of its riddles. When we read Andrew D. White's all-embracing "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology," we realise how stupid the scholastic really was, how jealous, bitter, and cruel the churchman, and how every step in knowledge, for hundreds of years, was paid for in blood, we are moved to pity. It would be all piteous, if not so comic. The pretentious ignorance of it all, the solemn humbuggery, the farcical posture of piety, make a scene for comedy that Aristophanes would certainly have made effective on the Greek stage.

The spectacle of a company of the high clergy, tonsured, venerable, clothed in holy canonicals, sitting up on a platform in the market-place, watching women burn at the stake, in the name of religion, is most edifying, not in the quantity of blood shed, but in the exquisite refinement of its intention, in its harmony with the Gospel! But we remember that some of the clergy were not tonsured, and that the privilege was not exclusive.

Theology is not religion, nor is the theologian necessarily religious. Theology is extrinsic, a scholastic speculation constantly changing its dogma. Religion is that effort of the human soul itself to see, to know, to see and know again, to bind, and to bind again, to ally itself with soul, and is in the first rank of those elements of his nature which make man great.

The theologian by profession sees only half of the problem of existence, and that only the invisible half—that half which none can see but only conjecture; and so when he leads humanity, it is the blind leading the blind. In the expansion and liberation of the human mind during the last century, he has been but a secondary man in the world's work, even in most cases a supernumerary in the vast panorama. He is not religion, nor even piety; he is merely one of the professionals who are in many ways privileged classes, non-producers—busy but idle.

The theologian considers himself essential to society, though the fact is that it is society that is essential to him. In order to understand his true value, we must weigh the amount of his work against the amount of the vast occupations of agriculture, mechanics, mining, the food supply; with the vast sweep of commerce and transportation, and the weight of trade; with the arts and the liberal professions, the schools, the laws, the making of legislation, and the administration of justice, the art of medicine and the sciences. His part, in all the work that fills the land we live in, is comparatively small. But he sometimes seems to carry the weight of the nation on his

shoulders—especially when the talking is to be done, and especially in times of war—of which he is nearly always in favour.

The body of belief called scholastic theology, or divinity, is not only ignorant of the earth and sky; but its laws, when unrepealed by modern shame, are destitute of the least conception of what humanity was, or is, or is to be, and destitute of compassion for it beyond the grave.

Theology is steeped in its own despair, and only survives through the ecclesiastic, who, sometimes ambitious, unscrupulous, and selfish, anon simple, devoted, conscientious and self-sacrificing, appeals to us now for our commiseration, and again for our sympathy for the moral and intellectual dilemma upon whose horns he is impaled.

But up to this moment the theologian, who is often an idealist and willing to sacrifice himself and his fellow beings—to theology—has never been able to imagine, or explain satisfactorily to those who are not infatuated with his logic, so simple a matter as why, with all the hardships, miseries, and trials of this life, and the woes of old age, disease, and death, which cannot be abolished, humanity persists in the world.

I suspect that if we would be frank, honest, and fearless, we should each simply say that we persist because life is so sweet, and death is so bitter—so bitter that the sweetness of life is incontestably proven by it.

I stand in awe before the spectacle of the human race; not at its greatness, but at its goodness, its patience, and its faithfulness.

The man of this wondrous race has never found anything fully to satisfy him but to place his strength at the service of someone else. He shrank from no sea, or field, or flood. The battlefield, with the glory of following some ideal man, was ever his choice. But this pursuit of the chivalric was a mere accident. His toil, making the earth habitable, creating its grains, fruits,

flowers, gardens, farms, and homes, is his greatest achievement. Much of his strength was wasted on abstractions to which he sacrificed; had he been free to act and believe, he might long since have solved the problem of how a population can be fed, clothed, housed, transported, and educated; and the vital problems of poverty, want, disease, and crime could have been met and overcome—the problems of this world, and not of another one.

The woman of this race is more wondrous still. She has done more than half the practical work of the world, her work never ceasing. She has taught the race. She has practised all the real religion. She has smoothed every aching pillow, and softened every descent to the grave. She has shed most of the tears shed in the world—all but the public, tragic and sentimental ones. She has had scarcely one legal right, yet her resources are boundless. She has had no education, yet knows more than man of all except the outward and formal questions of life. Defenceless, her courage is sublime. She faces the horrors of the hospital, the terrors of the slum, the prisons of this world, with a smile.

She has inspired man with ambition and hope, and has, strangely, loved him.

But all this is nothing.

She has thrown herself upon the sacrificial altar of maternity. She has borne the world. Beside this, everything pales; the heroisms of man are meagre, light and passing, in comparison.

And to her life is sweet.

Why do the Jews seek to recreate their Jerusalem? As well try to recreate Athens; but who among us would take all the art of Greece, if it involved subjection to the Judges that killed Socrates for want of respect to the theology of his day? As well try to rebuild Rome; but who would take all its splendours at the price of surrender to an aristocratic Senate which killed the greatest Roman of all—for being great?

No, we will not return to Rome, or Athens, or Jerusalem. We cannot if we would.

But we can still weep over Jerusalem.

All our Holy Symbols lie in the past. All our Shrines are in another land than ours.

Resplendent mountains break upon our eyes, yet we see only a snow-capped Hermon.

Love has flecked every land with homes, yet we long for the black tents of Kedar.

Man has almost the power of flight, so that Gæa is to him now but a panorama of gardens of verdure, of fragrance, of light and colour; and yet he dreams of the desert—of the ass and the pilgrim's staff.

Nature presses to our lips the sparkling waters of the earth; yet we can slake our thirst only at the well of Bethlehem, find cleansing only in Jordan, healing for sins only at the well Zem Zem.

But this is not all. The rivers of the world run bank-full with tears—tears shed over innumerable heroisms, sacrifices, and triumphs; the ocean is salt with tears—tears shed over the agonies of love, of pain, of despair and death.

And yet we weep over Jerusalem.

One day, a couple of thousand years ago, a stranger walked the streets of Jerusalem. It is told that he wept over it. It is very likely, for it was so unlike the Jerusalem of his Galilean dreams. But this was not all. There was something else, something new. Caught in the toils of the priest, and convicted of trying to revolutionise the theology of the time, he fared through the streets to his death, the Cyrenian following him. Looking about at the faithful who lamented, he said: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children."

Faring on, again he spoke as in a dream of doubt: "For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in a dry?"

Yes, we know what has been done in a dry. Innumerable men and women, faring the road to the stake and the dungeon, which the ecclesiast paved have turned and said: "Weep not for me, but for yourselves and your children."

And yet we weep for Jerusalem.

We did not hear. We do not understand.

No, we do not understand that it is the Human Being and not the Play that is the Thing. But how can it be that the human being, man, the individual, is the thing, when he perishes? He dies, but the play goes on, spanning the lives of many individuals.

The reader of this book will long since have seen how subsidiary was the Mystery Play which I called the Jewish Spectre, to the living, individual human being of whatever nation, whom we collate in action, in universal history, and on whom I must rest my case finally, in the phrase, The Human Being's the Thing.

The great Seers whom we hold to be the landmarks of humanity—as Mazzini said—call us, almost without exception, to the individual life; while those events which make up society and the body politic call us to the collective life. We have in the philosopher's two words, Individualism and Collectivism, the gonfalons that designate the two forces which contend for the soul of man in that battle of life in which we are agitated and perplexed. These two ideas envelop and embrace all other questions: the freedom, the progress, and the welfare of the individual, and the welfare, the freedom, and the progress of humanity as expressed in its many combinations.

Mazzini most eloquently states the case of Collectivism when he says: "Coming from the bosom of God, the human soul incessantly aspires towards Him, and endeavours to become united with its source. Now the life of the individual man is too short and too weak to enable him to satisfy that yearning in this world; but around him, before him, stands the whole human race to which he is allied by his social nature—

that lives forever, accumulating from generation to generation its labours on the road to eternal truth. Humanity is one. God has made nothing in vain, and since there exists a *Collective* Being, a multitude of men, there exists one aim for them all—one work to be accomplished by them all." Thus far Mazzini, as he reads the Cino, the Convito, and the Monarchio of Dante, the source of the Italian national aspiration.

Ah! but these words do not tell us of that which burned in the soul of Dante himself—that which makes us love him. We turn to La Vita Nuova, and there we see that supreme master as he was, and read the lines written in his own heart's blood:

> "Whatever while the thought comes over me
> That I may not again
> Behold that lady whom I mourn for now,
> About my heart my mind brings constantly
> So much of extreme pain
> That I say, Soul of mine, why stayest thou?
> Truly the anguish, soul, that we must bow
> Beneath, until we win out of this life,
> Gives me full oft a fear that trembleth;
> So that I call on Death
> Even as on Sleep one calleth after strife,
> Saying, Come unto me. Life showeth grim
> And bare; and if one dies, I envy him."

These words of Dante are as Rossetti rendered them in English.

In reading these lines the vision of the collective heart becomes only a passing metaphor, a spectre of allegory, a phrase of poetry, and the individual heart beats again.

No; it is not on the collective heart, nor even in that effort of the imagination, the Religion of Humanity, that we can rest. The individual heart, a reality, is where we must begin and end. For the individual has a heart that lives, loves, and aspires, the guide of an intellect which seems illimitable as it sweeps the spaces of the universe, and gives intimations of immortality.

The reflective man of this generation acknowledges the demands of Collectivism in all the fields of patriotism, of civic life,

of society, the arts and literature, and of commerce and production; while he well knows that the collective being is but a philosophical abstraction, that we cannot allegorise ourselves into something called humanity—as though one heart could beat for all. But many stand in mental distress lest the ethics of the seers and the demands of collective life prove irreconcilable, as were once the Gospel and the Imperium; and lest the riddle of life should be again ravelled by the answer of the ascetic, or the Church in half-hearted imitation of the ascetic, or should turn to the machinery of the material world for a solution of its questions.

Long wandering in the wilderness of this world, I came to where I saw its collective races, its embattled nations with their surging peoples and their storied institutions, in the light of universal, not mere hemispheric history; and I found one answer to the riddle, an answer simple but deep.

This answer does not tell me which of all the forms of government, the phases of belief or methods of procedure, were—or now are—the truest ones; it simply says that in all the past the individual, the human being, has been the one constant factor, changing but unchanged, permanent, because of some inherent relationship, so that we may say that the Human Being's the Thing. On the other hand, this world-round history tells us that all the moulds into which this race has cast its forms of government, philanthropies, or religions have been successively broken; no forms have been permanent, none indispensable, that they all changed and passed, whether they were concrete or tangible things, or mere abstractions of the mind, which men fondly hoped were indestructible.

When we once realise that those impermanent things which we call institutions are not what humanity rests upon, but the reverse; and that each age makes its own forms of authority, whether of the Chair or the Book, of Monarchy or the Republic, and sets up for itself its own standards of art, literature, and conduct, the mind is at once set free. It is relieved of its heavy

burden of historic sadness, of its regret for the past, and of its world-sorrows. It may cease its inferential and derived anxieties, and dismiss those forebodings which weigh down our collective existences. And once assured that humanity can construct and reconstruct, and that the balance of forces will be struck, the mind will be left free to face the questions of personal duty, and of intellectual pleasure and happiness, in this enchanting but often enchanted world.